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THE RHYME BOOK:

BY

HERCULES ELLIS.

THE POET'S MOTTO.

Whence should the Poet seek the sacred fire,
To kindle in his soul the thought divine?
To what high themes should he attune his lyre,
To crown with immortality his line?
First let him strike the sounding shell,
And to all time the praises tell
Of those, who nobly fought, and fell,
The tyrant's bonds to break;
Next let him sing in softer strain,
Of those, who wore love's gentle chain,
And proved that wealth and power were vain,
Their constancy to shake:
And ever let the Poet's motto be—
"THE LIBERTY OF LOVE, AND LOVE OF LIBERTY."

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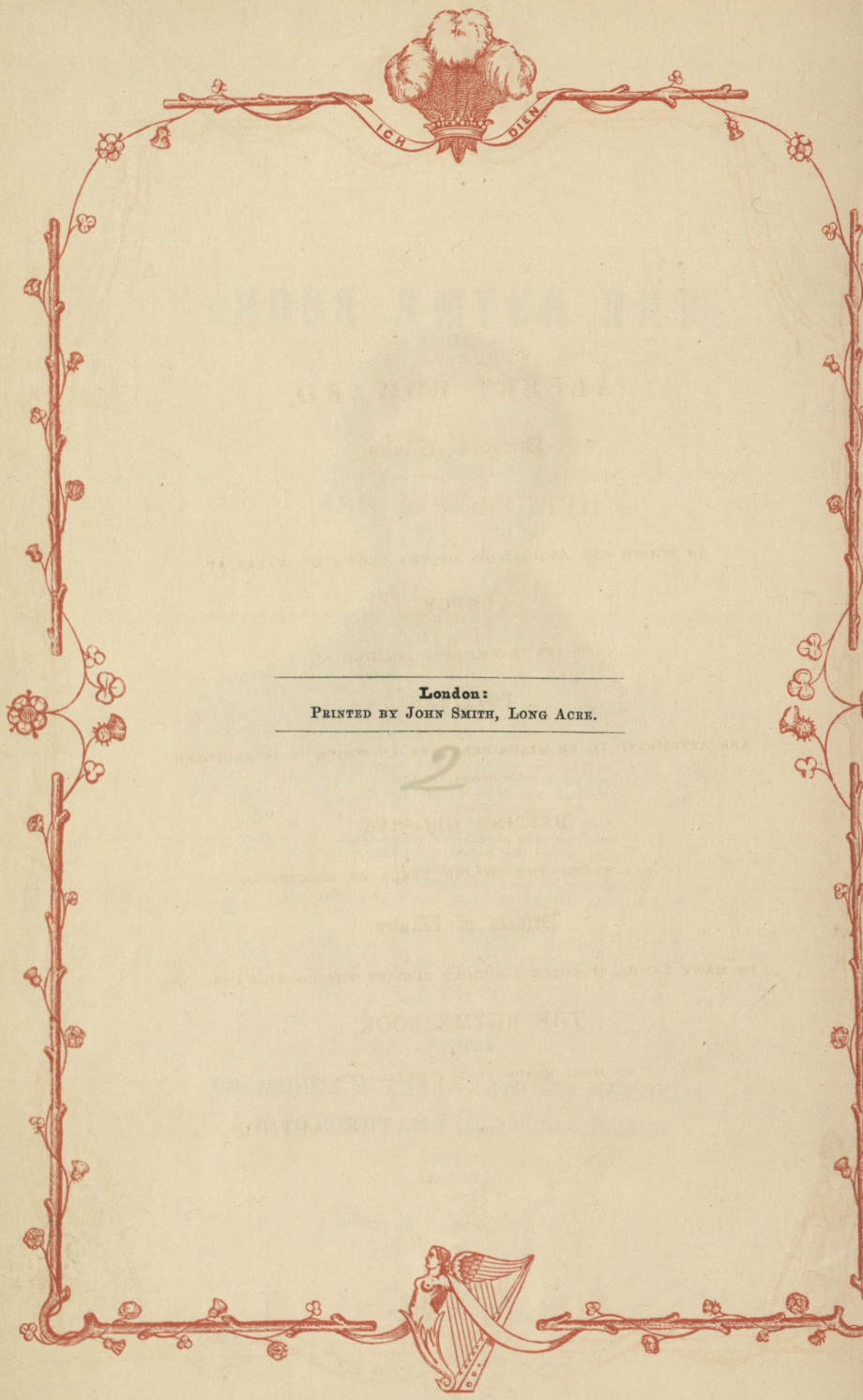
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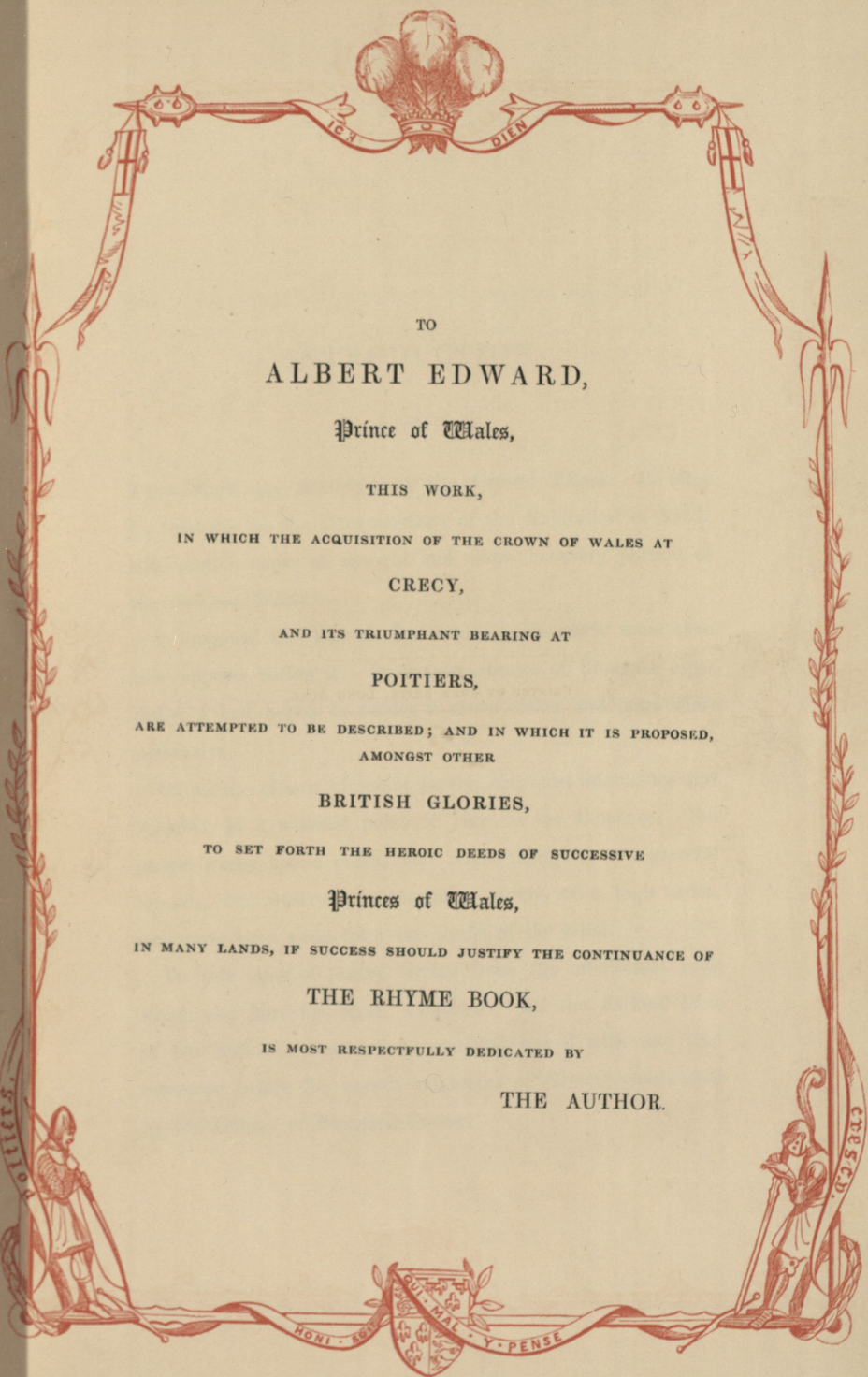
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TO

ALBERT EDWARD,

Prince of Wales,

THIS WORK,

IN WHICH THE ACQUISITION OF THE CROWN OF WALES AT

CRECY,

AND ITS TRIUMPHANT BEARING AT

POITIERS,

ARE ATTEMPTED TO BE DESCRIBED; AND IN WHICH IT IS PROPOSED, AMONGST OTHER

BRITISH GLORIES,

TO SET FORTH THE HEROIC DEEDS OF SUCCESSIVE

Princes of Wales,

IN MANY LANDS, IF SUCCESS SHOULD JUSTIFY THE CONTINUANCE OF

THE RHYME BOOK,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

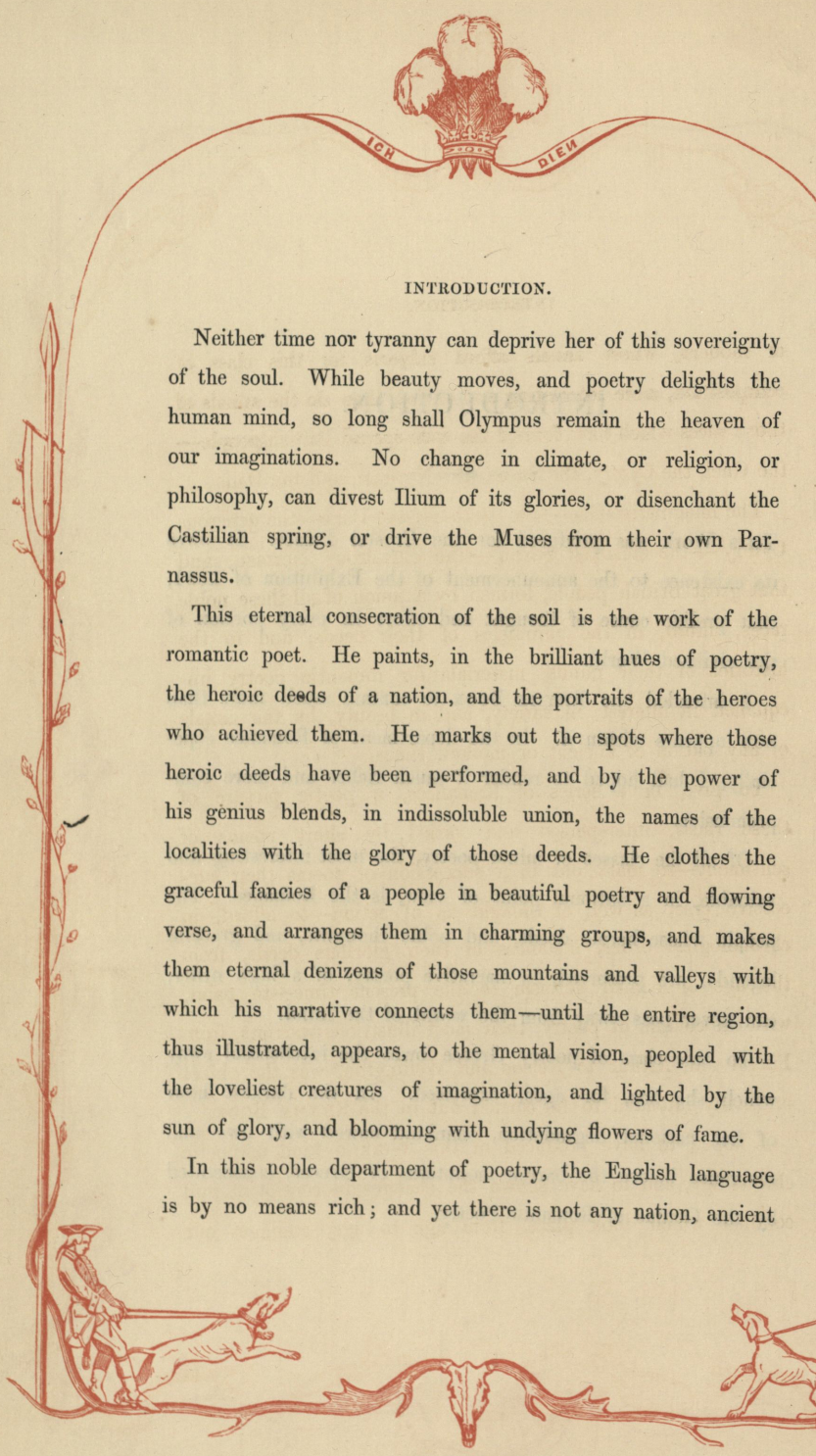
INTRODUCTION.

THIS Work was produced for the Crystal Palace. It owes its existence to the announcement of the Exhibition of 1851, that prolific cause of thought and effort in every portion of the civilized World.

I intended the RHYME BOOK to contain much more than now appears within it. In the department of Romance especially, I had hoped to render it much richer and more comprehensive.

Of all the classes of minor poetry, the most interesting and valuable, in a national point of view, is the Romance. The people whose heroic deeds, and noble thoughts, and graceful legends, are preserved, in narrative poetry, of a high order, can never pass away from the world of the mind.

To this class of poetry Greece owes the intellectual sway which she has, for ages, exercised. In the darkest hour of her national degradation, mankind bowed with awe and reverence before the barren mountains of Greece, consecrated by the Genius of Romantic Poetry.



Neither time nor tyranny can deprive her of this sovereignty of the soul. While beauty moves, and poetry delights the human mind, so long shall Olympus remain the heaven of our imaginations. No change in climate, or religion, or philosophy, can divest Ilium of its glories, or disenchant the Castilian spring, or drive the Muses from their own Parnassus.

This eternal consecration of the soil is the work of the romantic poet. He paints, in the brilliant hues of poetry, the heroic deeds of a nation, and the portraits of the heroes who achieved them. He marks out the spots where those heroic deeds have been performed, and by the power of his genius blends, in indissoluble union, the names of the localities with the glory of those deeds. He clothes the graceful fancies of a people in beautiful poetry and flowing verse, and arranges them in charming groups, and makes them eternal denizens of those mountains and valleys with which his narrative connects them—until the entire region, thus illustrated, appears, to the mental vision, peopled with the loveliest creatures of imagination, and lighted by the sun of glory, and blooming with undying flowers of fame.

In this noble department of poetry, the English language is by no means rich; and yet there is not any nation, ancient

or modern, whose annals afford subjects for this class of composition, more interesting and varied, than do the annals of those races which have formed the wide-spread British people—the Gael, the Cymry, the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane.

The imaginative Gael—the death-defying Dane—the generous Cymry — the steadfast Saxon — the chivalrous Norman, and that great British people, formed by a union of all these noble races, afford, in the chronicles of their deeds, and in the histories of their minds, materials for romantic poetry unequalled in interest, in variety, and in beauty, by the annals of any nation of ancient or modern times.

To give, in a series of Romances, a poetic picture of these races, interspersed and varied by short poems of sentiment—to mark out in a succession of poems their successive eras, as well of thought as of action—to afford, in chronological order, instances of their glorious deeds, from the age of Fenian heroism to the present time—to paint, with the colours of poetry, their most illustrious warriors, from Fingal and Arthur to Nelson and Wellington, was the object originally intended to be carried out in the RHYME BOOK.

I hoped to have produced in this Work a kind of poetic chronology, and to have shown the changes in sentiment and conduct which took place, from age to age, amongst our

ancestors. I intended to have described, in a succession of Romances, their struggles, their sufferings, and their triumphs, and to have given poetical versions of their most favourite tales and legends.

I have been, however, able to produce only a very small portion of my projected work. A pressure of business of many kinds has greatly occupied my time since the announcement of the great Exhibition; and the poems, now published in the RHYME BOOK, constitute only some disjointed fragments of the work which I hoped to have laid upon the table of the Crystal Palace.

When mentioning unfulfilled hopes, justice to my printer commands me to state, that I proposed originally to print this work in Ireland. The Irish printer, upon whom I relied for the execution of the work, disappointed me at a very late period; and my present printer, almost at the last possible moment, and under the greatest possible disadvantages, undertook, and executed, the task of printing.

The present Volume is thus only a mass of disarranged materials, which I hoped to have used in constructing a symmetrical Temple of National Romance. Whether my original purpose shall ever be resumed—whether this Work shall be continued and completed by me, or by others, will

of course mainly depend upon the reception which this volume may receive from the public.

The approaching Exhibition will afford unprecedented opportunity and means of bringing into public notice the productions deposited in the Crystal Palace. The approbation of the judges, evidenced by a prize, will ensure to any article, so distinguished, a full and favourable public consideration. The workmen in every known art are, therefore, eagerly seeking for these prizes; but, of all those arts, there is not one which at present stands so greatly in need of such assistance as the poet's.

The audience which the poet anciently commanded in these countries has been, for many years past, disturbed, daily more and more, by the steadily increasing concourse and noise of traffic: it has been almost broken up by the rush and hurry of business, which now will not permit its servants to pause a moment from their labours. The poet has been deposed from the elevated position which he formerly held; and his voice, once listened to with attention and delight, has been almost drowned in the ceaseless din of commerce and of politics. The poetic Sybil still, indeed, retains her inspiration, but she has lost the ancient tripod which raised her to public view.

But the seal of approbation affixed to the works of any poet at such a world-meeting as the approaching Exhibition—the prize given at such a congress of universal art, will more than restore the poet to his ancient position. It will arrest the public eye—ensure the public consideration—and, if his works possess real merit, will eventually secure for them the public approbation.

Every man of self-reliance—every man who depends upon his own genius and industry for the purchase of his fame and fortune—every man whose nature will not allow him to seek advancement by the practice of the meaner arts, must rejoice at the establishment of the great Exhibition of 1851, and must desire the regular and frequent recurrence of such opportunities of intellectual combat.

If such an arena as the Exhibition promises to afford should be permanently established—if such an opportunity of producing and publishing works of high merit be given to the world of intellect at regularly recurring periods—we may then well expect to see intellectual athletes of greater power than have been met with in later years, and works of higher merit than any which have yet appeared, even in our wide-spread British language.

HERCULES ELLIS.

22*nd February*, 1851.

RHYME NAMES.

Of all the literary treasures of a people, none more enrich the language, and exalt the sentiment, of a nation, than their minor poems.

These little creatures of poetry, clothed in their draperies of rich and flowing verse, mingle with our most laborious thoughts, refresh our weary minds, and strew the thousand paths of memory with sweet, unfading flowers.

They consecrate the names they mention, and embalm the noble thoughts which they express. Like lovely Hamadryads they seem to haunt our hills and dales, of which they sing; they perpetuate our deeds of glory; and seizing in their soft embrace our legends, almost dead, they breathe into them the undying soul of poetry, and render them immortal.

This great dissimilarity—this almost endless variety—would seem to indicate classification as the first duty of a critic. To assist the poet, to direct the student, and to prevent confusion, a careful arrangement of minor poems would

appear to be indispensable: yet this task has been hitherto unaccountably neglected.

The flowers, beautiful, but short-lived—the shells, worthless, except for their gracefulness—have been distributed into genera and species, and carefully arranged. Even the fairy race—the unreal inhabitants of dreamland—have been divided into tribes, and distinguished by well-known denominations. Gnome, Sylph, and Naiad, each designate a different species, and classify these fancy-born legions. To the minor poems alone, of all the forms of beauty known upon the earth, have been hitherto denied arrangement, or classification, or useful nomenclature.

With the sole exception of that species of minor poem, which is expressed in a single stanza of fourteen lines, and designated a "*Sonnet*," there is not one described by a class name, or "*Rhyme Name*," as I take leave to term it, which conveys an exact idea of its length, or character, or subject.

The Rhyme Name of Ballad is given indiscriminately to the amatory lyric of eight lines, and to the romantic narrative of eight hundred. When a poem is described as a Ballad, it is impossible, from such description, to conjecture whether the poem be a Serenade, or a War Song, or a Pastoral, or

a Legend. The comprehension of the Rhyme Name has been enlarged until it has become unmeaning and useless. A similar course has produced a similar result with respect to all the other Rhyme Names except the Sonnet.

To attempt to classify the minor poems—to undertake a task from which so many able critics have shrunk—may appear presumptuous. No doubt difficulties beset, on many sides, the arranger of minor poetry. To measure and classify these sweet breathings of the immortal spirit is no easy task; yet unless this be done, at least to some extent, the Rhyme Names at present in use can serve only to mislead.

To limit the comprehension of the Rhyme Names at present in use, and by so doing to mark out and define the classes of minor poems described by such Rhyme Names, appears the simplest mode of arranging and classifying this numerous and beautiful offspring of the love of immortality.

Instead of the loose and shifting meaning at present attached to the term "Song," I assume a song to be a minor poem suited to be sung, and which, from its length, may be conveniently sung at one time. I fix that length arbitrarily, and say that it should not exceed at most four stanzas, or forty lines; and I therefore define a Song to be

a minor poem, suited to be sung, and which does not exceed in length four stanzas or forty lines. If a poem be unsuited to be sung, or if it extend to more than four stanzas, or if the stanzas into which it be divided contain more than forty lines, I would exclude such poem from the class of Songs.

A subdivision of the large class of minor poems, which range within these limits of the Song, appears desirable. A distribution of them into what may be termed the greater and the lesser Song will, in my opinion, conduce much to a lucid arrangement of minor poetry. If this be not done, the name of Song will be given indiscriminately to the comparatively lengthened ode of war or liberty, and to the miniature lyric, which expresses a single gem-like thought, and is short enough to form the posy for a ring. These two classes of poems ought to be distinguished; and I attempt to make this distinction by naming poems of the first class "*Songs*," and those of the second "*Songlets*."

These Songlets, the smallest, but often the loveliest of the minor poems, are, above all others, the most difficult to define. These little creatures of the imagination delight to stretch their tiny forms through lines and stanzas, both

so short, that it is quite impossible to mark out their limits by the number of lines or stanzas they contain, in such a manner as to distinguish them from the Song. Their smallness can only be detected by weighing the entire mass; and adopting this method, I define a Songlet to be a minor poem which does not contain more than one hundred syllables.

Although this mode of measurement may be unusual, I do not think it inconvenient; and practice assures me that it is sufficient to distinguish the greater from the lesser Song. The eye well accustomed to the structure of verse will, in most cases, at once distinguish the Songlet from the Song. In very few instances will it be required to count the syllables; the number of lines in the poem, and the number of feet in each line, taken together, will readily point out the total number of syllables, and thereby determine the class to which the poem is to be referred.

Those poems which are not Sonnets, and which do not exceed in length the limits of the Song, but which, from their structure, are unsuited to be sung, I denominate "*Rhymes;*" and I define a Rhyme to be a minor poem, not exceeding a Song in length, but unsuited to be sung.



RHYME NAMES.

The minor poems which do not extend beyond four stanzas or forty lines, being thus divided into the Sonnet, the Songlet, the Song, and the Rhyme, it only remains to classify those minor poems which exceed the limits of the Song. This large number of poems I distribute into three classes, which I distinguish by the Rhyme Names of the "*Romance*," the "*Ballad*," and the "*Idyl*."

Under the Rhyme Name of "*Romance*," I class those minor poems longer than the Song, which are entirely narrative, or in which the narrative preponderates above the other subject matter.

Under the Rhyme Name of "*Ballad*," I class those minor poems longer than the Song, which are not narrative, or in which the other subject matter preponderates above the narrative.

The great majority of minor poems longer than the Song, may be conveniently arranged in the two great classes of Ballad and Romance. But there still remains a small and noble class of minor poems, of a more regular structure and classic form than the Ballad or Romance, and which I think require a separate classification.

Of this latter class, the "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith may

be taken as a worthy representative. The measured cadence and classic form of poems of this class appear to demand a higher title in the scale of poetic rank than that of Ballad or Romance.

I endeavour to meet this demand, by denominating poems of this class "*Idyls;*" and I define an Idyl to be a minor poem, longer than the Song, and of a more regular structure and classic form than the Ballad or Romance.

In shortness, these three classes are limited; all must be longer than the Song; but to their length I do not assign a limit. The Idyl and the Ballad expand into the didactic poem: the Romance ascends into the epic. But the greater poem cannot be confounded with the lesser, from which it may have sprung. It may partake, indeed, in some degree, of a common nature with its germ, but it differs from it in features and in size as much as the full-grown oak differs from the tiny acorn, from which it derives its birth.

I, therefore, distribute the entire mass of minor poetry into seven classes, which I thus denominate and define:—

First, the "*Sonnet.*" A minor poem, contained within a single stanza of fourteen lines.

Second, the "*Songlet.*" A minor poem, suited to be sung, and containing not more than one hundred syllables.

Third, the "*Song.*" A minor poem, suited to be sung, and not exceeding in length four stanzas or forty lines.

Fourth, the "*Rhyme.*" A minor poem, not exceeding a Song in length, but unsuited to be sung.

Fifth, the "*Romance.*" A minor narrative poem, longer than the Song.

Sixth, the "*Ballad.*" A minor poem, longer than the Song, and not a narrative poem.

Seventh, the "*Idyl.*" A minor poem, longer than the Song, and of more regular structure and classic form than the Ballad or Romance.

Into these seven classes of "Sonnet," "Songlet," "Song," "Rhyme," "Ballad," "Romance," and "Idyl," the entire body of minor poems may, I think, be conveniently divided.

These class names may sometimes be advantageously united to terms explanatory of the character of the poems they describe. Thus, the compound epithets of "Love Sonnet," "Dirge Songlet," "War Song," "Pastoral Ballad," "Sacred Romance," &c., indicate, besides the length, the character of the subject matter of the poems so designated.

When, adopting my definitions, a poem is styled a "War Song," we may know, by this description alone, that it is a minor poem, suited to be sung, containing more than one hundred syllables, not exceeding forty lines or four stanzas in length, and that the subject matter of the poem is war. Greater accuracy than this can hardly be expected in a class name, and would not, I think, be desirable.

I have thus attempted to reduce to some discipline, however imperfect, the great host of minor poetry—those light-armed legions, created by genius to assist in achieving glory, and which still sentinel its bright dwellings in the land of fame.

This is no easy task; nor is a first attempt likely to be successful; so numerous, and varied, and undisciplined is that host of minor poems, which, plumed in bright thoughts, and clothed in polished verse, career and swarm over the great battle-field of poetic fame—that glorious battle-field on which the mighty ones of the earth have through all time waged their intellectual war, seeking for conquests in the regions of the sublime and beautiful, and striving for the sovereignty of the soul.

Although this attempt of mine to form a system may be

imperfect, I trust that it will be productive of useful results. I hope that it may direct the attention of abler minds to this neglected but necessary task, and thus at length procure its completion. I trust that the definitions which I have here ventured on, may, though deficient, thus prove the first faint glimmerings of classification—dawning glimpses of arrangement, heralding the sun of settled order, and proclaiming that it shall shortly rise, to rule and regulate these lesser realms of poetry.

HERCULES ELLIS.

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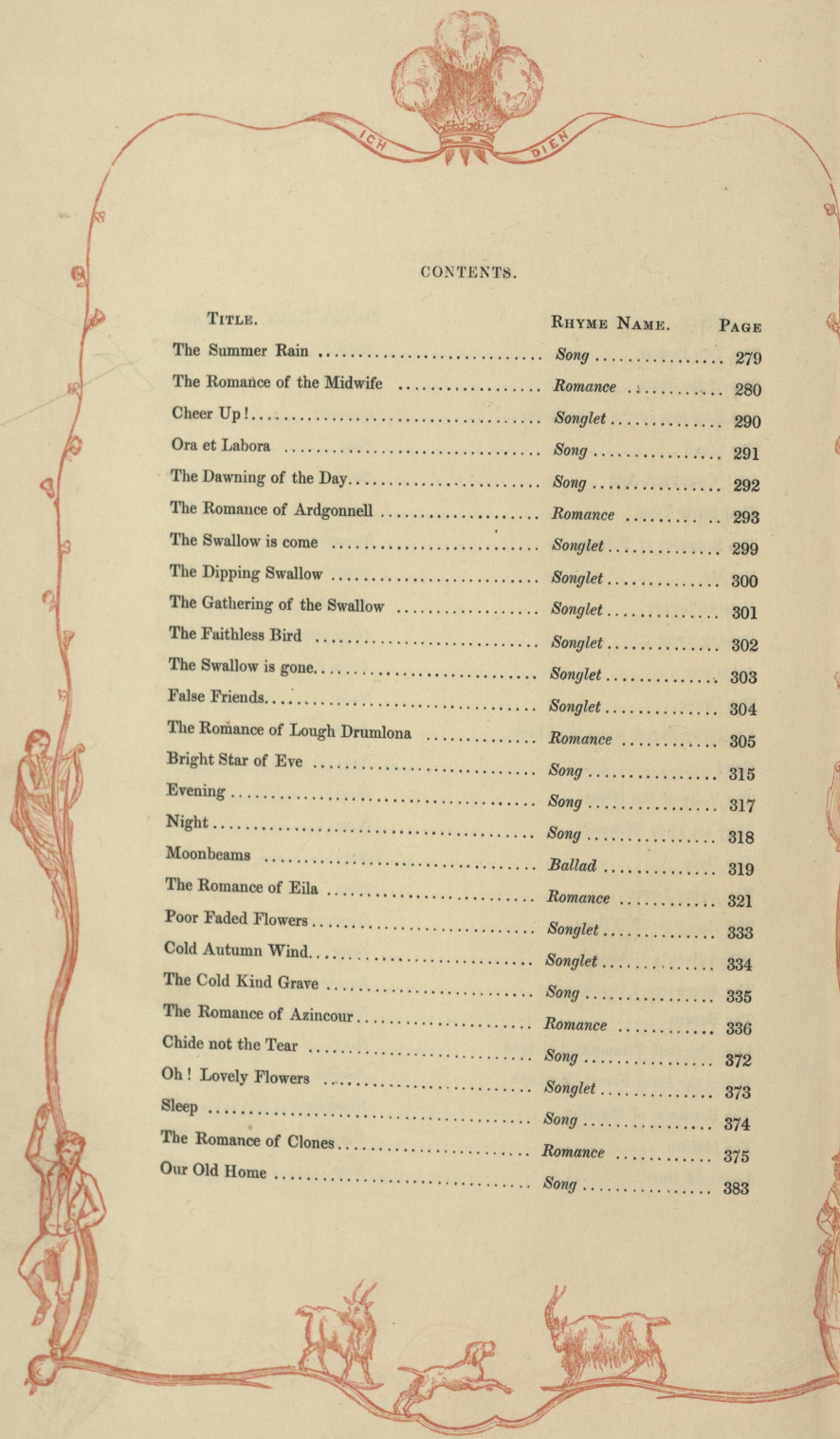
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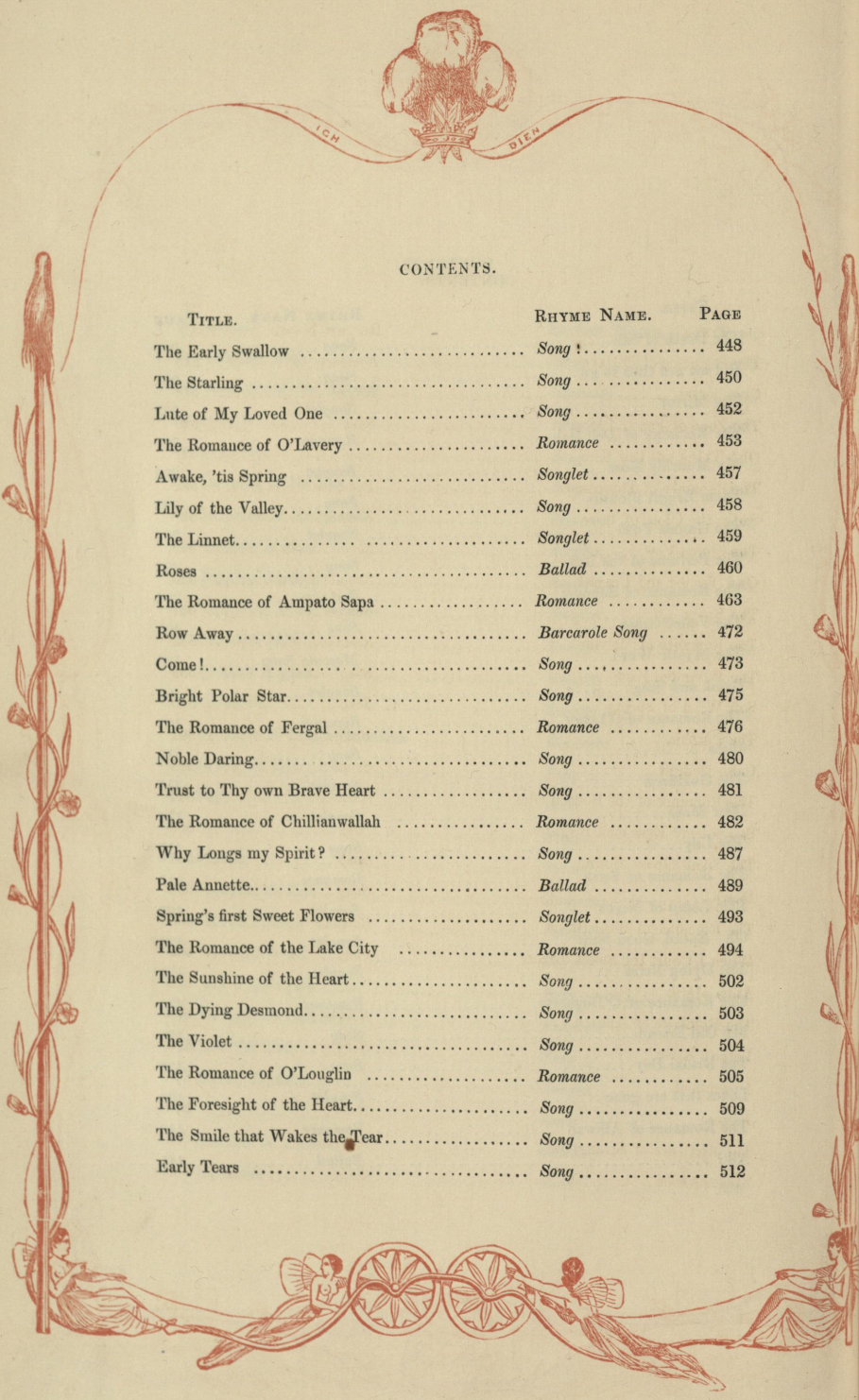


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THE RHYME BOOK.

The God-made Chivalry.

BALLAD.

I.

Like thunder-peals, o'er land and sea,
The voice of freedom, now, is calling;
Before the trump of liberty,
The citadels of Kings are falling.
The Montmorenci's rank is past—
The Conde's dead—the Bourbon's flying,
And Crowns and Coronets are cast,
In heaps, like worthless lumber lying:
All man-made titles, now, are gone,
Like leaves by wintry tempest strown.

II.

Have heroes all departed, then?
Or live they but in ancient story?
Shall man ne'er purchase rank again,
By words of power and deeds of glory?

Yes! still, shall rank on earth be found,
  Around which loyal hearts may muster;
And heroes, still, be laurel-crowned,
  Still, live amid bright honour's lustre:
Though man-made, vice-bought, rank, be past,
Yet God-made, fame-bought, rank, shall last.

III.

He, who, with manly, gallant, heart,
  On God, and his right arm, depending,
Hath ever ta'en the righteous part,
  The wronged, though weak and poor, defending—
Who, the oppressed to raise, and free,
  Unmoved, when all around were flying,
Hath poured his blood for liberty,
  The despot to the death defying:
Who, thus, hath fought, for sacred right,
Behold, in him, the God-made knight!

IV.

Whose rushing words, like battles, sound,
  Against the power of falsehood raging—
Who, though oppressed by many a wound,
  Are seen the conflict bravely waging:
Searchers and champions of the truth,
  The liar's bane—the despot's terror—
Who spend their lives, both age and youth,
  In combat with dark fraud and error:

Such lights and glories of our sphere,
Stand, each approved a God-made peer!

V.

Whose lips are touched by fire divine—
  Whose soul with poetry is glowing—
Along whose rich and noble line,
  The stream of liberty seems flowing;
Openers of nature's mystery,
  To whom the glorious task is given,
Upon the wings of poesie,
  To lift man's spirit nearer heaven:
Such task, such thoughts, such deeds evince
The presence of the God-made prince!

VI.

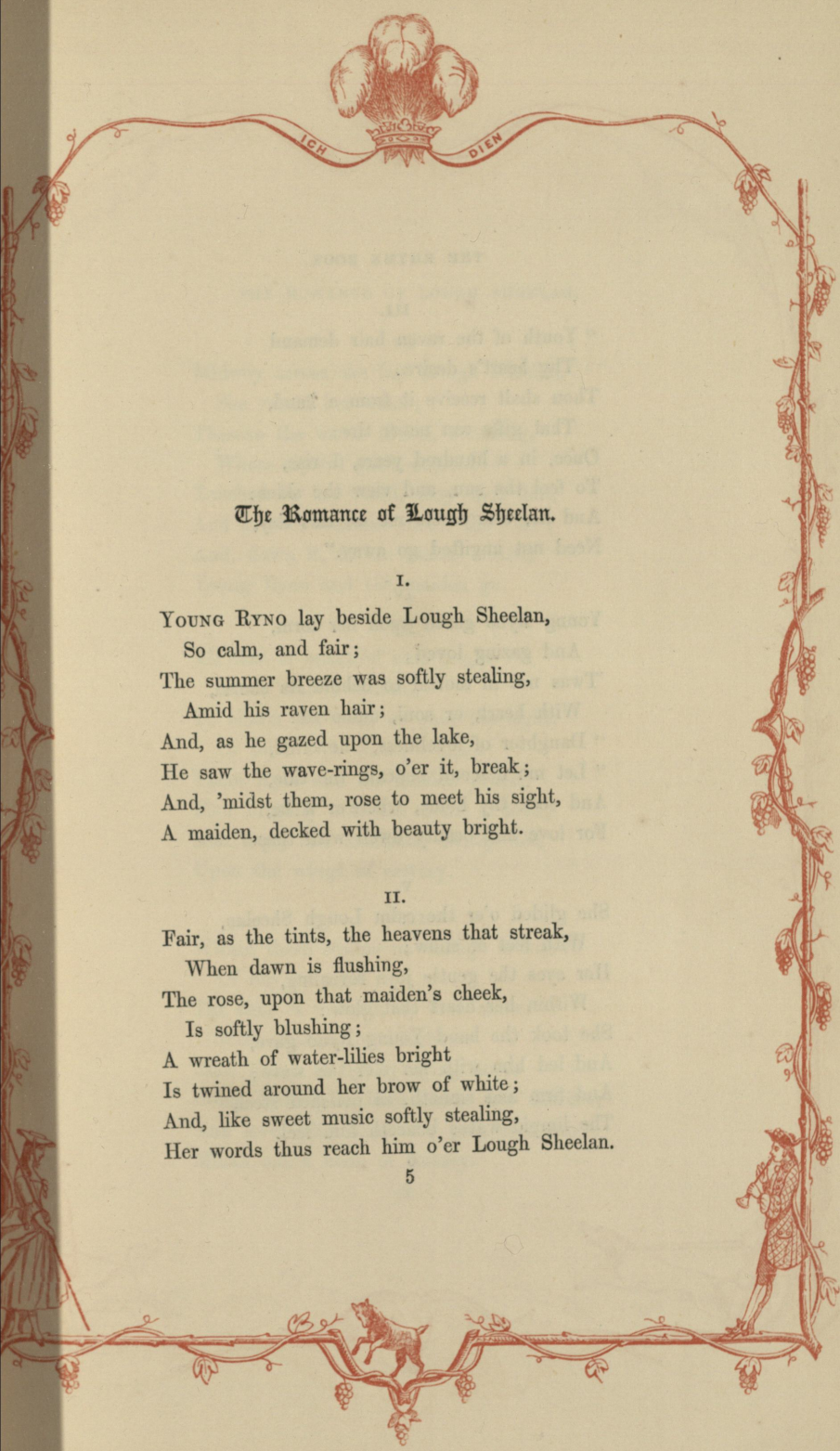
Kings of the dynasty of mind
  Are they, to whom their God has given,
In glorious unity combined,
  These three most precious boons of heaven—
The breast, that bravely strives for right,
  The zeal for truth, death's front despising,
And that divine, undying light,
  Within the poet's soul arising:
These, to the throne of mind, fame brings,
And earth salutes them God-made kings!

VII.

His God-made rank to each remains,
  Though empires fall, and worlds are waning;
Each rules, for ever, the domains,
  He spent his hour of life in gaining:
Those rich domains, his deeds have won,
  Amid the realms of fame-land lying,
Where shines, for ever, glory's sun,
  And the bright laurel blooms undying:
O'er these fair realms, and fame-bought fiefs,
For ever, rule these God-made chiefs!

VIII.

These chieftains' subjects none can name,
  For all earth holds of pure and chainless
Do suit and service to bright fame,
  And rally round her nobles stainless:
The brave ones, bound for honour's goal,
  The poet youth, and martyr hoary,
All own, as sovereigns of the soul,
  These heroes, on their thrones of glory;
And, homage-paying, bend the knee,
Before this God-made chivalry.



The Romance of Lough Sheelan.

I.

YOUNG RYNO lay beside Lough Sheelan,
So calm, and fair;
The summer breeze was softly stealing,
Amid his raven hair;
And, as he gazed upon the lake,
He saw the wave-rings, o'er it, break;
And, 'midst them, rose to meet his sight,
A maiden, decked with beauty bright.

II.

Fair, as the tints, the heavens that streak,
When dawn is flushing,
The rose, upon that maiden's cheek,
Is softly blushing;
A wreath of water-lilies bright
Is twined around her brow of white;
And, like sweet music softly stealing,
Her words thus reach him o'er Lough Sheelan.

III.

" Youth of the raven hair demand
  Thy heart's desire;
Thou shalt receive it from a hand,
  That gifts can never tire:
Once, in a hundred years, I rise,
To feel the sun, and view the skies;
And he, who meets me on this day,
Need not ungifted go away."

IV.

Young Ryno gazed upon her form,
  And gazing loved;
'Twas not in mortal to behold its charm,
  With heart, or soul, unmoved:
" Daughter of loveliness," he cried,
" Let me descend beneath the tide,
And seek thy home, where'er it be,
For love and beauty dwell with thee."

V.

She glided o'er the calm Lough Sheelan,
  With feet of snow;
Her eyes the gentle joys revealing,
  Within her heart that glow:
She took the hand Young Ryno gave,
And led him with her o'er the wave;
And firm and smooth, as polished steel,
The limpid waves beneath him feel.

VI.

Midway across the fair Lough Sheelan,
She raised her wand;
Thereon the waves divide, revealing,
Where crystal gates expand:
Touched by her wand, they open flew,
And a wide staircase meets the view;
And, down it, to the realms below,
Young Ryno and the maiden go.

VII.

All that is beautiful and bright
Those realms contain,
To charm the soul, or glad the sight,
Or bind with beauty's chain:
There Ryno and his maiden prove,
How brightly opes the morn of love;
And days, like moments, swiftly flee,
Upon the wings of ecstasy.

VIII.

Within these realms no change is known
Of day or night;
The time is marked, by love alone,
With changes of delight:
Each group of lightly flying hours
Come, bearing in their hands new flowers;
And love, with some new gift, each day,
Marks out a noon of ecstasy.

IX.

While, love-bound, thus, beneath Lough Sheelan,
  Young Ryno stays,
Came memory, the joys revealing,
  That shone in early days:
Before his mind, as in a glass,
His scenes of youth and childhood pass;
Each time, they nearer loom, and clearer,
Each day, they dearer seem, still dearer.

X.

His native hills—his father's cot,
  With ivy crowned—
The branching oaks—the garden plot—
  The stream, that round them wound—
The brightly beaming glorious sun,
That over all, in splendour, shone,
Before his mind's eye ever move,
And struggle with his new-born love.

XI.

When he beholds the blushing cheek
  Of his beloved,
The thoughts, of former days that speak,
  Seem from his soul removed:
But, when he turns away his eyes,
His early memories crowding rise,
And, like the spring-tides of the main,
In rushing flood, o'erwhelm his brain.

XII.

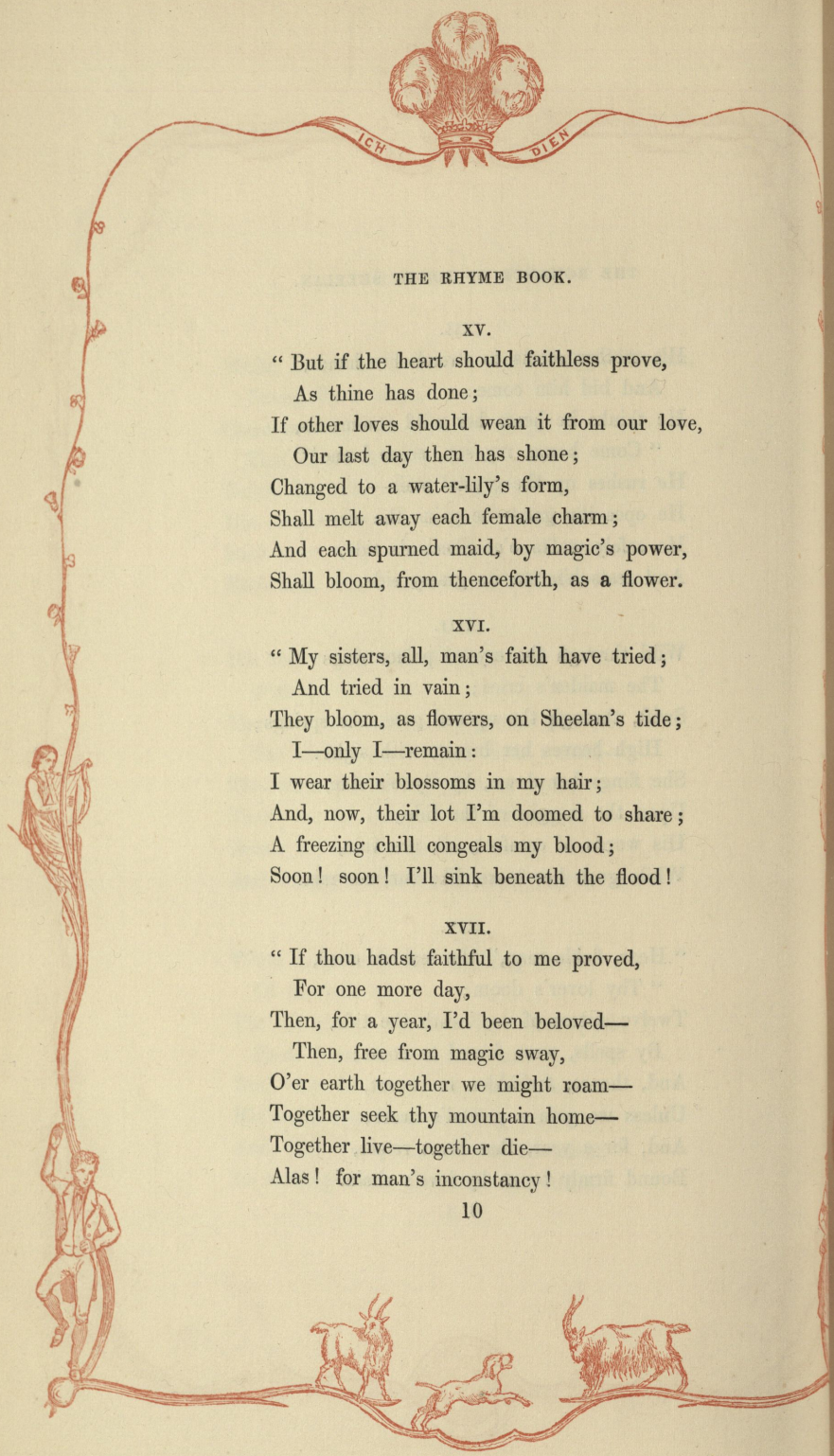
His mother seems to stretch her hands,
And bid him come:
He thinks he hears her mild commands,
"Come home, my son, come home!"
He rushes up the crystal stair—
He opes the gate—he gains the air—
He safely walks o'er Sheelan's tide,
And rests him on its grassy side.

XIII.

Wild through the crystal palace rings
The maiden's cries;
Swift, through the opened gate, she springs;
High heaves her breast, with sighs:
She flings her down, by Ryno's side,
Upon the margin of the tide;
His words of comfort, all, are vain,
While gush her tears, like summer rain.

XIV.

"Hear, fickle man," the maiden cried,
"Thy lover's doom;
Twelve sisters of us, 'neath the tide,
By spells, were forced to come;
And, thence, forbidden to depart,
Unless we gain a mortal's heart;
And, for a year, that heart retain,
Bound firmly to us by love's chain.



XV.

" But if the heart should faithless prove,
As thine has done;
If other loves should wean it from our love,
Our last day then has shone;
Changed to a water-lily's form,
Shall melt away each female charm;
And each spurned maid, by magic's power,
Shall bloom, from thenceforth, as a flower.

XVI.

" My sisters, all, man's faith have tried;
And tried in vain;
They bloom, as flowers, on Sheelan's tide;
I—only I—remain:
I wear their blossoms in my hair;
And, now, their lot I'm doomed to share;
A freezing chill congeals my blood;
Soon! soon! I'll sink beneath the flood!

XVII.

" If thou hadst faithful to me proved,
For one more day,
Then, for a year, I'd been beloved—
Then, free from magic sway,
O'er earth together we might roam—
Together seek thy mountain home—
Together live—together die—
Alas! for man's inconstancy!

XVIII.

" Did I not seek, with converse sweet,
Thy friend to prove?
Did I not all thy wishes meet,
With tenderness, and love?
Did I not strive to bring thee joy?
Did not thy bliss my mind employ?
Why, from my side, then, didst thou fly?—
Alas! for man's inconstancy!"

XIX.

Young Ryno clasps her in his arms—
Oh! woful hour!
Colder, and colder, wane her charms,
Beneath dread magic's power;
Her white feet sink beneath the lake;
A firm root, in the ground, they take;
Upon the wave, her arms, now, lie—
Alas! for man's inconstancy!

XX.

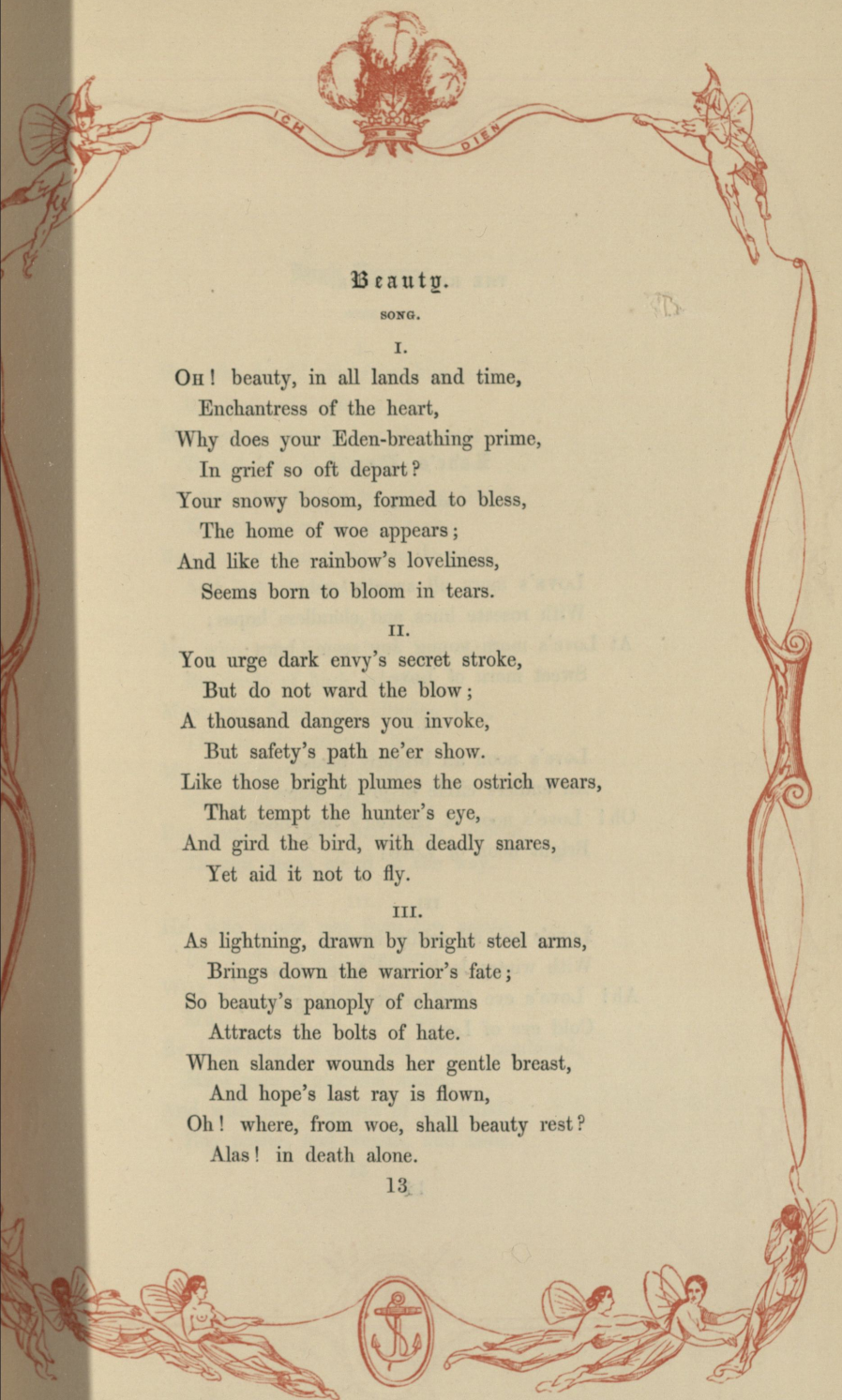
Each hand a broad leaf's form assumes,
Of brightest green;
Her fair head, as a lily, blooms,
Most wondrous to be seen!
The maiden's gone, and, in her stead,
A lovely lily rears its head;
And blooms, beneath the summer sky—
Alas! for man's inconstancy!

XXI.

Young Ryno, to his feet, now sprang,
In dark despair!
Loudly his cry of anguish rang;
Wildly he rent his hair:
Then flung himself in Sheelan's wave,
And sought, within its breast, a grave,
Near to the spot his love must lie—
Alas! for man's inconstancy!

XXII.

But changed, by that same magic power,
Young Ryno rose,
A tall brown reed, within that hour—
The reed, that since then grows,
Dark bending o'er the lily pale,
And pouring forth, upon the gale,
From its long leaves, the wailing sigh,
That mourns for man's inconstancy!



Beauty.

SONG.

I.

Oh! beauty, in all lands and time,
Enchantress of the heart,
Why does your Eden-breathing prime,
In grief so oft depart?
Your snowy bosom, formed to bless,
The home of woe appears;
And like the rainbow's loveliness,
Seems born to bloom in tears.

II.

You urge dark envy's secret stroke,
But do not ward the blow;
A thousand dangers you invoke,
But safety's path ne'er show.
Like those bright plumes the ostrich wears,
That tempt the hunter's eye,
And gird the bird, with deadly snares,
Yet aid it not to fly.

III.

As lightning, drawn by bright steel arms,
Brings down the warrior's fate;
So beauty's panoply of charms
Attracts the bolts of hate.
When slander wounds her gentle breast,
And hope's last ray is flown,
Oh! where, from woe, shall beauty rest?
Alas! in death alone.

Love's Day.

SONGLET.

I.

Love's morn all sweetly opes
With roseate hues and cloudless hopes;
At Love's morn young Joy seems born;
Sweet morn of Love!

II.

Love's noon all brightly beams,
An endless circle of joy it seems;
Oh! Love's noon is Heaven's best boon:
Bright noon of Love!

III.

Love's eve all coldly lowers,
With wintry looks and faded flowers:
Ah! Love's eve fond hearts doth grieve;
Cold eve of Love!



High Emprize.

SONG.

I.

He, who would rise from low estate,
By deeds of high emprize,
Must never meanly beg the great
To aid him in his rise;
He must not cringe to gain a friend,
Though seated on a throne;
But on his own right arm depend,
And bow to God alone.

II.

He, who would rise from low estate,
By deeds of high emprize,
Must turn from each alluring bait,
That in his pathway lies;
Must self-denial daily use,
Nor sloth, nor vice obey;
But honour's road, undaunted, choose,
Though death stand in the way.

III.

He, who would rise from low estate,
By deeds of high emprize,
With head erect, and soul elate,
Must combat for the prize;
By knowledge, worth, and deeds, combined,
Must gain a glorious name,
And with the treasures of his mind,
Buy power, and wealth, and fame.







The Romance of the Garter.

I.

THE twelfth of June, on Acre's plain, the Christian banners wave,
Eleven hundred years and ninety-one since Christ had died to save;
And now, against Christ's deadly foes, the Christian hosts advance,
On valour's wings, led by the Kings of England and of France.

II.

From Richard's tent, a summons went, his noblest chiefs to bring;
By its command, a chosen band surround the Lion King;
Now twenty-five stand in his tent, his bravest and his best;
And thus his troop of hero chiefs the Lion heart addressed:

III.

"Three hundred thousand here have fallen, and all have met defeat;
They fell, or failed, because they quailed, or counted on retreat;
For those who'd win, must first begin, by looking in death's face;
And, with firm eye, his power defy, and fear nought, save disgrace.

E. E. ROMILLY

IV.

"From all my host I've chosen you, the bravest of my knights,
To form a band who'll firmly stand, amid these bloody fights;
Who, ere this fight, shall here unite, and swear to win, or die;
And from Christ's sepulchre shall make the routed Moslem fly.

V.

"Let each this garter, as our badge, above his left knee place;
Who this shall wear, must know no fear, except that of disgrace;
To none of all this garter band must shame be ever known;
Nor must they yield, on battle field, except to death alone.

VI.

"On each left knee, this garter bind—the knee devotion shows;
Thus let the Moslem know, to whom, this order fealty owes;
This garter hue, of deepest blue, shall Heaven's pure emblem be;
Thus be it shown, to Heaven alone, this order bows the knee.

VII.

"Now raise each hand, my chosen band, while low on earth we kneel;
Uplift your swords, and in my words, our garter contract seal;
WE SWEAR THAT WE WILL FIGHT AND FREE THIS TOWN FROM MOSLEM THRALL,
DRIVE MOSLEM POWERS FROM ACRE'S TOWERS, OR DIE BEFORE ITS WALL."

VIII.

On earth, now low, the knee they bow, and hold aloft their swords,
And, from each tongue, the vow now rung, in Lion Richard's words;
Each kissed the cross upon his sword, while this brave vow they take,
And thence till now, the garter vow, no knight was known to break.

IX.

Uprising stand the garter band, then Lion Richard cried:
"What first we meet, as sign we'll greet, as omen and as guide."
And scarcely had the hero spoke, when, rising loud and clear,
A trumpet's sound proclaims around that heralds now draw near.

X.

At Richard's tent, from Acre sent, two white-haired heralds wait,
They bring the keys of Acre's town, and lay them at his feet;
And by them stood, the blessed wood, upon which Christ was laid;
Then bowing low, the heralds two, to Lion Richard said:

XI.

"To thee, great King, the keys we bring, of Acre's leaguered town;
We yield the gate to thee and fate, oh! warrior of renown!
On terms that all within the wall may safely go from thence,
With arms, and gold, and all they hold, to some more safe defence."

XII.

The terms are given, the heralds gone, then Richard raised his hand,
And, "See," he cried, "the heavens decide in favour of our band;
This omen, given, by favouring Heaven, in plainest language shows,
The garter band shall ever stand, despite of time, or foes."

XIII.

Seven centuries have passed since then, yet still this garter band
Its name still bears, its badge still wears, the glory of our land.
Still from this band come heroes forth, our glories to renew,
And Acre's glory pales before the fame of Waterloo!

XIV.

Still, glory flings its mantle round this famous garter band:
Still, in its ranks is found the flower of all our British land;
And ever, 'mongst its twenty-six, is found earth's bravest one,
Though Lion-hearted Richard's dead, it still boasts Wellington!

XV.

And when war's storms shall call to arms, and Britain leaders need;
Then, from this band, shall Britain's land, find heroes fit to lead;
As brave as those on Acre's plain, who led our warriors on:
Brave Richard's dead, but, in his stead, we still have Wellington!



'Twas I you loved.

SONG.

I.

'Twas I, then, that you loved!—'twas I!
Oh! break my heart!
It was, for me, your tear and sigh,
So oft, would start:
Yet, blind and senseless, as the dead,
Another maid I forced you wed,
And doomed your peace and mine to die—
For it was I you loved!—'twas I!

II.

Upon the wreath I wove your bride,
Fast rained my tear.
"Blest should I be—thrice blest!" I cried,
Were I thus dear:
With trembling step and faltering tongue,
I moved your bridal band among;
To buy your peace content to die—
When it was I you loved!—'twas I!

III.

Why not, with manly truth, make known
Your long-felt flame?
One word would have made me your own,
Though all should blame.
Alas! your silence caused my death;
Yet e'en while ebbs my dying breath,
Still I feel blest, whene'er you cry—
'Twas I you loved!—'twas I!—'twas I!

The Mountain Wind.

SONG.

I.

THE wind, descending from our mountain homes,
Now sweetly comes;
And, gently breathing on its seaward way,
It seems to say,
I've kissed the grave, beneath whose turf is laid
Thy own loved maid—
Oh! mountain wind! thy voice, so soft, and sad,
Will drive me mad!

II.

The soft shower, falling when thou sigh'st, appears
Like Liza's tears;
The perfume, that thou bring'st from mountain heath,
Is like her breath;
And, when, in sweetness, on my brow it breaks,
I think she speaks—
Oh! mountain wind! thy voice, so soft, and sad,
Will drive me mad!

III.

Now, whispering to my heart, thou seem'st to say,
Why here delay?
Come, join thy loved one in her spirit home;
Come! lone one, come!
Oh! come, and meet, in bliss, thy promised bride,
Where tears are dried—
Still, mountain wind, thy voice, so soft, and sad,
Nor drive me mad!

The Romance of Tenachelle.

I.

On panting steeds they hurry on,
Kildare, and Darcy's lovely daughter—
On panting steeds they hurry on;
To cross the Barrow's water;
Within her father's dungeon chained,
Kildare her gentle heart had gained;
Now love, and she, have broke his chain,
And he is free! is free! again.

II.

His cloak, by forest boughs is rent,
The long night's toilsome journey showing;
His helm's white plume is wet, and bent,
And backwards o'er his shoulders flowing:
Pale is the lovely lady's cheek,
Her eyes grow dim, her hand is weak;
And, feebly, tries she to sustain,
Her falling horse, with silken rein.

III.

" Now, clasp thy fair arms round my neck,"
Kildare cried to the lovely lady;
" Thy weight black Memnon will not check,
Nor stay his gallop, swift, and steady;"
The blush, one moment, dyed her cheek;
The next, her arms are round his neck;
And placed before him on his horse,
They haste, together, on their course.

IV.

" Oh! Gerald," cried the lady fair,
Now backward o'er his shoulder gazing,
" I see Red Raymond, in our rear,
And Owen, Darcy's banner raising—
Mother of Mercy! now I see
My father, in their company;
Oh! Gerald, leave me here, and fly,
Enough! enough! for one to die!"

V.

" My own dear love; my own dear love!"
Kildare cried to the lovely lady,
" Fear not, black Memnon yet shall prove,
Than all their steeds, more swift and steady:
But to guide well my gallant horse,
Tasks eye, and hand, and utmost force;
Then look for me, my love, and tell,
What see'st thou now at Tenachelle?"

VI.

"I see, I see," the lady cried,
"Now bursting o'er its green banks narrow,
And through the valley spreading wide,
In one vast flood, the Barrow!
The bridge of Tenachelle now seems,
A dark stripe o'er the rushing streams;
For nought above the flood is shown,
Except its parapet alone."

VII.

"But canst thou see," Earl Gerald said,
"My faithful Gallowglasses standing?
Waves the green plume on Milo's head,
For me, at Tenachelle commanding?"
"No men are there," the lady said,
"No living thing, no human aid;
The trees appear, like isles of green,
Nought else, through all the vale is seen."

VIII.

Deep agony through Gerald passed;
Oh! must she fall, the noble-hearted;
And must this morning prove their last,
By kinsmen, and by friends, deserted?
Sure treason must have made its way,
Within the courts of Castle Ley;
And kept away the mail-clad ranks,
He ordered to the Barrow's banks.

IX.

"The chase comes fast," the lady cries;
"Both whip and spur I see them plying;
Sir Robert Verdon foremost hies,
Through Regan's forest flying;
Each moment, on our course they gain.
Alas! why did I break thy chain,
And urge thee, from thy prison, here,
To make the mossy turf thy bier?"

X.

"Cheer up! cheer up! my own dear maid,"
Kildare cried to the weeping lady;
"Soon, soon, shall come the promised aid,
With shield and lance for battle ready;
Look out, while swift we ride, and tell
What see'st thou now at Tenachelle.
Does aught on Clemgaum's Hill now move?
Cheer up, and look, my own dear love!"

XI.

"Still higher swells the rushing tide,"
The lady said, "along the river;
The bridge wall's rent, with breaches wide,
Beneath its force the arches quiver.
But on Clemgaum I see no plumes;
From Offaley no succour comes;
No banner floats, no trumpet's blown—
Alas! alas! we are alone.

XII.

"And now, O God! I see behind,
My father to Red Raymond lending,
His war-horse, fleeter than the wind,
And, on our chase, the traitor sending:
He holds the lighted arquebus,
Bearing death to both of us;
Speed, my gallant Memnon, speed,
Nor let us 'neath the ruffian bleed."

XIII.

"Thy love saved *me* at risk of life,"
Kildare cried, "when the axe was wielding;
And now I joy, my own dear wife,
To think my breast *thy* life is shielding;
Thank Heaven no bolt can now reach thee,
That shall not, first, have pierced through me;
For death were mercy to the thought,
That thou, for me, to death were brought."

XIV.

And now they reach the trembling bridge,
Through flooded bottoms swiftly rushing;
Along it heaves a foaming ridge,
Through its rent walls the torrent's gushing.
Across the bridge their way they make,
'Neath Memnon's hoofs the arches shake;
While fierce as hate, and fleet as wind,
Red Raymond follows fast behind.

XV.

They've gained, they've gained the farther side!
Through clouds of foam, stout Memnon dashes;
And, as they swiftly onward ride,
Beneath his feet the vext flood splashes.
But as they reach the floodless ground,
The valley rings with a sharp sound;
The arquebus has hurled its rain,
And by it gallant Memnon's slain.

XVI.

And now behind loud rose the cry—
"The bridge! beware! the bridge is breaking!"
Backwards the scared pursuers fly,
While, like a tyrant, his wrath wreaking,
Rushed the flood, the strong bridge rending,
And its fragments downward sending;
In its throat Red Raymond's swallowed,
While above him the flood bellowed.

XVII.

Hissing, roaring, in its course,
The shattered bridge before it spurning,
The flood burst down, with giant force,
The oaks of centuries upturning.
The awed pursuers stood aghast;
All hope to reach Kildare's now past.
Blest be the Barrow, which thus rose,
To save true lovers from their foes!

XVIII.

And now o'er Clemgaum's Hill appear,
  Their white plumes on the breezes dancing,
A gallant troop, with shield and spear,
  From Offaley with aid advancing.
Quick to Kildare his soldiers ride,
And raise him up from Memnon's side;
Unhurt he stands, and to his breast,
The Lady Anna Darcy's pressed.

XIX.

"Kinsmen and friends," exclaimed Kildare,
  "Behold my bride, the fair and fearless,
Who broke my chain, and brought me here,
  In truth, in love, and beauty, peerless.
Here, at the bridge of Tenachelle,
Amid the friends I love so well,
I swear that until life depart,
She'll rule my home, my soul, my heart!"

Adieu for Evermore.

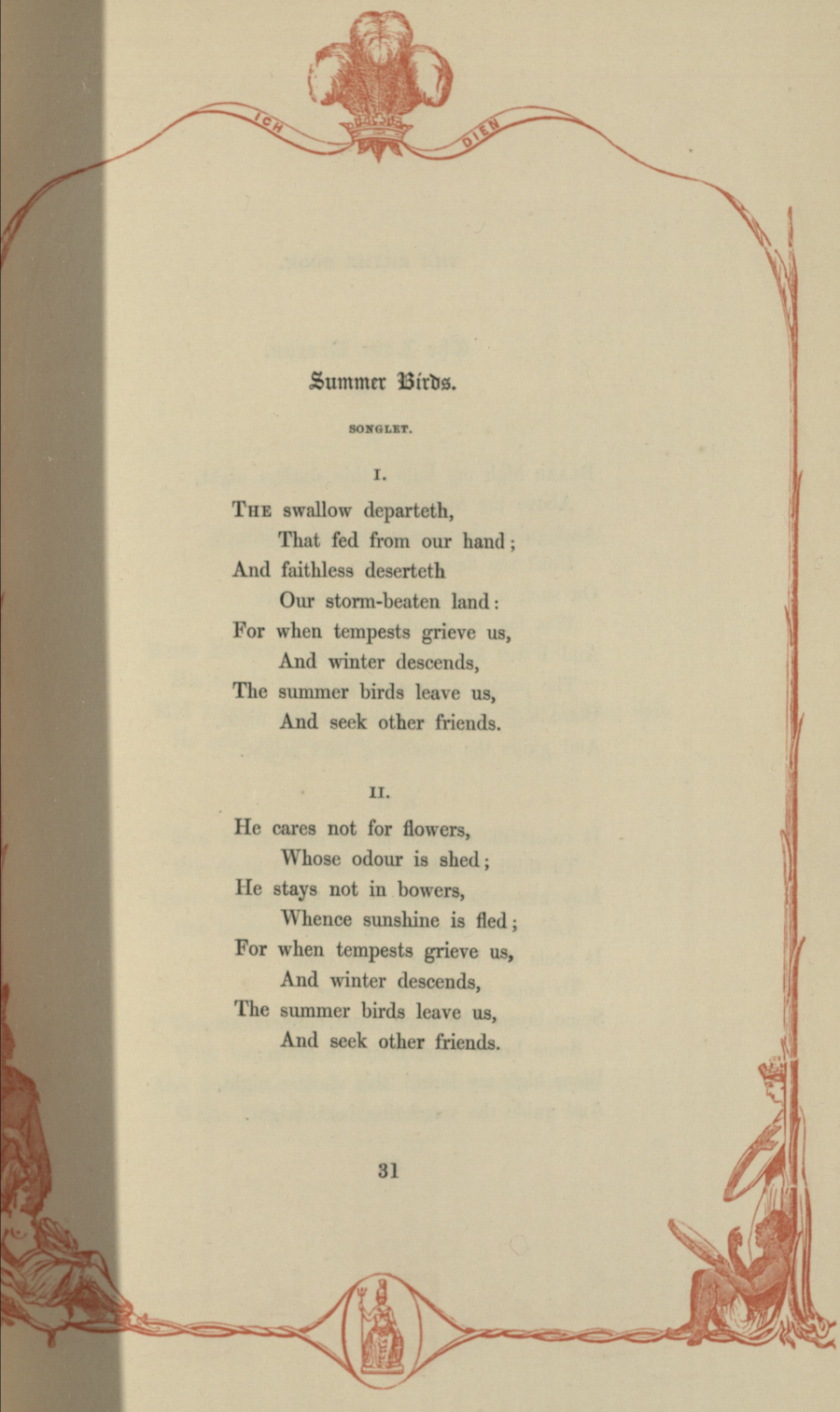
SONG.

I.

BEAR me away, my gallant steed,
To some more favoured clime,
Where honour, still, has honoured meed,
And worth is not a crime;
Within this land there is no place,
Where truth can safely stay,
For all is ruled by vile and base,
Then haste, good steed, away.
He shook his bridle rein, and sighed,
Adieu for evermore;
Adieu my native land, he cried,
Adieu for evermore.

II.

I cannot act the rebel's part,
Where all my race were true;
I cannot learn the slave's base art,
And cringe as others do;
There is no land in all the earth
Where baseness holds sole sway,
Except the land that gave me birth;
Then haste, good steed, away.
He shook his bridle rein and sighed,
Adieu for evermore;
Adieu my native land, he cried,
Adieu for evermore.



Summer Birds.

SONGLET.

I.

THE swallow departeth,
That fed from our hand;
And faithless deserteth
Our storm-beaten land:
For when tempests grieve us,
And winter descends,
The summer birds leave us,
And seek other friends.

II.

He cares not for flowers,
Whose odour is shed;
He stays not in bowers,
Whence sunshine is fled;
For when tempests grieve us,
And winter descends,
The summer birds leave us,
And seek other friends.

The Love Beacon.

SONG.

I.

Blaze high my light! this starless night,
  Above the rocky bay,
And guide the wandering bark aright,
  Until the dawn of day;
On such a night, my own true love
  Was lost on yonder reef;
And I was left alone to prove
  The pangs of hopeless grief:
Blaze high my light! this starless night,
And guide the wandering bark aright.

II.

It calms the anguish of my soul,
  To think this fevered hand
May warn the seaman from that shoal,
  And guide him safe to land:
It cools the burning of my brow,
  To hope my light may save
Some breast like mine, from cureless woe,
  Some brave heart from the grave:
Blaze high my light! this starless night,
And guide the wandering bark aright.

The Romance of King Edward's Bones.

I.

King Edward Longshanks' hour is nigh,
His life is nearly gone;
'Mid knights and lords high, that round the king sigh,
He calls on his eldest son.

II.

"Now hearken to me, oh! son of mine,
Ere death thy sire shall dree;
Leave women to pine, and dotards to whine,
But hearken thou to me.

III.

"The Scots have crossed in murderous band,
With banner and with spear;
And harry our land, with fire and with brand,
While I lie death-bound here.

IV.

" The infants, at the breast they brain,
And slay the weeping wife;
While, bound by death's chain, alas! I remain,
Here gasping forth my life.

V.

" But while my arm could grasp my brand,—
The brand that I loved so well,
No vile Scot could stand, upon British land,
And live the tale to tell.

VI.

" 'Twixt life and death my soul doth lie,
And both ways can it see;
Strange visions now fly, before my soul's eye,
Of things that yet shall be.

VII.

" These words of doom I now can see,
In fiery letters traced,
Where'er thy bones be, the false Scot shall flee,
With utter rout disgraced.

VIII.

" Though craftily laid be their design,
Though ten to one they be,
While thy bones shall shine in the battle line,
Like scattered sheep, they'll flee.

IX.

" These words of doom mark well, my son,
And brand them upon thy soul;
And, when I am gone, thus let it be done,
So peace shall be thy dole.

X.

" When my life shall have passed away,
And these lips shall feel no breath,
Be sure not to lay my bones in the clay,
Though stiffened, and cold in death.

XI.

" But boil my bones in a cauldron, all;
And boil them day and night;
Till the flesh shall fall from them, great and small,
And the bones gleam bare and white.

XII.

" Bury my flesh in my father's tomb,
And keep my bare bones white;
And when the Scots come, from their northern home,
Bear forth my bones to the fight.

XIII.

" Lift them up, 'mid the van, on high,
All dry, and bare, and white;
And the Scots shall fly, or be ta'en, or die,
By the British falchion bright.

XIV.

"My son, now bend upon thy knee,
Before these Barons bold;
And swear thou to me, that, thus it shall be,
When I shall be dead and cold."

XV.

Then knelt young Henry, the bed beside,
And swore, while all round weep;
But, when his sire died, he could not abide,
That dreadful oath to keep.

XVI.

But in royal tomb he laid him low,
With royal pomp and cost;
And full well I trow, that broken vow
Caused Scotland to be lost.

The Blackbird.

SONGLET.

I.

SWEET songster of the sable plume,
And beak of yellow gold,
Once more your cheerful song resume,
And let your loves be told;
For all so merrily you sing,
Joy seems to nestle 'neath your wing.

II.

Of green hills, where the cowslip blooms,
The blackbird's sweet song tells;
Of cottage bliss, and happy homes,
Where love with kindness dwells;
And all so cheerily 'tis sung,
The hearer's heart seems growing young.

The Zeraph.

SONG.

MORTAL.

I.

Oh! lovely zeraph with the golden hair,
Whence thou art born, to mortal ears declare?
Why to my love-lorn eyes, from day to day,
Thy form disclose, oh! lovely zeraph, say?

ZERAPH.

II.

I drew from a pure heart my birth,
  And lived a mortal love;
The scorn, and woes, and wrongs of earth,
  All failed my truth to move:
Freed from the passion's baser part,
  And steeped in heaven's bright dyes,
I sprang, when died my parent heart,
  A zeraph to the skies.

III.

Love's angels, to our care is given,
To guard that passion's birth—
To dye its thoughts in hues of heaven,
And wean it from base earth:
And, when each takes its heavenward wing,
Joy beams from zeraph's eyes,
To see a kindred angel spring,
All radiant to the skies.

IV.

A love, as pure and warm as thine,
Will oft the veil remove
That hides, from earth, the high design
Of heaven, in holy love;
Then are the bright-winged zeraphs seen,
Descending from heaven's throne,
And changing passions base and mean,
To natures like their own.

The Romance of Lough Ouel.

I.

THE fairy Queen Deirdre a visit was paying,
In Connaught, to fairy King Donn:
One morning she said, "Too long I've been staying
With you, my dear Donn, and on moonbeams been straying,
And pleasant wild pranks on the people been playing,
And now away home I must run:
But ere I depart,
From thee, friend of my heart,
Some gift I would take,
To keep for thy sake,
And make me think on thee, each morn, when I wake."

II.

Donn kissed the sweet Queen,
Full often I ween;
And he cried, "Anything that belongs here to me,
I'm too happy, dear Deirdre, to give it to thee;
Take hills, or take dales—
Take mountains, or vales—
Take children in plenty
By ten or by twenty—

Take lake, or take river,
How fishful soever—
If Deirdre but choose it,
I shall not refuse it.
It might look rather shabby
To take church or abbey;
But castles and towns you may have by the score;
And though the old owners,
Awhile should be groaners,
I don't care a button, although they be sore,
You may e'en take Croagh Patrick away, rump and stump,
If, with it, o'er Shannon, you're able to jump."

III.

Then Deirdre replied,
"At once I decide;
I shall take this bright jewel,
The crystal Lough Ouel,
In my white pocket-handkerchief wrap it well up,
And place it at home in an emerald cup."

IV.

"Right welcome you are," cried the fairy chief,
"To take this bright jewel,
The crystal Lough Ouel,
And carry it home in your handkerchief.
But take care, my dear daughter,
You don't spill the water

Or let the fine trout,
In your hurry jump out;
As you fly like a bird, over forest and heath,
To your own pleasant home, in the hills of Westmeath."

V.

She spread her white handkerchief out on the ground:
And on it Lough Ouel,
She placed like a jewel,
Then tightly she fastened the corners all round;
From Connaught of fountains,
She crossed the high mountains,
And flew, like a bird, over forest and heath,
With the lake in her hand, to the hills of Westmeath.

VI.

And she searched all Westmeath for the loveliest place,
Where a smile ever beams upon nature's sweet face;
And there placed Lough Ouel,
To shine like a jewel;
With a margin of green she encircled the whole,
Till the lake seems to lie in an emerald bowl:
But every one wonders what brought the lake there,
And to end all these wonders the truth I declare.

The Woodbine.

SONG.

I.

Oh! sing again that simple lay,
For on each wild, sweet note,
The loves and joys of childhood's day,
All freshly seem to float.
Blent with that strain the roses breathe,
And swells the song of birds;
And fragrant woodbine seems to wreathe
Its tendrils through the words.

II.

My native valley seems to rise,
All sweet with new-mown hay;
My garden blooms before my eyes,
And rings with that wild lay:
With every tone of that sweet song,
My scenes of youth seem twined,
And, in a thousand bright forms, throng
Upon my ravished mind.

The Romance of Crecy.

I.

"Hoh! halt we here," King Edward cried,
"My soldiers brave, and true!
The battle on this ground we'll bide;
For round us lies on every side
The country of Ponthieu:
Fair Crecy's castle, on our right,
And all the lands, within our sight,
Were granted, as my mother's dower;
Then halt we, here, our British power,
And guard our own, with sword, and lance,
Against the mighty host of France!"

II.

Strongly that day the British lay,
Upon the steep banks of the Maye:
Twelve thousand Englishmen there stand,
Far from their homes and native land:
Fair Crecy's town their right defends;
Their left to Wadicourt extends,
Well strengthened with a barricade,
Of palisades and waggons made;

In front the yawning Val de Clercs
May well bid charging horse despair;
Thus guarded well on every side,
With hearts, and camp, well fortified,
Their foes the British host await,
Undaunted, though but one to eight.

III.

Now morning, in the east, awakes;
The twenty-sixth of August breaks—
That day, so famed, in British story—
That day, that crowned our land with glory,
And shed a fame, that never fails,
Around the name, and crown of Wales.

IV.

"The French! the French! are coming fast,
From Abbeville they march in haste:
In proud array, they move along,
More than a hundred thousand strong."
Thus cry the scouts, as in they ride,
On foaming steeds, from every side:
King Edward bade the trumpet sound!
His chosen chiefs he calls around;
And sets the lines, and marks the ground.

V.

Arrayed, by Edward's high command,
In triple line, the British stand:

Eight hundred valiant men-at-arms,
  Two thousand bowmen skilled,
Joined to a thousand Welshmen brave,
  The first line closely filled.
The Prince of Wales this line commands;
With him the Earl of Warwick stands;
Oxford and Suffolk too were there;
Lords Holland, Stafford, Delaware,
Bourchier, and Clifford, noble name,
Burgherst, and Neville, dear to fame,
Harcourt, and Chandos, valiant knights,
The heroes of a hundred fights,
With stalwarth swords, and counsel wise,
Stood near to combat and advise.

VI.

The second line, in serried row,
  Obeys Northampton's Lord;
For him, twelve hundred bend the bow,
  Eight hundred draw the sword:
Arundel's Earl, to aid, stood nigh,
Lords Bassett, Roos, and Willoughby,
Multon, St. Albans, and Lascelles,
And Fulton, who each knight excels—
Dear to the Poet is each name,
Brave iron fathers of our fame!
In gleaming steel, they round him shine,
And range, with him, the second line.

VII.

The third line, by the King, is led,
As rear-guard, and reserve:
In it, seven hundred raise the brand,
Two thousand bowmen serve;
Each feels himself a match for ten,
Because he stands in Edward's ken.

VIII.

And now King Edward slowly moves,
Amid the host he leads, and loves:
He rides a palfrey low and slight;
And bears a wand of snowy white;
His noble head and throat are bare;
No armour doth the hero wear;
His velvet doublet of bright green,
All broidered o'er with gold is seen:
Brighter, and brighter, glows his eye,
As the dread battle draws more nigh;
And, thus, amid the gleaming swords,
Is heard the Monarch's dauntless words.

IX.

"For Britain's cause, and Britain's right,
My comrades true, and brave,
This day we'll conquer in the fight,
Or fill a glorious grave!

Though Germany be leagued with France—
Though hostile Italy advance—
Though Spanish Kings against us come—
Strike! strike! for glory, and for home!
Stand close, and silent—hold the breath;
Let each blow deal a foeman's death;
Firm, as yon rock, the onset wait;
And, though we be but one to eight,
We'll make the earth the difference ken,
'Twixt Frenchmen, and 'twixt Englishmen:
Couch well the lance! bend well the bow!
St. George for Merry England hoh!"

X.

So sweet he spake, so cheerfully,
His looks around him cast,
Each soldier felt his spirit stirred,
As with the trumpet's blast:
Loud rose the cheer, from high, and low,—
"St. George for Merry England hoh!"

XI.

Each man to lay him down he bade,
Upon the spot he was arrayed:
Each takes his helmet from his head;
Beside each man his arms are laid;
Along the lines the camp-men strode,
And gave each soldier wine and food:

Rested, and fed, the fight they wait,
Undaunted, though but one to eight.

XII.

Now, streaming on from Abbeville,
The hosts of France the country fill:
More than a hundred thousand strong,
Their steel-clad legions march along:
Wave upon wave, their cohorts rise,
With standards gleaming to the skies:
Since first the lance was couched, I ween,
Such army ne'er before was seen.

XIII.

All that is noble in fair France
To Creçy's plain in arms advance:
Philip of Valois, France's King,
The mighty host leads on,
With his brave son of Burgundy,
And Peter of Bourbon:
Alençon's Count is by his side,
And Ralph, Duke of Lorraine,
In martial pride, now swell the tide,
That rushes o'er the plain.

XIV.

But, not to Frenchmen's arms alone
Doth Philip trust to guard his throne:

Brave John of Luxemburg was there,
Bohemia's hero Lord;
Though white his hair and blind his eyes,
He wields his beaming sword:
Charles, elected Roman King,
Stands by his father's side;
Majorca's King his banner spreads,
Upon the battle's tide;
The Duke of Saxony his bands
Of iron Germans brings;
And Austria's Duke, the treacherous foe
Of all our valiant kings:
Elector Albert rushes on,
And Flanders' Earl of might,
With blazoned shield, across the field,
To share in Crecy's fight.

XV.

Full fifteen thousand Genoese,
All Arbalisters skilled,
With cross-bows and with short swords armed,
The foremost station filled;
And now Grimaldi's noble Count,
And Doria of renown,
These archers lead, across the mead,
That slopes from Crecy's town.

XVI.

The brave Lord Moyne of Bastleberg,
With Noyers, and Beaujeu,
And the stout Lord of Aubigny,
As scouts towards Crecy go;
They view the British lines with care;
And back to Philip soon repair,
And thus their tidings they declare.

XVII.

"Long live King Philip! we have seen
The British force on Crecy's green;
In triple line they resting lie,
Determined, ere they yield, to die:
And if, great King, we might advise,
Thus all of us would say;
Bid halt your troops, where now they stand,
And let them rest this day;
And then, with early morning light,
All freshly let them rush to fight:
For, be assured, the British power
Will wait for you at Crecy's tower."

XVIII.

"Then be it so," King Philip said,
"God and Saint Denis to our aid!
Hoh! marshals, through the army ride,
Halt banners! halt on every side!"

XIX.

As when some mighty swollen stream
  O'erleaps a river's banks,
So rushing onwards wildly, gleam
  The French hosts, rank on rank.
All vain the word to halt is passed,
They hurry onward like the blast;
The hindmost, still the foremost urge,
And forward dash, like foaming surge.

XX.

And, as they march in haste along,
  From Abbeville's fair town,
They seem a vast disordered throng
  Where rule is all unknown.
And when they saw the British force,
And marked how few their foot and horse,
From all their troops, the roads that fill,
Arose the cry of "Kill! kill! kill!"
And Knights and Nobles rode and raced,
Each fearing he would be disgraced,
Unless he struck one blow in fight,
Before the British took to flight.

XXI.

Now to their feet the British spring;
Along the lines their cheerings ring;

But when in front the King appears,
They silent stand, with listening ears.

XXII.

"Comrades and friends!" King Edward cried,
"The onslaught now is nigh;
These bannered chiefs, who hither ride,
In broken ranks, and careless pride,
Shall soon your prisoners lie;
For when disorder rules a host,
The battle is already lost.
Behold my Son! throughout this day,
His arm shall guide you in the fray;
His mouth shall give the battle word—
God, and Saint Edward, bless his sword!"

XXIII.

Low bent Prince Edward on his knee,
With thanks for this high dignity:
King Edward then, his Son embraced,
And on his breast a cuirass placed,
Of sable hue, and richly traced.
"Win well thy spurs, my Son," he cried,
"Amid the coming battle's tide;
Fling forth thy banner on the gales;
This day the battle-cry be "WALES!"

XXIV.

Now rose Prince Edward from his knee,
And stood among his Chivalry.
Tallest of all that valiant band,
The gallant Prince appears;
Stalwarth his form, although his age
But numbers sixteen years!
Fair as a maiden's is his cheek,
His dark hair curls along his neck;
Light, as a roebuck's, is his tread;
Proudly he lifts his noble head;
And raises high his mail-clad hand,
To give the signal of command.

XXV.

Onwards, onwards, onwards pour
The hosts of France, with deafening roar;
Through every vale, down every hill,
They hurry on from Abbeville;
Each seeks to gain the foremost place,
And be the first in glory's race.
Vainly each Marshal spurs his horse,
And seeks to stop their rushing course;
Vainly they shout the King's command,
That each upon his ground shall stand,
And there abide, till coming day,
Before he rush into the fray.

XXVI.

Now in the front King Philip stands,
To give in person his commands;
But, when he saw the British host,
  Arrayed in warlike pride,
With rising wrath his soul was tost,
  And loud the Monarch cried—
"On Genoese! begin the fray!
We will not wait the dawn of day;
Nobles, and Knights, advance! advance!
God and Saint Denis! charge for France!"

XXVII.

Then cried Count Doria, "All my men
  Have marched six leagues and more,
Loaded with heavy arms and mail,
  And now are travel sore;
And all unfit to join the fray,
Or do great deeds in fight to-day."

XXVIII.

While thus the famed Count Doria spoke,
Alençon thus in anger broke:—
"This is what every man shall get,
  Who scoundrels, such as you, shall hire;
In peace you're, still, a craving set,
  But, when the battle comes, you tire."
Then Doria turned, in wrath, away,
And gave the signal for the fray.

XXIX.

Now, while the Genoese advanced,
To battle o'er the plain,
Loud thunders burst above their heads,
And fell a mighty rain;
And drenched their armour, and their clothes,
And slacked the strings in all their bows.

XXX.

When they had come the British nigh,
They leaped up, with a furious cry;
But, all unmoved, the British stand,
Each, with his long bow in his hand:
The Genoese then leaped again,
And raised a fell shout o'er the plain;
But moveless still, and still unscared,
The British stand, for fight prepared.
A third time still they leap, and cry;
Then, from their bows, the arrows fly,
In one great shower, o'er Crecy's plain;
But, from their bowstrings slacked by rain,
The shafts fall short upon the field,
Nor grazed they e'en a British shield.

XXXI.

The British archers stepped one pace,
Each calm, and dauntless, in his place:

Each drew his arrow to his ear,
Loud twanged their bowstrings, sharp, and clear;
Again! again! and still again!
They pour their volleys o'er the plain;
So quick, and strong, their arrows go,
They seemed to be a shower of snow.

XXXII.

Right on the Genoese they fell;
Each reached the mark it aimed for well;
Pierced by the shafts, through mail, and shield,
The Genoese now strew the field.
Some cut their bowstrings in affright;
Some cast them down—some took to flight;
And backwards soon their legions ran,
In wild disorder, on the van.

XXXIII.

"Slay me these losel scoundrels! slay!"
King Philip cried, in wrath,
"Who, dastard-like, thus flee away,
And stop our conquering path."
Then, on Count Doria's broken troops,
The Van of France, in fury, swoops;
And Knights of France, now, charge, and slay,
The soldiers France was bound to pay;
And heap, in mountains of the slain,
Their own cross-bowmen on the plain.

XXXIV.

Still, 'mongst the French and Genoese,
Thus mingled on the plain,
The British arrows fell, in showers,
Like tempest-driven rain:
Struck, 'midst the crowd, the horses fall,
And spread disorder among all:
While pressed in front, and pressed in rear,
The Van and Genoese appear,
One vast, confused, and close-wedged, mass,
Through which, no second line can pass—
A mob of slayers and of slain,
Defenceless all, on Creçy's plain.

XXXV.

"Now draw your knives, my Cornishmen,
And Welshmen, true, and brave;
Like lions leap, amid that heap,
Of tangled French, and quickly sweep
Each foeman to his grave."

XXXVI.

Thus cried Prince Edward in the van;
And at his word leaped forth each man,
Of Cornwall's yeomen, strong as steers,
And Wales' active mountaineers:
Each bore aloft a gleaming knife,
All rough and ready for the strife.

XXXVII.

Amongst the French and Genoese,
Entangled foot and horse,
The Welsh and Cornish mountaineers
Now hold their bloody course;
And left and right, amid the fight,
Their gleaming knives the foemen smite;
And swiftly sank, and deeply drank,
The blood of France from flank to flank.

XXXVIII.

Fair France's noblest knights and peers
Were slain by these stout mountaineers;
Wedged by the crowd, and powerless all,
Without a blow these brave chiefs fall.
Onward the Welshmen spring, and strike,
Knights, nobles, archers, all alike:
Amid the crowd they wildly rush,
And make the blood-streams round them gush
And clear a road o'er Crecy's plain,
All soaked with blood, and choked with slain.

XXXIX.

"Alençon hoh! Alençon hoh!
Charge! Frenchmen charge! the British foe!"
Loud rose this cry along the plain;
And, mounting bravely o'er the slain,

The second line, with shield and lance,
Like lions to the charge advance.

XL.

As meets a rock the rushing gales
  O'er Arctic seas that blow;
So firmly met the Prince of Wales
  The onslaught of the foe:
The plumes upon his helmet streamed,
  Like clouds, by tempest, tost;
His sable cuirass darkly gleamed,
  Amid the struggling host,
And seemed, upon the French, to glare,
Like the dark banner of despair.

XLI.

With gallant Harcourt, by his side,
And Chandos, Knighthood's flower and pride,
Wherever danger most assails,
Descends the stalwarth sword of Wales;
Blow upon blow, amidst the foe,
It lays the foremost leaders low:
But, as each line before him breaks,
Another line its station takes:
Though thousands die, or wounded lie,
And tens of thousands turn and fly,
There scarcely seems a foeman lost,
So mighty is the Gallic host.

XLII.

Aloft upon a neighbouring height,
King Edward viewed the rushing fight;
And when he saw a tenfold force
Assail the Prince, in headlong course,
And viewed their legions fiercely rushing,
And saw the blood-streams redly gushing,
He started, with intent to aid,
And half unsheathed his shining blade:
Three times, with this intent, he strode
A short way towards the field of blood;
Three times he turned, and sat him down,
And cried, "To thee! to thee alone!
My gallant Son! shall Creçy's field
The victor's glorious laurels yield;
On Wales' crown inscribe that name,
And circle it with Creçy's fame!"

XLIII.

Now, hand to hand, the British band
The onslaught of the French withstand:
For seldom numbers gain the field,
From men who'd rather die than yield!
Like wounded lions brought to bay,
Each bears him in that bloody fray:
Like thunderbolts their blows are given;
Beneath them shields and helms are riven:

The dead, before them heap the ground;
The blood, in torrents, flows around;
While, loud, their war-cry swells the gales,
"Wales to the rescue!—strike for Wales!"

XLIV.

Brave Chandos of the hundred fights,
Fair England's flower and pride,
Fought all that day, amid the fray,
Close by Prince Edward's side;
And ever turns the chieftain's gaze
With wonder, and with glad amaze,
To where the sable cuirass gleams,
Amid the battle's crimson streams:
So weighty fall the Prince's blows,
As foremost in the field he goes;
So coolly round from left to right,
He looks to scan the field of fight;
And hastens through the battling host,
Wherever aid is wanted most:
So strong an arm, so calm a mien,
In one so young was never seen.

XLV.

Oh God! it was a glorious sight,
For Britons to behold that fight:
Since then have passed five hundred years,
Yet Britons' eyes still fill with tears,

Of pride, and joy, to think how well,
That day their fathers fought and fell.

XLVI.

Now Flanders' mighty Count was slain,
By Chandos' sword, on Creçy's plain;
And, when they saw their leader dead,
His soldiers turned them round, and fled:
The second line, now, wavers all;
Backwards, at length, its standards fall;
And brave D'Alençon leads it round,
To try its strength on other ground;
And, beaten back, no more assails
The standard of the Prince of Wales.

XLVII.

The Counts D'Alençon and Ponthieu
Their broken legions now withdrew,
And led them on, in lengthening rank,
In hopes the British to outflank;
And, now, in new formed line, they pour,
Upon the side of Wadicourt:
But, tier on tier, unmoved by fear,
The British archers, there, appear;
And pour, upon the coming foe;
Their arrows, thick, and fast, as snow:
There fell Alençon's famous Count,
While striving o'er the fence to mount;

And, by his side, a broad shaft slew
The Duke of Lorraine, brave, and true:
Around them, knights and nobles slain,
Like leaves of autumn, strew the plain:
Till broken, bleeding, backwards borne,
From Wadicourt the legions turn.

XLVIII.

Three German bands, of mighty force,
With stalwarth foot, and mail-clad horse,
  Now charge across the field;
And iron Germany assails,
The standard of the Prince of Wales,
  With sword, and lance, and shield:
Bohemia's hardy mail-clad bands,
And all the knights of Saxon lands,
And Austria's race of crafty might,
Now march, together, to the fight:
Now, gallant Wales! arouse thy strength!
The final struggle's come, at length!

XLIX.

The foe, now, forty thousand strong,
  From flank to flank, assails,
The hero band, that bravely stand,
  Around the Prince of Wales:

But, dauntless, stand that hero band;
Like lightning, gleams each shining brand.
All vain is tenfold force to bind,
In chains of fear, the hero mind.
Though forty thousand foes environ,
Stand they, like a wall of iron;
Shoulder to shoulder, man to man,
Maintained their ground that matchless van:
Each Briton, on himself reliant,
Of the tenfold odds defiant,
Dealt his blows round, like a giant.

L.

"Sir Thomas Norwich," Warwick said,
"Now haste thee, gallant knight;
And bid King Edward send us aid,
In this unequal fight."
Fast speeds the knight, like shaft from string,
And quickly stands before the King.

LI.

"God save King Edward from his foes!"
Exclaimed the gallant knight,
"See forty thousand men enclose
The vanward of our fight:
Then draw, great King, thy conquering blade,
And come to us with speedy aid."

LII.

Uprising, then, King Edward said,
" Sir Thomas, tell thou me,
Is my Son dead, or wounded sore,
Or in captivity?
Now, as thou art a loyal knight,
Tell thou me this, and tell me right."

LIII.

" Now God forbid!" Sir Thomas said;
" The Prince of Wales still wields his blade,
Still leads the van, still drives back France,
Unwounded yet by sword or lance;
But mightier yet, each moment, grows
The vast array of charging foes;
And much the gallant Prince doth need,
That aid should come, and come with speed."

LIV.

" Now hie thee back," King Edward said,
" And to my nobles say;
I will not move forth to their aid,
On Creçy's field this day;
Nor draw my sword on Creçy's plain,
Except my Son be ta'en, or slain;
For to Saint Edward I have vowed,
To him, shall this day's fame be owed;

And all the glory of this fight
Shall be the Prince of Wales' right:
Then bid him onward in the fray,
And win his knightly spurs, this day;
And prove himself, on Crecy's field,
Fair England's sceptre fit to wield;
Until each voice in Britain hails,
A hero, in the Prince of Wales!"

LV.

Quick to the front, Sir Thomas went,
And Edward's message said;
Then grieved Earl Warwick that he sent
For succour, or for aid.
But when the King's brave words were heard,
High flashed each Briton's shining sword:
Like lions, on the foe they sprang;
Like thunderbolts their strong blows rang;
While high upon the evening gales,
Arose their war-cry—"Wales! hoh! Wales!"

LVI.

Leader and ruler of the fight,
Now hastes the Prince, from left to right:
But ill the power of words avails,
To tell the deeds of dauntless Wales:
Striving to bear their fame along,
E'en sinks the wing of rushing song.

To meet the countless odds he flies,
With valour that all odds defies.
Chaumont, De Croy, and brave Beaulieu,
Within that hour his right arm slew:
Where'er most fiercely charge the foes,
With lightning speed, Prince Edward goes;
Wherever flashes Wales' sword,
The cause of Britain is restored:
Wherever shines forth Wales' shield,
There Britain conquers in the field.

LVII.

Though few his hero legion seem,
Unnumbered aids around them teem;
Ten thousand brave old thoughts of home,
To raise their sinking spirits come;
Upon their left hand, and their right,
As allies in the rushing fight,
Stand noble forms, within their sight—
Bright glory with her blazing shield,
And native pride, that may not yield,
And honour, that all odds defies,
And loyalty, that never dies,
And truth, that chains the noble heart,
And friendship, that forbids to part,
Upon the side of England rise—
The hero's glorious, firm allies.

LVIII.

Hark! the second line's advancing;
Northampton's banner's gaily dancing:
At each stride their armour's ringing;
To the van swift aid they're bringing:
Downward on the right they're bearing
Lance, and sword, and shield, preparing:
Now the hostile lines they're nearing,
Loudly swells their gallant cheering;
Now, amid the foe they're dashing,
Horses charging, lances crashing;
Blood-streams flowing, Frenchmen falling,
Wounded foes for mercy calling.
Onward! onward! still they're rushing,
While around the red gore's gushing.

LIX.

Now, with the love of glory burning,
The Count of Blois assails;
All other, meaner, foemen spurning,
He seeks the Prince of Wales;
Through French and British lines he dashes;
His sword, like a wild meteor flashes;
On Edward's helm the blade descends,
And from his head the white plume rends.

LX.

Prince Edward reeled beneath the blow
Thus stoutly dealt by stalwarth foe;

He sank one moment on his knee—
His eyes one moment scarce could see;
The next—upon his foe he sprang;
Loud, on his mail, the broadsword rang—
Through hauberk and through cuirass pressed—
And cleft the brave heart in his breast.
With prostrate form, and arms outspread,
The youthful Count of Blois falls dead.
Like a tall pine, in graceful pride,
Uprooted on the mountain side,
And downward hurled, in headlong course,
Beneath the avalanche's force.

LXI.

"A Wales! A Wales! Hurrah for Wales!"
The British war-cry swells the gales.
The valour that their leader fires,
The humblest of his host inspires.
Onward the British heroes rush—
Beneath their swords the blood-streams gush:
The bands of Germany now turn,
And backward o'er the plain are borne;
While France's bravest champion quails
Before the gleaming sword of Wales.

LXII.

Bohemia's King, upon the right,
Now listens to the rushing flight:

Noble the presence of the chief—
Though dimmed by blindness, and by grief—
His long, white locks, and beard of snow,
Adown his breast and shoulders flow.
Upon his helm a crown is placed,
With three white ostrich feathers graced;
And on its circlet, in fair lines,
Ich Dien! as his motto shines.
As each loud war-cry strikes his ear,
Flows, from his sightless eyes, the tear:
Sad is the hero's soul; to think
He thus must stand upon war's brink,
Enchained by blindness, idly stand,
And vainly wield a useless brand.
As louder swell the battle cries,
High heaves his valiant heart with sighs;
And, whilst Bohemia's nobles stand
Around their King, in mail-clad band,
In words, at length, his wishes broke,
And thus the sightless hero spoke.

LXIII.

"Ye are my friends, and vassals kind,
And comrades of my age;
Then lead me, since that I am blind,
Where most the fight doth rage,
And let me strike one stalwarth blow
In battle with the British foe."

LXIV.

Now round the blind and hoary King,
These words his knights and vassals bring;
They form their line with martial pride—
Together are their bridles tied—
Together will this martial band,
As heroes fall, or victors stand—
Together charged they o'er the plain—
Together crossed the heaps of slain;
And when they met the conquering foe,
Together dealt full many a blow;
And, woe the day! together died,
O'erwhelmed beneath the battle's tide.

LXV.

As bursts the tempest-driven main
  Some dike that chained its course,
And overwhelms the villaged plain
  With its resistless force,
So burst the British o'er the bar
Their foes had offered in the war.
So whelmed they in their rushing might,
Their broken foes in Creçy's fight.
Thousands on thousands now were slain—
A blood-mist rose from Creçy's plain.
Like hunted sheep, the vast French host,
In wild, disordered rout are lost.

A hundred thousand fled or died
That day, on Creçy's blood-stained side—
Before twelve thousand men they fled—
But these were by a hero led.
Scattered like chaff before the gales,
They fled before the sword of Wales.
France, Germany, and Italy,
Defeated, routed, hunted flee,
And die, or fly, or captive yield
To British might on Creçy's field.

LXVI.

The fight is o'er—the foe is fled—
Their bravest kings and chiefs are dead.
Now, from his hill the King descends,
And to the front he quickly wends.
Close to his heart his Son he strains—
All red with Creçy's glorious stains—
And while the tears stream down his cheeks,
The hero Monarch fondly speaks.

LXVII.

"Son of my hope, and heart, and realm!
Fit chief to guide brave Britain's helm!
Well hast thou won thy spurs, this day,
And borne thee in this bloody fray:

The fame of Creçy's victory
Belongs to thee, my Son! to thee!
And crowns with glory that ne'er fails,
The title of the Prince of Wales.
The memory of Creçy's fray
Shall never pass from earth away:
While lives a man on British ground,
Within his heart it shall be found:
No odds shall make the Briton flee,
Who thinks on Creçy and on thee!
While lives a Son of all our line,
Its glory shall around him shine:
The name of Wales shall ever seem
With glory and with hope to beam.
Whene'er a Prince of Wales appears,
Though after many a hundred years,
The very mention of that name
Shall call up thoughts of Creçy's fame,
And bring to mind the brave deeds done,
On Creçy's field, by thee, my Son!
France, Germany, and Italy,
Before our arms shall seem to flee!
The earth shall seem but made to bear
The sway of Britain, far and near;
And all its people formed to yield,
To British might on battle-field!"

LXVIII.

Now dark, o'er slayers, and o'er slain,
The night descends upon the plain:
No shouts are heard—no arms now clash—
No foemen through the darkness dash;
Yet still the Britons keep their lines;
Before each band a bright fire shines:
Cautious the conquering Britons stand,
And bared for battle is each brand.

LXIX.

Pierced with an arrow, through and through,
And rearing on the plain,
King Philip's gallant horse falls dead,
Amid the heaps of slain.
But John of Hainault, good at need,
Hath placed the King upon his steed;
And forces him to leave the fight,
Beneath the shade of gloomy night;
And thus, with hopeful words addressed,
And sought to cheer his sinking breast.

LXX.

"Cheer up, my Liege! Cheer up, and flee!
For though you've lost this fight,
Some other day the victory
You'll gain for France and right:
But now flee hence, away! away!
Lest death should come with dawning day."

LXXI.

Now fast they fled, o'er heaps of dead,
  Beneath the mists of night;
Their coursers feel the armed heel,
  And urge their rapid flight:
Nor did they draw the bridle rein
Till Broye's strong, moated towers they gain.

LXXII.

"Let down the drawbridge," Philip cried,
  And stopped his weary flight;
"The fortune of fair France demands
  A shelter from the night."
The Monarch's voice the warder knows;
The castle gates he open throws;
Quick sinks the drawbridge; o'er it comes
The royal troop, with broken plumes.

LXXIII.

First o'er the drawbridge Philip came,
While burned his cheek and brow with shame;
Sir John of Hainault followed fast,
And Montford's Count, with panting haste;
Next Montmorency's noble Lord,
And Beaujeau, without shield or sword,
And Aubigny, the castle gain,
With sixty spearmen in their train;
No more remain of all their host;
The rest, in death, or flight, are lost;

No more could love or duty bring,
That night to guard their crowned King;
Of all the hundred thousand men
He led that morn to Crecy's plain.
Oh! woful day for France's fame,
What time can wash away the shame?

LXXIV.

Now dawns the early morning ray;
A thick mist struggles with the day:
So dark the damp mists round them stand,
Each soldier scarce can see his hand:
Now, by Prince Edward's high command,
Two Marshals form a stalwarth band;
In it five hundred lift the lance,
Two thousand more with bows advance;
Amid the mist they cross the plain,
To find if any foes remain;
Cobham and Stafford with them go,
To count the slain among the foe.

LXXV.

Scarce had this band a furlong gone,
When, through the mist, bright armour shone;
Rouen and Beauvais' flags are seen,
Now proudly borne across the green;
From Abbeville these legions come,
Unknowing yet of Crecy's doom;

By Philip's orders are they there,
With banner, and with sword and spear:
As wrapped in mist their foes advance,
They think they've reached the host of France;
With joyful cheers they hurry on,
Their lines in wild disorder thrown;
Each sword is sheathed, and bared each head,
All unprepared for battle dread.

LXXVI.

But well the cautious British know
The accents of the foreign foe;
Unsheathed for battle is each brand,
Uplifted is each stalwarth hand;
Once more the battle-cry of Wales
Rings out, upon the morning gales;
Once more upon the foe they dash,
Once more their ready falchions clash;
While unprepared—amazed—forlorn—
The Frenchmen fall like autumn corn;
Seven thousand more were here laid low,
Almost without a strife or blow.

LXXVII.

Now o'er this newly-slaughtered heap,
The British warriors onward sweep;
And, dimly showing through the gloom,
Another band is seen to come;

There Rouen's Archbishop appears,
And France's Grand Prior, girt with spears,
With lance, and sword, and blazoned shield,
Each brings his quota to the field.
Each of these chieftains surely thought,
On Sunday would the fray be fought:
Too late they come to join the fray;
And all too soon to flee away;
Amidst them now, with war-cry loud,
Like lightning from the thunder-cloud,
The British warriors slay and rush,
And make the blood in torrents gush.
Right well! right well! the Frenchman knows
The rush with which the British close;
But now the knowledge comes too late
To save the French from British hate;
All order lost, their broken host,
A prey to British swords is tost;
And slaughtered upon Creçy's plain,
Add one more mountain to the slain.

LXXVIII.

Now bursts the sun o'er Creçy's field,
And flashes upon helm and shield;
Before its warm and cheering ray,
The gloomy mists are rolled away;
And now all Creçy's crimson plain
Seems covered o'er with heaps of slain;

No living French, nor far nor near,
Are seen to lift the sword or spear;
Each lies a corse, upon his shield,
Their dead, alone, maintain the field.

LXXIX.

Now Cobham and brave Stafford come,
  Where stand the royal band;
The list of slaughtered French is held,
  In noble Cobham's hand;
And, whilst the hearers hold their breath,
Thus Cobham reads the scroll of death.

LXXX.

"Long live King Edward and his Son!
  We've searched the battle-field;
Two heralds, by our side, have gone,
  To note each blazoned shield:
Full eighty banners strew the plain,
  All borne by Lords of might;
Eleven great Princes, near, lie slain,
  In Creçy's bloody fight;
Twelve hundred noble Knights of fame
  Have met death's bloody blow;
And of the common sort and name,
  Lie thirty thousand low:
Within this scroll of death, I ween,
Your dead foes' names will all be seen."

LXXXI.

Then noble Stafford forward came,
And to King Edward gave
Bohemia's crown, of old renown,
Long worn by monarchs brave;
The marks of blows in battle given,
Its golden circlet bore;
And the white plumes, that o'er it waved,
Were tipped with crimson gore.

LXXXII.

Then Edward took Bohemia's crown,
And placed it on Prince Edward's head;
And thus, while tears of joy ran down,
The Monarch-father said:—

LXXXIII.

"Wear, thou, Bohemia's golden crown,
And triple plume of white,
In Crecy's battle, bravely won,
'Tis thine, my Son, by right!
A spoil, in battle-field obtained,—
In battle by thy valour gained,
The crown of Wales it hence shall be,
And tell of Crecy's victory!

LXXXIV.

"And when our Sons, in other days,
This triple plume shall see,
They'll think, with pride, and fond amaze,
On Crecy's victory!

And count the triumphs Britain won,
When led by Britain's eldest Son,
And guard from stain the glorious crown,
That tells the tale of their renown!

LXXXV.

"And though all other crowns should seem,
As worthless in their sight;
Still round Bohemia's crown shall beam
The fame of Crecy's fight!
And fill with joy each British heart!
And make the tears of triumph start!
And shed a lustre that ne'er fails,
Around the glorious name of Wales!"

Our Old Hedge.

SONG.

I.

Our old hedge on the mossy brae,
Is decked by spring anew;
Its shamrock-spangled foot is gay,
With violets so blue.
Close to the turf the ivy cleaves,
That braved the winter's cold;
And 'midst its leaves, the primrose weaves
Its broider of pale gold.

II.

Our old hedge, now, by rosy May,
With hawthorn bloom is crowned;
And from each odour-breathing spray,
Rich perfume floats around.
In dazzling showers, when light winds blow,
The bloom is borne away,
And falls below, like scented snow,
Upon the mossy brae.

III.

From our old hedge now gaily gush
The birds' blithe songs of spring;
The blackbird, linnet, and sweet thrush,
Amid its covert sing;
With perfume, flowers, and crown of snow,
And thousand woodnotes gay,
How lovely, now, our hedge doth show,
Upon the mossy brae.

The Hills.

SONG.

I.

THE snow has melted from the hills,
And down them leap the diamond rills;
Soft woodnotes gush from every bower—
Youth blooms in every opening flower;
Clothed in new mantles of bright green,
Again the hills look young, I ween,
Although a thousand years they've seen.

II.

But man, alas! no spring-time knows;
Ne'er from his head shall melt time's snows;
No spring shall smoothe his furrowed face,
Nor raven locks the white replace;
On his shrunk form youth ne'er shall bloom,
Nor young love make his heart its home,
Until he sink into the tomb.

Love's Atmosphere.

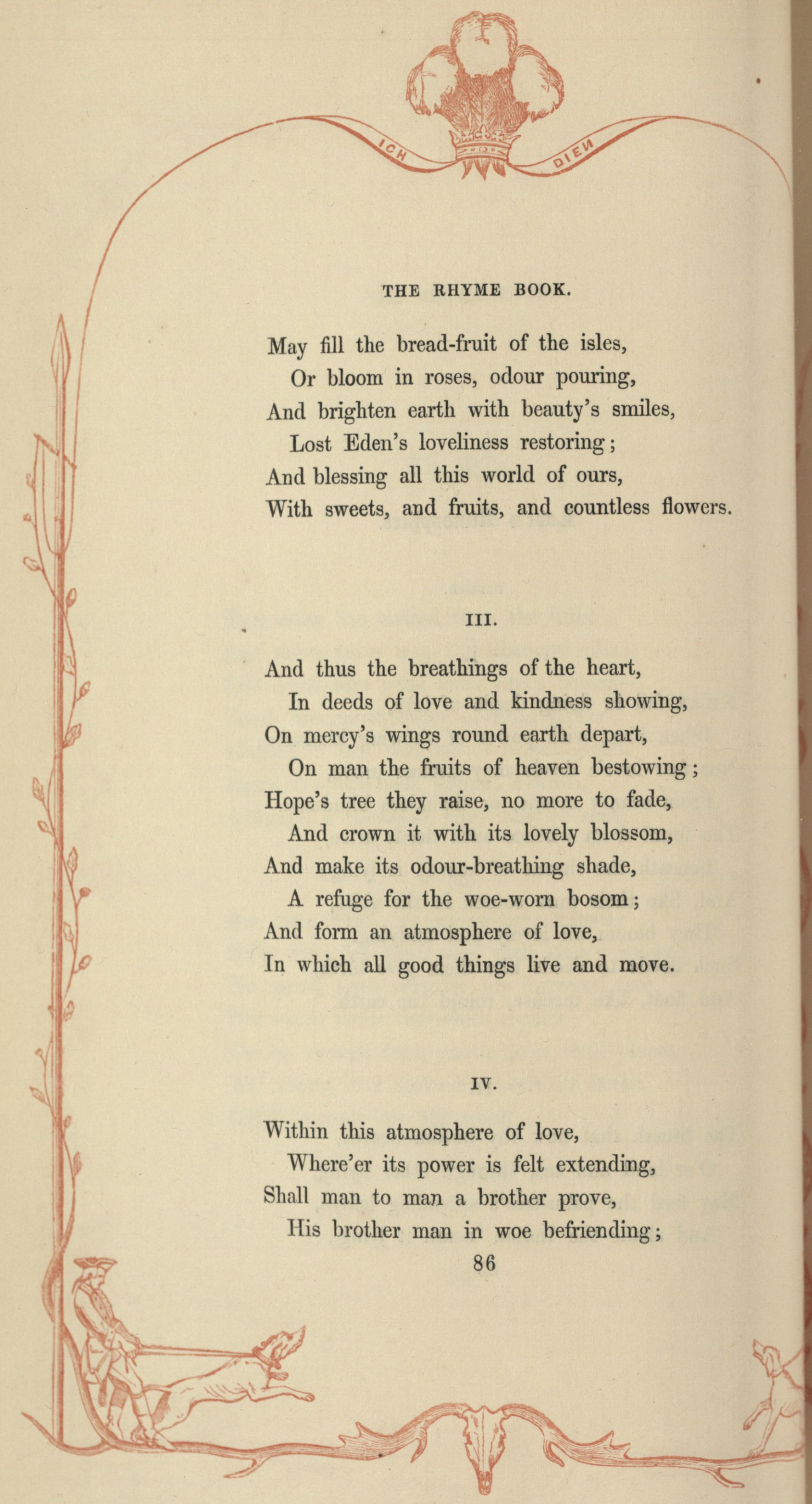
BALLAD.

I.

Ne'er fail in doing deeds of love,
When blest with power of showing kindness;
Nor fear love's deeds may useless prove,
From scanty means, or thankless blindness.
The fount from whence such deeds arise,
Beneath the throne of heaven is lying;
And, like their pure source in the skies,
They bloom all lovely and undying.
Such deeds to deeds like them give birth,
And float, like incense, round the earth.

II.

The breath that now thy bosom heaves,
O'er land and sea, through ether flying,
May feed the palm-tree's spreading leaves,
And shade the Indian 'neath it lying;



May fill the bread-fruit of the isles,
  Or bloom in roses, odour pouring,
And brighten earth with beauty's smiles,
  Lost Eden's loveliness restoring;
And blessing all this world of ours,
With sweets, and fruits, and countless flowers.

III.

And thus the breathings of the heart,
  In deeds of love and kindness showing,
On mercy's wings round earth depart,
  On man the fruits of heaven bestowing;
Hope's tree they raise, no more to fade,
  And crown it with its lovely blossom,
And make its odour-breathing shade,
  A refuge for the woe-worn bosom;
And form an atmosphere of love,
In which all good things live and move.

IV.

Within this atmosphere of love,
  Where'er its power is felt extending,
Shall man to man a brother prove,
  His brother man in woe befriending;

And heart-flowers of the brightest dyes,
  Along life's path their blossoms wreathing,
Shall make this world a paradise,
  Of peace, and love, and kindness breathing;
And man, released from vice's chain,
Shall seem God's image here again.

V.

Then never fail in deeds of love,
  Though slight thy means of showing kindness;
Nor fear such deeds shall useless prove,
  From scanty means or thankless blindness.
For all that's Godlike on this earth,
  In hoary age, or youth's bright hours,
From deeds of love derive their birth,
  And in love's deeds expend their powers.
Oh! blest for ever be love's deeds—
Dark sorrow's balm, bright virtue's seeds.

Rose-light.

SONGLET.

I.

Softly, and sweetly,
As flies the summer daylight fleetly,
The parting sunbeams break;
And, steeped in eve's vermilion dyes,
They make the windless, cloudless skies,
One rosy-tinted lake.

II.

Softly, and sweetly,
As dusk and dewy night comes fleetly,
The rose-light disappears;
And, thus, joy's hue, and love's sweet ray,
From life's bright heaven, pass away,
And leave it gloom and tears.

All are Gone.

SONG.

I.

Why should I gather golden store,
And toil from day to day;
The loved ones, whom I laboured for,
Have passed away?
No selfish thought my bosom moved;
I lived for them alone,
My care was all for those I loved—
My loved! my own!
And, one by one, they've been removed,
Till all are gone.

II.

I'm, now, too old for friendship's birth,
And love I cannot buy;
No hope remains for me on earth,
Except to die;
My spirit longs for death's calm shore,
Where all my loved are gone;
Those realms, alone, can now restore
My joys, long flown;
For there, oh! there, I'll meet, once more
My loved! my own!

The Romance of the Headless Horseman.

I.

Ope the doors, both front and back,
Through them lies the horseman's track.
Clear the floor, and cease from talk;
Now I hear him on his walk.

II.

Here's the headless horseman's course—
Headless horseman and weird horse;
Swerve he may not from the path
Marked out for him, by Heaven's wrath.

III.

On his walk this house was placed;
Right across his path 'twas raised;
Through this house, from front to back,
Must he hold his nightly track.

IV.

See! now through the door he rides,
His left-hand the bridle guides;
From his severed neck the gore
Gushes all his bosom o'er.

V.

High in his right-hand is held
A purse, with golden pieces swelled;
Drenched with blood that purse appears;
From it drop the bloody tears.

VI.

On he rides upon his path—
Save our souls from Heaven's dread wrath!
Onward man and horse now go,
On their course round Shanacloch.

VII.

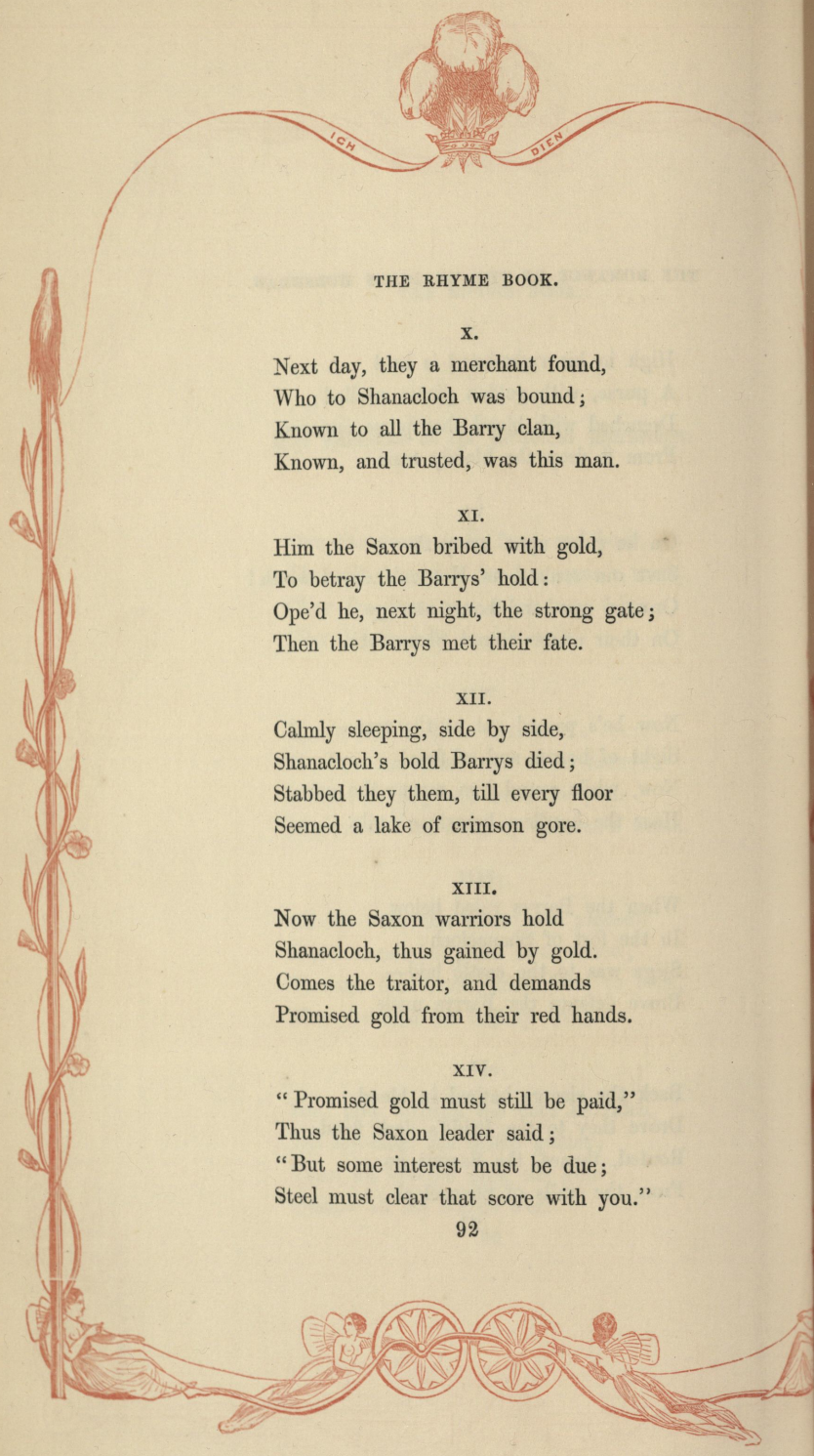
Now he's passed out at the rear—
Sight of horror and of fear!
Now, while round him moans the gale,
Hear the headless horseman's tale.

VIII.

When the Barrys ruled below,
In the fort of Shanacloch;
Siege was to the castle laid—
Brave defence the Barrys made.

IX.

Back the siegers bathed in blood,
Drove they to the Bride's dark flood;
Routed, thence, the Saxons go,
From the walls of Shanacloch.



X.

Next day, they a merchant found,
Who to Shanacloch was bound;
Known to all the Barry clan,
Known, and trusted, was this man.

XI.

Him the Saxon bribed with gold,
To betray the Barrys' hold:
Ope'd he, next night, the strong gate;
Then the Barrys met their fate.

XII.

Calmly sleeping, side by side,
Shanacloch's bold Barrys died;
Stabbed they them, till every floor
Seemed a lake of crimson gore.

XIII.

Now the Saxon warriors hold
Shanacloch, thus gained by gold.
Comes the traitor, and demands
Promised gold from their red hands.

XIV.

"Promised gold must still be paid,"
Thus the Saxon leader said;
"But some interest must be due;
Steel must clear that score with you."

XV.

Then a gold-filled purse he laid,
On the floor, and drew his blade:
When the merchant, to it, stooped,
Through the air, the broadsword swooped.

XVI.

Swept the broadsword through his neck,
Without stay, and without check;
Fell his pale head, on the floor;
Gushed the blood, his false breast o'er.

XVII.

The Barrys' dead—the spoilers' gone—
Shanacloch's a ruin grown;
But the traitor's unforgiven,
On this earth, or yet in heaven.

XVIII.

Blood-stained, headless, still, he bides;
Still, round Shanacloch he rides;
And, still, holds the useless gold,
For which Shanacloch was sold.

Ellen of Orragh.

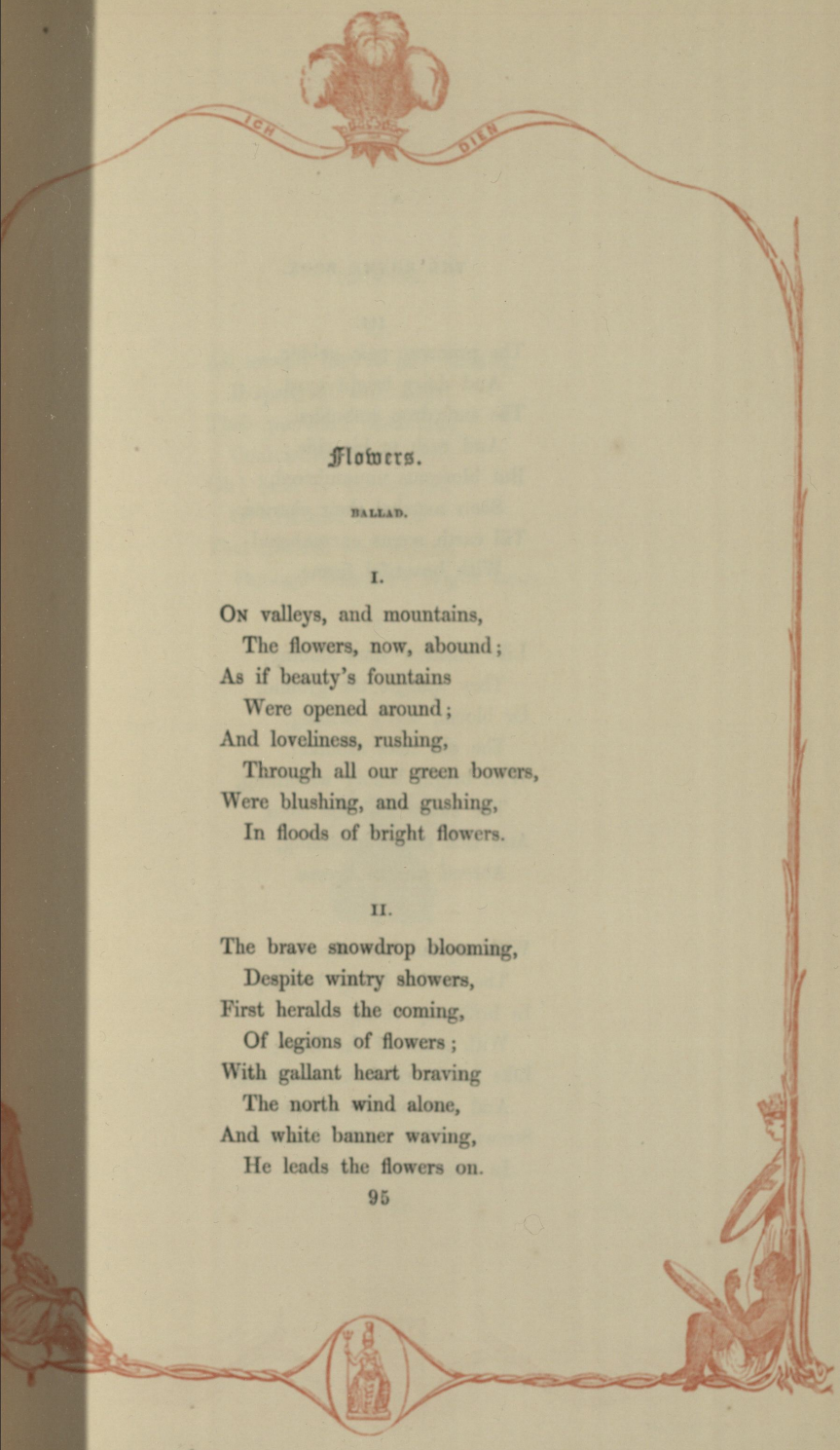
SONGLET.

I.

THOUGH the Spring's thousand songs
All around me are singing,
Still, still my heart longs
For thy silver voice ringing:
My cares disappear,
Far away flies my sorrow,
When thy voice I hear,
Gentle Ellen of Orragh!

II.

The sky's summer blue
Lends thine eyes its soft lustre;
The nut's rich brown hue
Tints thy curls, as they cluster:
All beauties that be
Seems kind Nature to borrow,
And blend them in thee,
Gentle Ellen of Orragh!



Flowers.

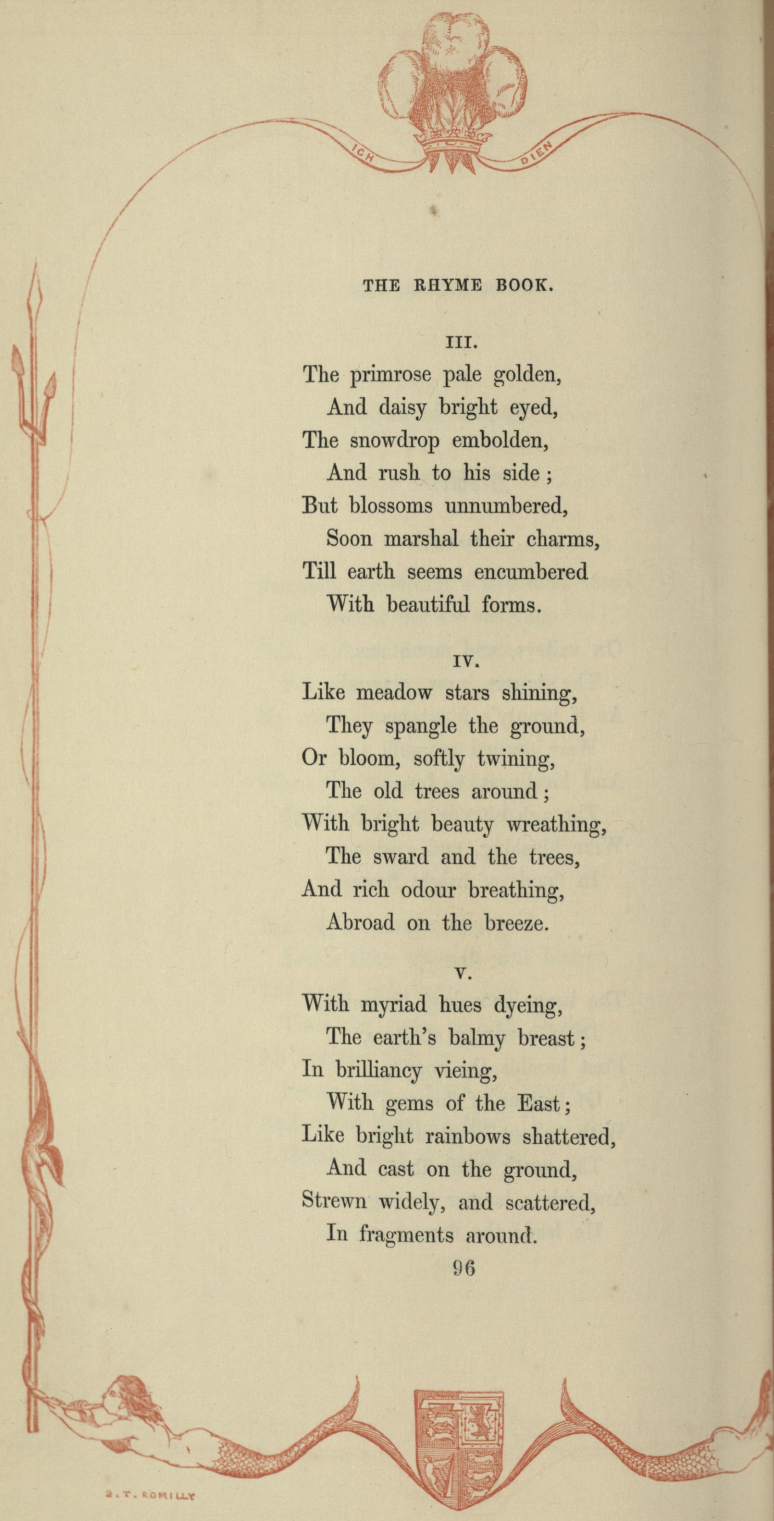
BALLAD.

I.

On valleys, and mountains,
The flowers, now, abound;
As if beauty's fountains
Were opened around;
And loveliness, rushing,
Through all our green bowers,
Were blushing, and gushing,
In floods of bright flowers.

II.

The brave snowdrop blooming,
Despite wintry showers,
First heralds the coming,
Of legions of flowers;
With gallant heart braving
The north wind alone,
And white banner waving,
He leads the flowers on.



III.

The primrose pale golden,
And daisy bright eyed,
The snowdrop embolden,
And rush to his side;
But blossoms unnumbered,
Soon marshal their charms,
Till earth seems encumbered
With beautiful forms.

IV.

Like meadow stars shining,
They spangle the ground,
Or bloom, softly twining,
The old trees around;
With bright beauty wreathing,
The sward and the trees,
And rich odour breathing,
Abroad on the breeze.

V.

With myriad hues dyeing,
The earth's balmy breast;
In brilliancy vieing,
With gems of the East;
Like bright rainbows shattered,
And cast on the ground,
Strewn widely, and scattered,
In fragments around.

J. T. ROMILLY

VI.

All around they're now shining,
  Bespangled with dews;
Their perfumes combining,
  Contrasting their hues:
Oh! blest be the legions,
  Of beautiful flowers,
That gladden our regions,
  Through Summer's bright hours.

The Flowers of Love.

SONG.

I.

See! how the rose we planted here,
With many a word of love,
Has shed its flowers, now dead and sere,
Amid the leafless grove:
But though the bright-eyed blossoms fly,
Before the winter's gloom;
And summer roses fade, and die,
Love's flowers, for ever, bloom.

II.

They bloom not on the blushing cheek,
Nor where the red lips part;
A kinder soil Love's sweet flowers seek,
Within the constant heart:
And when life's summer mornings fly,
They still make bright their home;
For though the roses fade, and die,
Love's flowers, for ever, bloom.

The Romance of O'More.

O'er the green hills of Leix, since the earliest morn,
O'More has been hunting, with hound and with horn.

He rides through the meadow, he rides through the wood,
To seek for his mother the venison food.

To seek for the venison's savoury meat,
To tempt his dear mother, in sickness, to eat.

For his mother, the Lady of Leix, has, now, lain,
For more than a year, on a sick-bed of pain.

But hark! now, he cries out with joy, for he sees
A white doe, swift bounding, amid the dark trees.

He reins up his horse, and he bends his strong bow,
And he pierces the side of the milk-white doe.

He follows the white doe o'er valley and hill,
Till she stopped, faint and weak, at a silver rill.

Then, quickly, O'More again bended his bow,
And aimed at the heart of the milk-white doe.

In the doe's gentle eyes, the big tear-drop he sees,
And her sobbing rose loudly upon the soft breeze.

And the life-stream flowed down, in a dark, gory, tide,
And marked, with a red streak, the doe's snowy side.

His heart was so melted, at seeing her woe,
That O'More could not shoot at the milk-white doe.

But he raised high the bow, and he let the shaft fly,
Like a bird, through the fields of the blue summer sky.

He looked up, to trace the fleet shaft through the air,
And when he looked down, the white doe was not there.

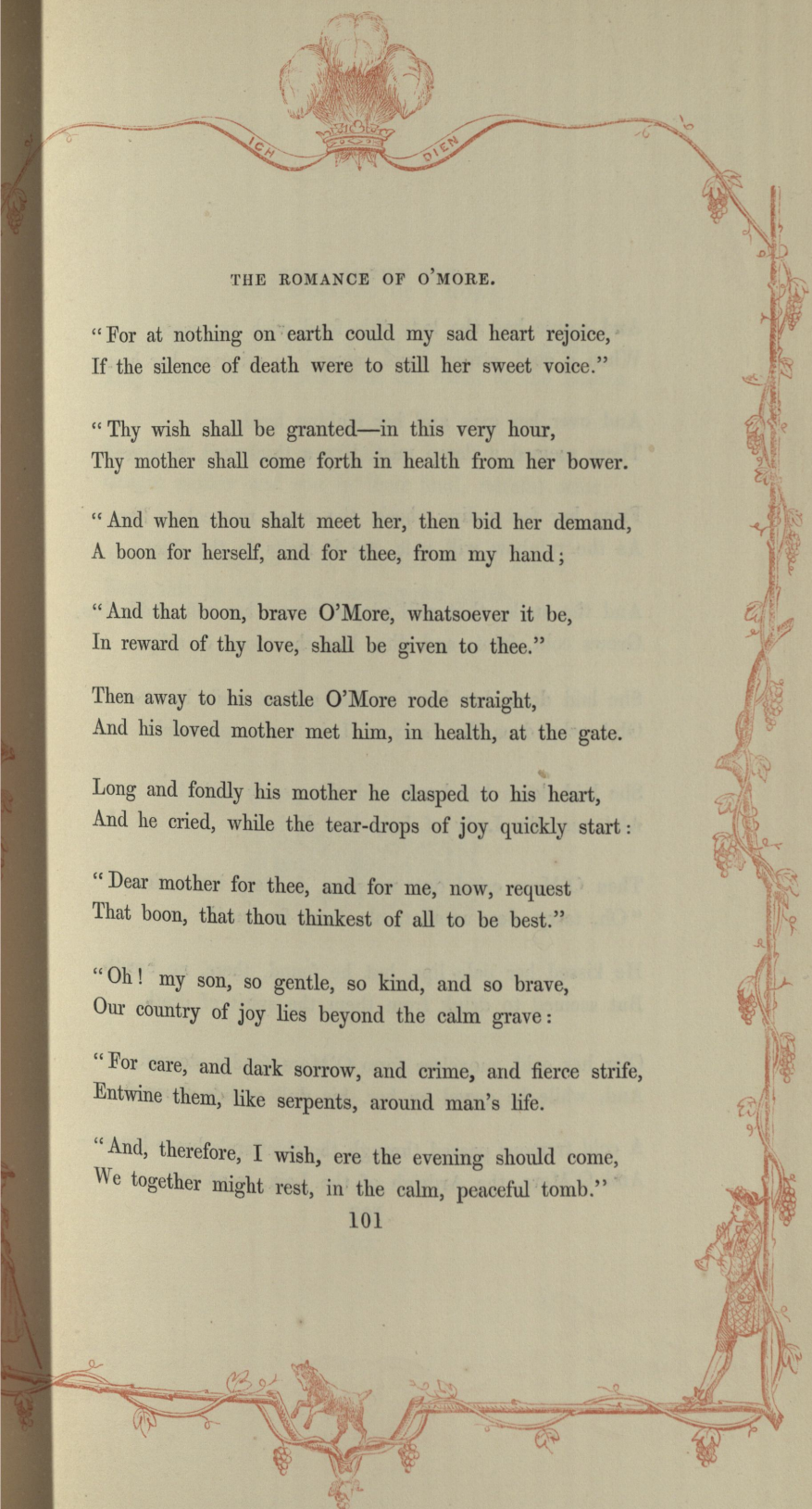
But there stood, in her place, by the silver clear spring,
A lady, who looked like the bride of a king.

And around her a glory of bright beauty shone,
That dazzled his eyes, like the rays of the sun.

"Because thou hast felt for the tear-drop of woe,
And withheld thee from shooting the wounded white doe.

"Ask a boon—what thou wilt," said the lady so fair;
"And whatever thou askest, I'll grant thee thy prayer."

"Oh! restore—if thou canst—to my dear mother health—
I care not, fair lady, for power or for wealth;



"For at nothing on earth could my sad heart rejoice,
If the silence of death were to still her sweet voice."

"Thy wish shall be granted—in this very hour,
Thy mother shall come forth in health from her bower.

"And when thou shalt meet her, then bid her demand,
A boon for herself, and for thee, from my hand;

"And that boon, brave O'More, whatsoever it be,
In reward of thy love, shall be given to thee."

Then away to his castle O'More rode straight,
And his loved mother met him, in health, at the gate.

Long and fondly his mother he clasped to his heart,
And he cried, while the tear-drops of joy quickly start:

"Dear mother for thee, and for me, now, request
That boon, that thou thinkest of all to be best."

"Oh! my son, so gentle, so kind, and so brave,
Our country of joy lies beyond the calm grave:

"For care, and dark sorrow, and crime, and fierce strife,
Entwine them, like serpents, around man's life.

"And, therefore, I wish, ere the evening should come,
We together might rest, in the calm, peaceful tomb."

And scarce had the lady this fond wish expressed,
When a cold, strong hand seemed to seize on her breast.

And over her eyes and her sinking head,
There seemed a damp mist, like a thick veil, to spread.

From her fast paling cheek, the sweet rose-colour flies,
As the rainbow will pale, ere it melts in the skies;

And the smile, that still played round her soft, ruddy lips,
Grows cold, faint, and dim, like the moon in eclipse.

She laid down her head on her gallant son's breast—
Oh! why does the Lady of Leix seem oppressed?

She laid down her head, and she gently sighed,
Ah! me, the Lady of Leix has died.

Then O'More cried out, weeping, in deep bitter dree,
"Oh, tarry, dear mother, oh, tarry for me!"

He kissed her pale lips, but he found, there, no breath;
But seemed to drink from them the spirit of death.

O'er her cold, moveless form O'More fondly stooped,
And, while he gazed on her, his dull eyelids drooped:

A cold tremour passed through the chieftain's brave breast—
And O'More, the Ardrigh of the Leix, is at rest.

His mother's fond wish in that evening was given;
They both have escaped from the earth to the heaven.

The kerns crowding round them, in wild alarms,
Caught mother and son in their fond, faithful arms:

And the mother so kind, and the son so brave,
Sleep side by side in a moss-grown grave.

'Tis Spring.

SONGLET.

I.

'Tis spring! 'tis spring!
I feel the zephyr's downy wing,
O'er sea and land soft hovering;
The grim north wind before him flies;
His gentle breathings fill the skies,
And round our isle these tidings bring,
'Tis spring! 'tis spring!

II.

'Tis spring! 'tis spring!
Sweet birds now rise upon the wing,
And make the budding greenwoods ring;
Pour forth, amid your joyous flight,
A diapason of delight;
And skyward mounting, gaily sing,
'Tis spring! 'tis spring!

The Woodquest.

SONGLET.

I.

Cooing! cooing!
Hark how the woodquest now is sueing,
Amid the shady grove;
With notes of tenderness and longing,
Now pausing—now again prolonging,
His suit of gentle love.

II.

Cooing! cooing!
His loving purpose still pursuing,
Again he pours his song;
And tenderness and gentle feeling
Seem, with his music, softly stealing
The hills and dales among.

The Thrush.

SONGLET.

I.

HARK! to the thrush, with breast elate,
Upon the greenwood tree—
"Cheer up! cheer up! my gentle mate,"
He singeth merrily:
"Sweet spring flowers deck the verdant ground,
And all looks bright and fresh around.

II.

"The hills are white, with hawthorn bloom,
And gay, with wild flowers fair;
The lilac flings its rich perfume,
Upon the balmy air:
And every blossom in the grove,
Now breathes of spring, and joy, and love."

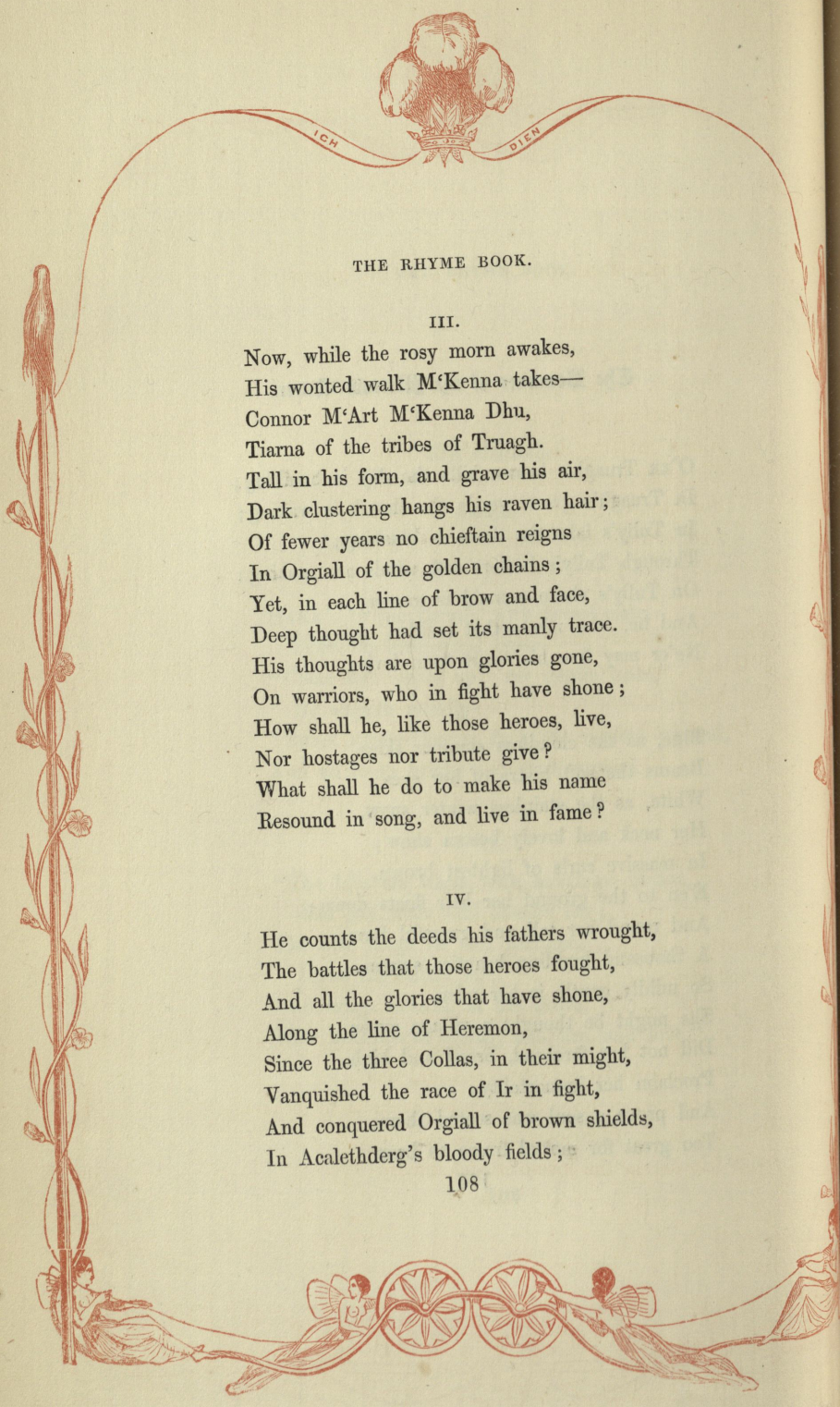
The Romance of the Merrow Queen.

I.

O'er Truagh's brown hills the day is breaking;
In Truagh's green woods the thrush is waking;
In Tully's lake the dawn is blushing;
Through Tully's bowers soft winds are rushing;
On Tully's shore a maid is moving;
And he, who meets that maiden roving,
Ne'er may free his heart from loving.

II.

Blue, as the cloudless summer skies,
Beams the soft lustre of her eyes;
White, as the stainless winter snow,
Her neck and lovely bosom show;
In massive curls of lightest brown,
E'en to the ground her hair floats down;
And round her tall and graceful form,
A thousand budding beauties swarm:
So mildly gentle is her mien,
She might be thought a village queen,
Did not her forehead, broad and high,
Proclaim her immortality;
And prove a soul was seated there,
Too great for mortal frame to bear.



III.

Now, while the rosy morn awakes,
His wonted walk M'Kenna takes—
Connor M'Art M'Kenna Dhu,
Tiarna of the tribes of Truagh.
Tall in his form, and grave his air,
Dark clustering hangs his raven hair;
Of fewer years no chieftain reigns
In Orgiall of the golden chains;
Yet, in each line of brow and face,
Deep thought had set its manly trace.
His thoughts are upon glories gone,
On warriors, who in fight have shone;
How shall he, like those heroes, live,
Nor hostages nor tribute give?
What shall he do to make his name
Resound in song, and live in fame?

IV.

He counts the deeds his fathers wrought,
The battles that those heroes fought,
And all the glories that have shone,
Along the line of Heremon,
Since the three Collas, in their might,
Vanquished the race of Ir in fight,
And conquered Orgiall of brown shields,
In Acalethderg's bloody fields;

He pauses pondering o'er these deeds—
What moves amid Lough Tully's reeds?
He lifts his head, and startled spies
The maiden with the soft blue eyes;
Alas! that day he thought no more
On glory or on learned lore;
For beauty, seldom, thought befriends,
And wisdom flies, when love descends.

V.

Deep lies in every heart the seed of love,
Unseen, unknown, e'en to the parent bosom;
One breath alone its gale of spring can prove,
One sun of beauty bid it bud and blossom;
And when the sun, that makes its summer, comes,
And beams upon the heart, till then reposing,
The germ of love, at once, buds forth, and blooms,
Its myriad flowers and fragrance all disclosing.
Love's germ, for growth, nor days, nor hours, doth need,
For when the one sweet source of life is given,
A lovely tree, at once, springs from love's seed,
And stretches its flower-laden arms to heaven:
All joys the mind e'er dreamed about before,
Bud forth upon this tree, in loveliest seeming;
And new discovered joys ten thousand more,
Heart-flowers of love, in love's sweet sunshine beaming;
Until the heart, with joys, and sweets, opprest,
Sinks fainting in the love-o'erladen breast.

VI.

He drank long draughts of sweetness from her eyes,
With gentle love and tenderness o'erflowing;
Like storm-raised seas, his bosom heaves with sighs;
Upon his cheeks the deepening blush is glowing;
His love hath reached, at once, full strength and size,
Warmed by the summer of that maiden's eyes.

VII.

Swift as the flash, that lights the skies,
Love's golden-headed arrow flies;
To shield the breast, to ease the pain,
To hide the wound, alike are vain.
Whom love thus wounds he loads with chains,
And over his prostrate spirit reigns.
But when love, thus, triumphant rules,
In many an art his slaves he schools:
He teaches from his wondrous book,
The meaning of each tender look;
The ready tongue he oft denies,
But gives the language of the eyes;
The secret hope the heart that heaves,
Is written in love's magic leaves;
He shows what brings the lover's fear—
He traces to its fount the tear—
He tells why sudden blushes fly—
He reads the thoughts, that swell the sigh:

Thus to his slaves does love impart
The language of the loving heart;
And never yet could fraud or pride,
From lovers' eyes, a true love hide.

VIII.

In the same hour, M'Kenna found,
At once, love's wisdom and love's wound;
From the fair maiden's eyes of blue,
Love's learning and love's arrows flew.
Before her lips had love professed,
Love's language had her love confessed;
The mantling blush upon her cheeks
Her passion's rising force bespeaks;
The light, that in her bright eyes glowed,
The lovely maiden's heart-flame showed;
And all love's symbols plainly proved
M'Kenna by the maid was loved.

IX.

"Daughter of beauty, white-armed maid,"
With faltering voice M'Kenna said,
"Whate'er the cause that bade you bless
Triucha with your loveliness;
Whate'er the tribe from which you come,
Thrice welcome to M'Kenna's home;
Bright shall that humble home appear,
If you will deign to rest you there:

The hundred hills you see around,
The thousand deer that o'er them bound,
The valleys with their forests green,
All! all! shall own you for their queen;
And every clansman that you meet,
Shall bend, like me, before your feet."

X.

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe, from mountain ringing
Its music soft and clear,
And thoughts of home and absent loved ones bringing,
To charm the wanderer's ear;
So soft, so sweet, so bird-like, broke
The maiden's words, while thus she spoke:—

XI.

"Dawn after dawn, when first the rising sun,
To ruby, all my crystal lake is changing,
From its clear depths I've watched thy footsteps, Conn,
As round my reedy shore thou hast been ranging;
Plain as the pebbles in the limpid brook,
I've seen thy mind, upon its course careering;
For on the spirit's movements spirits look,
To their clear vision all its acts appearing:
Thought after thought I've tracked across thy mind,
And, 'midst them all, not one of selfish feeling,
Or base, or craven, could I ever find,
From the dark caverns of thy spirit stealing;

But all sprang pure and spotless to my sight,
  Born of the love of fame and high achieving,
In the rich panoply of glory dight,
  And from thy soul the light of truth receiving:
I've sat, and watched thee, from my crystal bower,
  The fountains of thy hopes and fears exploring,
Until thy bosom seemed a beacon tower,
  The light of honour all around thee pouring;
And as each pure thought winged forth from thy breast,
  I've wooed it to my own, in rapt admiring;
As mortals prize the cast-off flower, once pressed,
  To the fair bosoms their fond love inspiring;
Until admiring deepened into love,
  And love to passion grew, both wildly proving,
That nought upon this earth may live and move,
  And keep its spirit free from blindly loving;
And now, although I be the Merrow Queen,
  I've lost my fairy power of self-concealing,
For love destroys the spirit's mystic screen,
  Its features to the loved one's eyes revealing;
Thus, by the beauties of thy brave mind charmed,
I stand, by love unveiled—subdued—disarmed."

XII.

So sweetly rose the maiden's words thus speaking
  Her tale of love,
The thrush, upon her mossy nest awaking,
  Forbore to move,
And listening, breathless, on her accents hung,
Nor poured a note till her last tones had rung.

XIII.

As morn's first rose-light on the Memnon streaming,
  Wakes wondrous music from the mystic stone;
So love's first dawn, upon the young heart beaming,
  Brings forth the words, that make its passion known;
They come not of deep thought, or long preparing,
  But from the love-struck soul, unbidden, start;
Like musk-winds, a delicious odour bearing
  Of joys, that steep in ecstasy the heart.
And though the words of love be wildly spoken,
  Faint murmuring from the lover's trembling lips,
The heart, that hearkens to their tale, though broken,
  Forgets them not, until its life's eclipse.
Close, and still closer, to the memory clinging,
  They, strangely, mingle with the parting breath,
A strange, wild rapture to the loved one bringing,
  While struggling in the cold, dark arms of death.

XIV.

Faint murmuring thus, M'Kenna spoke;
Unbidden, thus, love's accents broke;
The fond, sweet tale of love he told,
Then new to him—but, ah! how old!
The tale, that tells of constancy,
From fear, from change, from doubting free—
Of tenderness, that hourly grows—
Of fondness, from the heart that flows—

Of fervent love, that flings its rays,
Like sunshine o'er the lover's days,
And makes sweet heart-flowers ever bloom,
Around the lover's happy home—
The old, old tale, that oft deceived,
And, though deceiving, still believed.

XV.

She watched M'Kenna, while he spoke,
She marked each fond thought, as it broke,
From the dark caverns of his heart,
Like wild birds eager to depart;
She tracked each, with her bright blue eyes,
As swift it mounted to the skies,
To find if aught impure or base,
Amid his fond love held a place;
And, as each pure thought, stainless, rose,
High heaved, with joy, her breast of snows;
And rising raptures seemed to speak,
In blushes, from her changing cheek.

XVI.

"Think not," with flashing eyes, she said,
"Thou wooest now a village maid,
Who may be lightly won thy bride,
And then as lightly cast aside;

But since thy courage, mounting high,
Would mate with one who may not die,
Hear, now, the fate of those, who dare,
To wed the daughters of the air.
When spirits thus before love bend—
When from their orbits they descend—
When they forget their lineage high,
And wed with those who're doomed to die;
So long as in the mortal's breast,
Unsullied lives the faith professed—
So long as love and truth, there, reign,
Undimmed by time, unsoiled by stain,
So long all earthly happiness
The faithful mortal shall possess;
Honour, and wealth, and fame, and power,
Shall be his high-born bride's rich dower;
No earthly joys shall equal theirs,
Unscathed by foes, undimmed by cares;
So long as earth's short life shall last,
Defeat or woe he shall not taste.

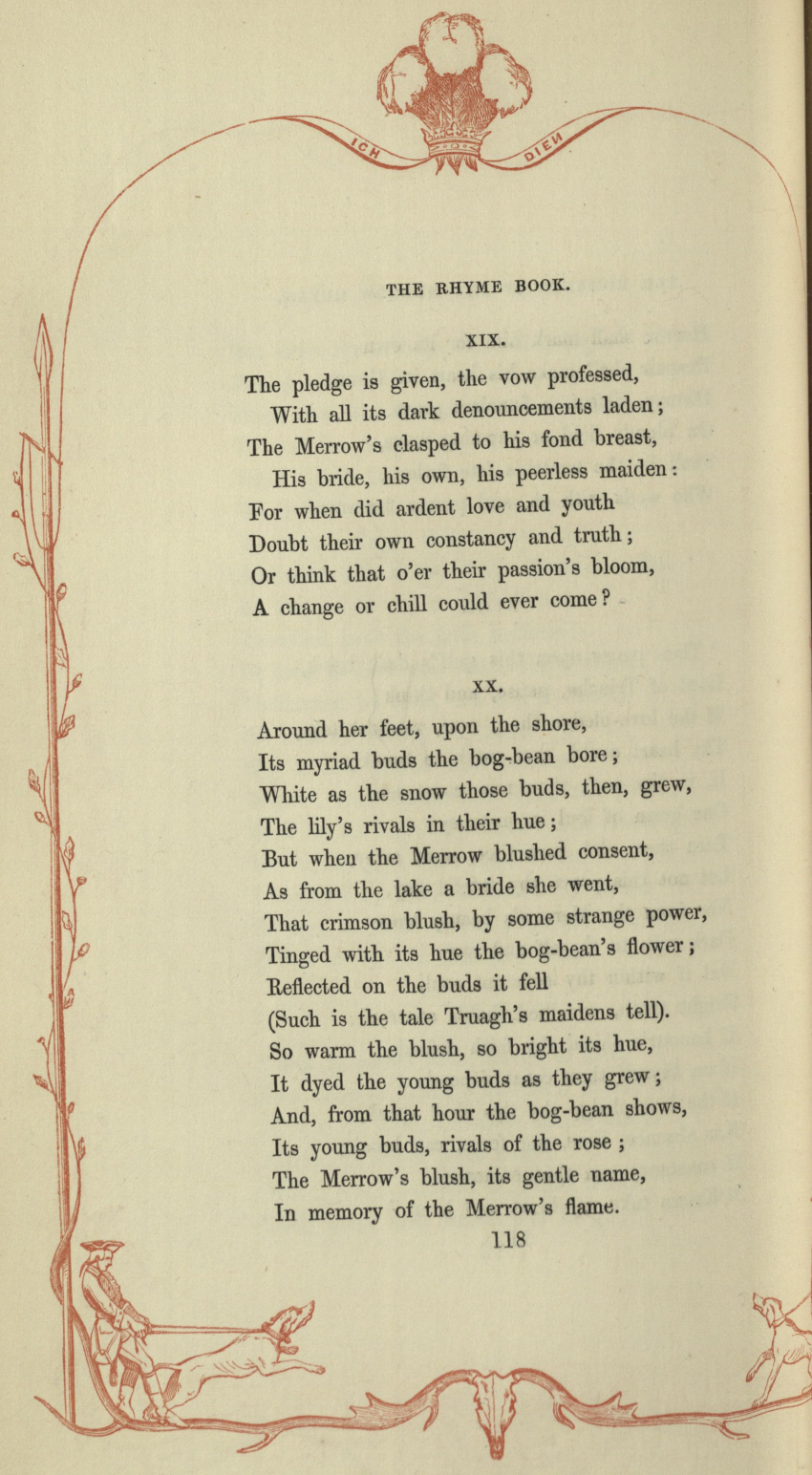
XVII.

"But if, across their heaven of love,
One cloud of faithlessness shall move;
If, but for once, his heart should stray,
Allured by other loves away;
Woe! woe! unheard of, bitter woe
Shall haunt him, wheresoe'er he go:

Horror shall mark him for its own;
Despair shall make his heart its throne;
Dismay, defeat, a fameless grave,
On bloody field or yawning wave,
Shall be the wretch's fate forlorn,
Who weds with us, and proves forsworn.

XVIII.

"Then pause upon this gulf's dark brink,
Lord of Triucha, pause, and think;
If the love-pledge thou, now, wouldst take,
Thy heart could, ever, wish to break;
If, in thy soul, thou now canst see
One germ of foul inconstancy;
Turn thee, oh! turn thee, now, away,
Let not this prove thy fateful day,
Nor from the Merrow's beauty trace
Dark ruin to thyself and race.
But if within thy constant soul,
Bright truth, unsullied, holds controul;
If honour's shield thy faith defend;
If on thyself thou canst depend;
If the love-pledge thy lips shall speak,
Nor absence, time, nor force, can break;
If constancy can thus command,
M'Kenna take my heart and hand."



XIX.

The pledge is given, the vow professed,
With all its dark denouncements laden;
The Merrow's clasped to his fond breast,
His bride, his own, his peerless maiden:
For when did ardent love and youth
Doubt their own constancy and truth;
Or think that o'er their passion's bloom,
A change or chill could ever come?

XX.

Around her feet, upon the shore,
Its myriad buds the bog-bean bore;
White as the snow those buds, then, grew,
The lily's rivals in their hue;
But when the Merrow blushed consent,
As from the lake a bride she went,
That crimson blush, by some strange power,
Tinged with its hue the bog-bean's flower;
Reflected on the buds it fell
(Such is the tale Truagh's maidens tell).
So warm the blush, so bright its hue,
It dyed the young buds as they grew;
And, from that hour the bog-bean shows,
Its young buds, rivals of the rose;
The Merrow's blush, its gentle name,
In memory of the Merrow's flame.

But the bright blush's tinging power,
Reached not the centre of the flower;
And when the blossoms wide unclose,
They still are tinted, like the snows;
The lovely blush has passed away,
Like love before ambition's ray;
Or, if its faint hues, sometimes, show,
Amid the blossom's breast of snow,
'Tis but as when the thoughts of love's first rosy bloom,
'Mid age and care, will sometimes o'er the bosom come.

XXI.

Love grows not old, though we decay,
Though palsied hand and forehead gray
Proclaim our loves and joys are o'er,
And bid us sigh and sue no more.
'Tis true each hour that swiftly goes,
More deeply dies *our* brow with snows;
'Tis true each slowly rolling year,
Drags *us* more near the mourning bier;
But love, still, lives, and, still, is young,
Though not for us his bow is strung.

XXII.

His bow is, still, as strong and bright;
His step is, still, as firm and light;
His heart is, still, as full of joy
As when he sprang a rosy boy,

Upon the velvet-tufted hills
Of Eden, and by Gihon's rills,
Trod gaily with the new-born Eve,
And round her soul essayed to weave
His new-made nets, and sped the dart,
Till then untried, against her heart;
Then laughed to see how true the aim,
And gloried in his rising fame.

XXIII.

And when a thousand thousand years
Have passed, with all their smiles and tears,
Upon our moss-grown graves he'll sit,
With torch as bright, as when first lit;
And, while his consort butterfly,
On painted wing is hovering nigh,
He, still, shall wear his rosy smile;
He, still, shall weave his subtle wile;
Still, bend his bow, still, speed his dart,
Against the beauty-smitten heart,
As fresh and young as when his powers
He first essayed in Eden's bowers.

XXIV.

But never in love's ceaseless reign,
  Did loveliness, or truth, or duty,
More firmly bind his golden chain,
  Than did the Merrow's eyes of beauty.

Queen of M'Kenna's conquered soul,
The Merrow, ruled without controul;
Each winged hour found her, as it passed,
Beloved, more dearly, than the last;
And love sat in his pride of power,
Enthroned in Hi M'Kenna's tower.

XXV.

And with her came the promised dower,
Honour, and wealth, and fame, and power:
Each year beheld his flocks increase,
And all the gifts of golden peace:
Two hundred steeds were in his stalls,
Their riders thronged his castle halls;
His arm, in battle, still prevailed,
His foes before his war-cry quailed;
And e'en the Ardrigh of O'Neill,
His friendship sought, and feared his steel.

XXVI.

'Twas vain to frame the subtle snare,
Or hidden ambush to prepare,
While by him sat the Merrow fair;
The whisper of approaching foes
Would rouse her from her deep repose,
And she could reckon, from her bed,
Each coming footstep's iron tread,

Although Lough Neagh poured its floods
Between the foe and Truagh's green woods;
Then would she bid M'Kenna rise,
While midnight ruled the dusky skies,
And, to his listening ear, relate
The foe's defying words of hate,
Their chiefs, their armour, and their plans,
The names, and number, of the clans;
She could detect the ambuscade,
Though miles away in covert laid;
And tell the foe's unguarded side,
And where to pour the battle's tide;
Then would she gird him with his arms,
And clasp him in her circling charms,
And fill him with a mystic might
That nought could stem in battle fight.
Some said such skill must magic prove,
She said 'twas taught by mighty love.

XXVII.

But why ascribe to magic art
The brave deeds of the loving heart?
And why derive from magic power
The goods that on the lover shower?
When love hath roused the sleeping soul,
And dashed to earth sloth's dark controul,
Then, noble thoughts the lover move—
Then, self is sacrificed to love,—

Then, will the thought of each loved charm
Nerve with a giant's force his arm;
Then, will the hope to make her blest
Arouse the hero in his breast;
His strength will rise a thousand fold,
Beyond the strength he used of old,
Because a thousand times more loved
Is she, for whom that strength is proved.

XXVIII.

'Twas in young spring's delightful hours,
When earth puts on her brightest dresses,
And decks her bosom with sweet flowers,
To greet the sun's renewed caresses,
Her husband sun, who, from the south,
With all his bridegroom warmth returning,
Hath kissed once more her balmy mouth,
And smiled away her wintry mourning,
And fondly clasped her in his glowing arms,
And warmed to brighter bloom her ever-changing charms.

XXIX.

May-day is come, their bridal day,
The fifth that shed its happy ray;
Five years of love have swiftly fled,
Two sons have blessed their bridal bed,
Since first M'Kenna wooed his bride,
Beside Lough Tully's silver tide.

XXX.

The noontide meal is richly spread,
The guests are to their places led;
Kinsmen and kerns, a brave array,
Have met to grace the bridal day:
High at the board the Merrow Queen,
All radiant in her charms is seen;
So winning is her noble grace,
Such sweetness breathes forth from her face,
That chiefs and kerns who round her press,
Seem lighted by her loveliness;
His place, beside, M'Kenna takes;
And as her sweet smile on him breaks,
Joy lightens in the chieftain's eyes,
Like sunlight o'er the dawning skies.

XXXI.

What fills the hall with wild surprise?
Why do the guests in wonder rise?
What flings aside the lofty door?
Who rushes up the sanded floor,
With flushing cheek and eyes of fire?
Hark! 'tis the herald of M'Guire!
And now before the chief he stands,
With eager look and outstretched hands;
And loud before the clansmen all,
Thus rang his message through the hall:

XXXII.

"Lord of Triucha Cead Cladaigh,
The Saxon holds M'Guire at bay;
His land is in the foeman's power—
The brand is lit to fire his tower.
Haste to the rescue! haste away!
Lord of Triucha Cead Cladaigh!"

XXXIII.

M'Kenna started from the board,
And swiftly drew his flashing sword;
He grasped the bright sword, by the blade,
His lips, upon the hilt, he laid,
Then, 'mid his kerns and clansmen all,
Loud rang his answer through the hall.

XXXIV.

"Now, by the cross, the sign adored,
Traced on my valiant father's sword,
I swear to meet the Saxon powers,
And die, or free fair Tempo's towers:
I will not stoop beneath a roof,
Nor cool my long-maned courser's hoof,
Nor sleep, nor taste of drink or food,
Until I drive the Saxon brood,
Like hunted wolves, with steel and fire,
Far from the dwellings of M'Guire!"

XXXV.

Grieved from the Merrow's side to part,
M'Kenna clasped her to his heart;
Deep was the sigh, that heaved her breast,
While fondly to his bosom pressed.
She thought she saw some form of dread,
Half hidden by the herald's head;
She strained her starting eyes to see
This vision of futurity.
In vain, the form has wildly passed,
Like mist upon the northern blast:
She may not give a sign of fear,
When chiefs and kerns are gathering near;
The wildering doubts she may not breathe,
That round her heart, like adders, wreathe.

XXXVI.

"Colla da crich! aboo! aboo!
Arm! arm! and mount, my clansmen true!
Take down your bright arms from the walls—
Lead forth your strong steeds from their stalls—
Like arrow from the bended bow,
To Tempo's leaguered towers we go;
Two hundred horse shall lead the way,
And smite the foe ere set of day;
The kerns shall march on foot behind,
But horsemen should outstrip the wind."

XXXVII.

Now side by side, with rapid stride,
In long array, the horsemen ride;
M'Kenna moves forth in the van,
Tallest and bravest of his clan:
Past Muineachan's walls they speed;
Through fair Drumsnat they urge the steed;
O'er Cluaninnis' sainted ground
The long-maned coursers rushing bound;
And, as 'mid Boylan's blue-eyed race,
The warriors pass with rapid pace,
Loud rose the friendly clan's hurrah—
"M'Kenna! slainthagal go bragh!"

XXXVIII.

And now the Hi M'Kenna go
Across the hills of Lisnaroe;
A lovelier prospect ne'er was seen,
Than from those hills of emerald green;
Four lakes, on one side, brightly shone,
Like diamonds flashing to the sun;
And, on the other, softly flowed,
Wild wandering through the old oak wood,
The gentle river's silver stream,
That glowed, and sparkled 'neath the beam;
And, as it slowly moved along,
Poured forth its peaceful undersong.

XXXIX.

Westward the warriors hold their way,
And seem to chase the flying day;
For now, his bright course nearly run,
Sinks, in the western wave, the sun;
And, as his last rich beams he threw,
The towers of Tempo rose in view,
And seemed, amid the setting blaze,
Crowned with a coronet of rays.

XL.

Like leaves of the rose,
The red clouds close,
Around the setting sun;
And violet hues
The east suffuse,
Whence day's last light has flown.
The twilight now falls
O'er Tempo's walls,
With its mantle of soft gray,
And a beauty shows,
Of soft repose,
More sweet than the glare of day.
Evening now rules, with its gentle power,
O'er Tempo's wood and Tempo's tower.

XLI.

Now round its loved pines
The ivy twines
Its fondly clasping arms;
With mantle of green,
It seeks to screen
Its consort from nightly storms.
Each floweret first sips,
With lovely lips,
Its evening draught of dew;
And its leaves then close,
In soft repose,
Till sunbeams the day renew.
Day hath departed, with heat, and with light,
And evening now leads in the sweet, cloudless night.

XLII.

Now dies the last ray
Of parted day,
With light, so cold and pale;
All woodnotes are still,
On vale and hill,
Except from the nightingale.
Bright stars now appear,
'Mid azure clear,

Out flashing, one by one;
And earth's verdant floor
Is silvered o'er,
With beams of the crescent moon:
Moonbeam and starbeam now lend their mild light
To reveal the soft charms of the sweet, cloudless night.

XLIII.

"Farah! Farah! now lash the steed,
Until his smoking flanks shall bleed:
Farah! Farah! now draw the brand,
And drive the Saxon from the land;
Sweep like a torrent on the foe—
M'Kenna, to the rescue, Ho!"

XLIV.

As swollen rivers wildly gush,
So fiercely now the horsemen rush;
Like thunder-peals the sound comes down,
Upon the leaguered tower and town;
It seemed as if ten thousand men,
Were rushing down the wooded glen.
The Saxon thought the Hi O'Neill
Were coming, with their hosts of steel;
And quick withdrew their warlike powers,
To Enniskillen's wave-washed towers.

XLV.

The siege is raised, the foe is flown,
The castle gates are open thrown;
Welcome! thrice welcome! to the friend
Who comes his kinsmen to defend—
Who, with the speed of rushing storms,
Has brought us safety with his arms;
From hall, from tower, from young, from old,
Within M'Guire's iron hold,
Rose, loud and shrill, the wild hurrah—
"M'Kenna, slainthagal go bragh!"

XLVI.

Instead of battle fierce and red,
The peaceful board is richly spread;
And, at that board, the highest place,
Is given to brave M'Kenna's race;
And close clasped hands, and greetings kind,
The ancient friendship closer bind;
Instead of wailings for the slain,
The harp now pours the joyful strain;
And, as the wine-cup passed along,
Thus rose the bard's triumphant song:—

XLVII.

The Saxon came down with the sword and with fire,
To waste and to slaughter the clans of M'Guire;
But he knew not, when rushing with whoop and with hollo,
How true were the kinsmen of great Kinel Colla.

Who comes, like a thunder-cloud driven by storms?
'Tis M'Kenna! M'Kenna, unvanquished in arms;
Like broad-chested bloodhounds, his brave clansmen follow,
Bringing safety and aid to besieged Kinel Colla.

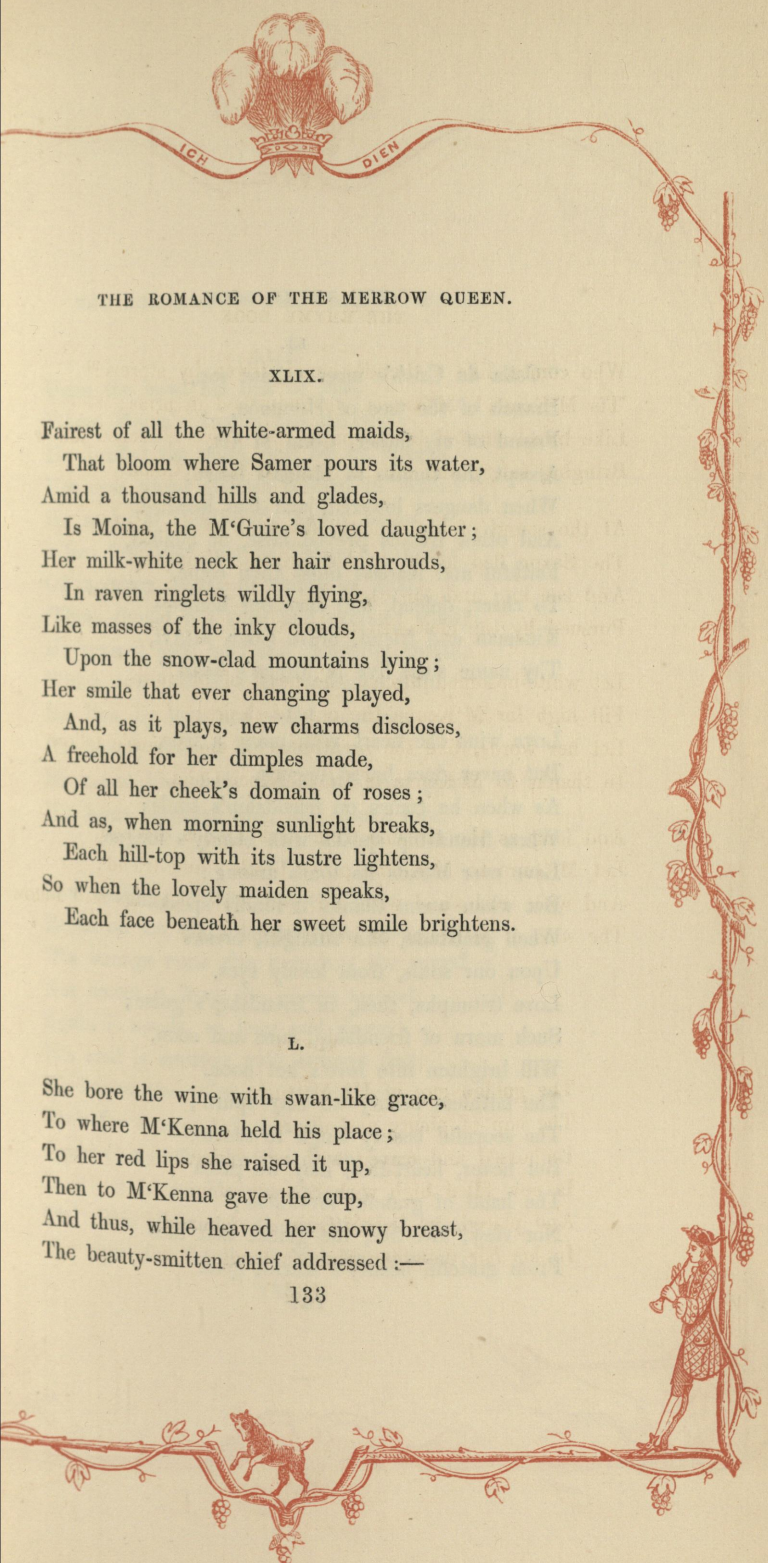
At the sound of his coming, the flash of his blade,
The Saxon fled hence, to his fortress, dismayed;
And the kite and the eagle his dark footsteps follow,
Pursued by the clansmen of brave Kinel Colla.

Let white-bosomed Moina, the pearl of M'Guire,
Fill high for M'Kenna the cup of desire;
Let her words, like the breathings of sweet music follow,
In thanks to M'Kenna of brave Kinel Colla.

And long as the streams from dark Quilca descend,
Let M'Guire to M'Kenna prove brother and friend;
And with truth, and with aid, and with blessings still follow
The sons of M'Kenna of brave Kinel Colla.

XLVIII.

The golden cup of Hi M'Guire,
The cup of plenty and desire,
Embossed and carved with art divine,
Is now filled high with Spanish wine,
And placed, by the M'Guire's command,
In his fair daughter Moina's hand.

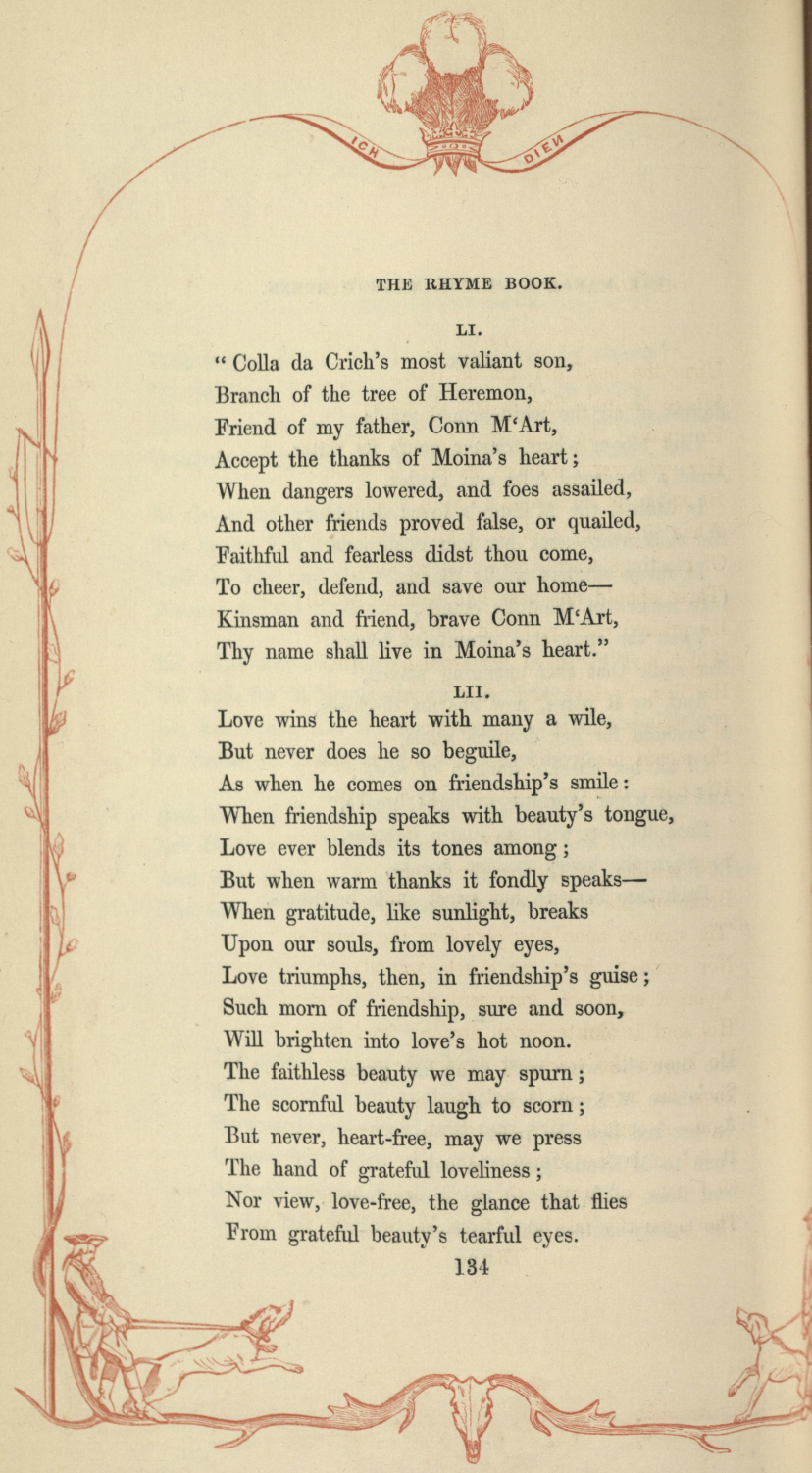


XLIX.

Fairest of all the white-armed maids,
That bloom where Samer pours its water,
Amid a thousand hills and glades,
Is Moina, the M'Guire's loved daughter;
Her milk-white neck her hair enshrouds,
In raven ringlets wildly flying,
Like masses of the inky clouds,
Upon the snow-clad mountains lying;
Her smile that ever changing played,
And, as it plays, new charms discloses,
A freehold for her dimples made,
Of all her cheek's domain of roses;
And as, when morning sunlight breaks,
Each hill-top with its lustre lightens,
So when the lovely maiden speaks,
Each face beneath her sweet smile brightens.

L.

She bore the wine with swan-like grace,
To where M'Kenna held his place;
To her red lips she raised it up,
Then to M'Kenna gave the cup,
And thus, while heaved her snowy breast,
The beauty-smitten chief addressed:—



LI.

"Colla da Crich's most valiant son,
Branch of the tree of Heremon,
Friend of my father, Conn M'Art,
Accept the thanks of Moina's heart;
When dangers lowered, and foes assailed,
And other friends proved false, or quailed,
Faithful and fearless didst thou come,
To cheer, defend, and save our home—
Kinsman and friend, brave Conn M'Art,
Thy name shall live in Moina's heart."

LII.

Love wins the heart with many a wile,
But never does he so beguile,
As when he comes on friendship's smile:
When friendship speaks with beauty's tongue,
Love ever blends its tones among;
But when warm thanks it fondly speaks—
When gratitude, like sunlight, breaks
Upon our souls, from lovely eyes,
Love triumphs, then, in friendship's guise;
Such morn of friendship, sure and soon,
Will brighten into love's hot noon.
The faithless beauty we may spurn;
The scornful beauty laugh to scorn;
But never, heart-free, may we press
The hand of grateful loveliness;
Nor view, love-free, the glance that flies
From grateful beauty's tearful eyes.

LIII.

Upon the bowl his lips he laid,
Where Moina's fingers last delayed;
He quaffed the wine, and on its stream,
Her eyes warm glances seemed to beam:
He spoke of childhood's happy hours,
When first they met in Tempo's towers;
Of meetings warm, of words so kind,
(These should not pass like summer wind);
He praised each soft and mantling charm,
Which now bedecked her woman's form:
His lips, by love and wine unsealed,
His beauty-smitten soul revealed;
He meant his words should kindness prove,
His heart betrayed him, and spoke love.

LIV.

Low wailing, as the banshee's cry,
Broke on his ear a long-drawn sigh;
'Tis strange none else perceives the sound—
Nor comes it from the guests around,
Again it swells, so long and drear,
His soul is smitten with strange fear.
He knows the voice—it cannot be—
She's far away—it is not she!
Again it sounds, like the death keen—
It is! it is the Merrow Queen!
Oh! false of heart! the night wind brings
The sighs thy falsehood from her wrings.

LV.

M'Kenna started to his feet,
And sprang upon his courser fleet;
The night is dark, with many a cloud,
The moon is wrapped in misty shroud;
Moonbeam and starbeam both are gone,
The streams are deep, the way is lone;
He cares not—onward! onward still,
He hurries over dale and hill;
The path is missed—the ford is lost;
How shall the swollen Finn be crossed?
See! where the foaming eddy whirls,
With spur and lash his steed he hurls;
From beetling rock he fearless leaps,
And sinks amid the frothing deeps:
The gallant steed now breasts the tide,
And gains unscathed the farther side:
Away! away! like storm-clouds driven
By tempests o'er the face of heaven,
M'Kenna flies to Tully's tower;
An age of woe seems every hour;
A weight of guilt sits on his breast,
With anxious agony opprest.

LVI.

"If ere a day has passed away,
Since last in my embrace she lay,

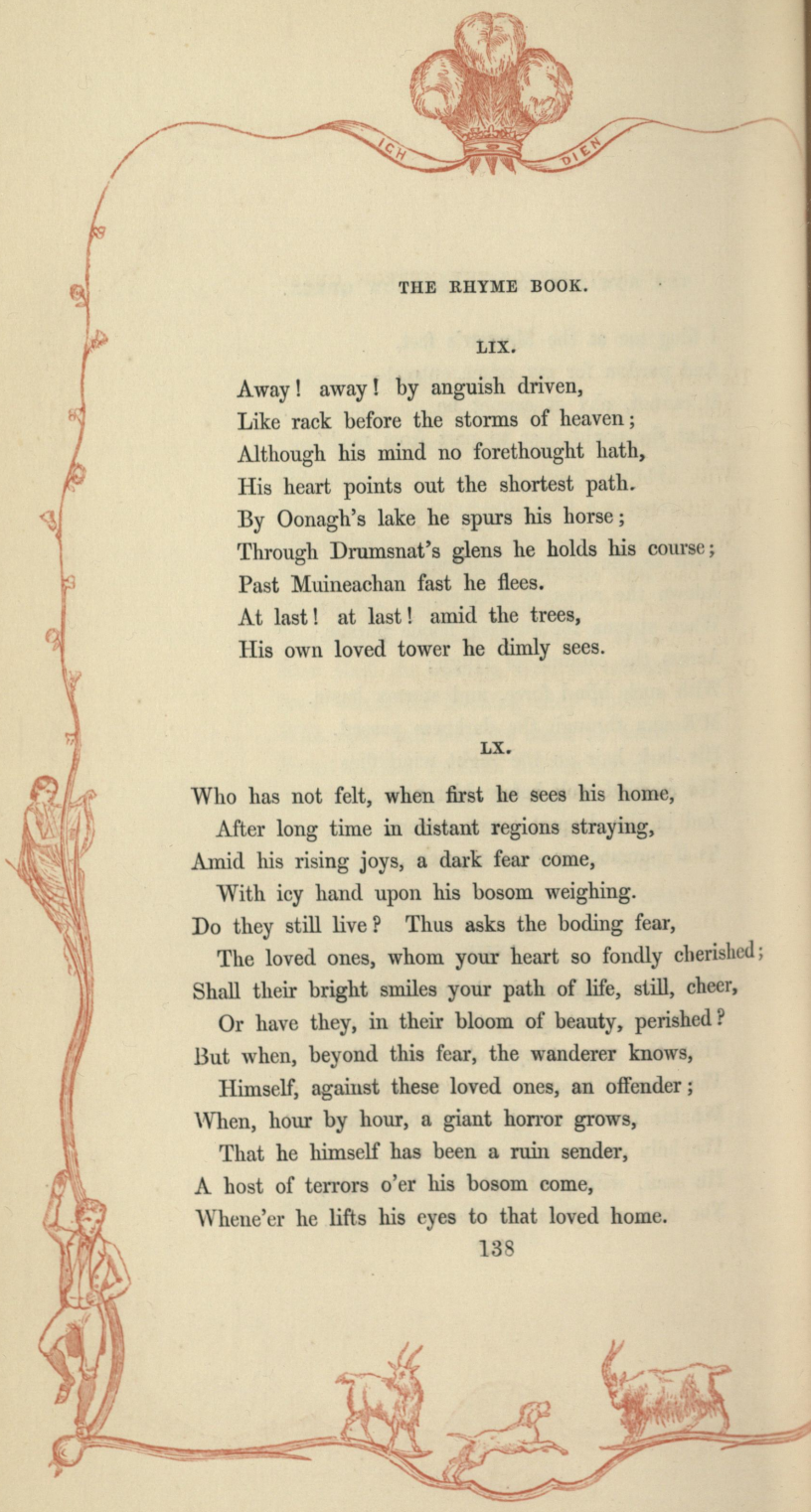
I fling me at the Merrow's feet,
And pardon for my crime entreat—
It cannot, oh! it cannot be,
That she could bear to part from me!"

LVII.

Swift as the torrents headlong go
Adown the rocks of Assaroe,
When storms the rushing floods pursue,
Across the cataract of Hugh;
With such blind force, and stormy haste,
M'Kenna through the darkness passed.
His dark hair on the night wind flies;
The startled wolf before him hies,
And in the deepest forest cowers,
As if pursued by demon powers.

LVIII.

Now from Tighearna's shrine of Clones,
Ascend the midnight anthem's tones;
From the gray abbey's cloistered cells,
The song of peace and mercy swells.
But his heart's ceaseless throbbing drowned
The holy anthem's peaceful sound;
His soul, with grief and fear distraught,
Nor sees, nor feels, nor hears of aught.



LIX.

Away! away! by anguish driven,
Like rack before the storms of heaven;
Although his mind no forethought hath,
His heart points out the shortest path.
By Oonagh's lake he spurs his horse;
Through Drumsnat's glens he holds his course;
Past Muineachan fast he flees.
At last! at last! amid the trees,
His own loved tower he dimly sees.

LX.

Who has not felt, when first he sees his home,
After long time in distant regions straying,
Amid his rising joys, a dark fear come,
With icy hand upon his bosom weighing.
Do they still live? Thus asks the boding fear,
The loved ones, whom your heart so fondly cherished;
Shall their bright smiles your path of life, still, cheer,
Or have they, in their bloom of beauty, perished?
But when, beyond this fear, the wanderer knows,
Himself, against these loved ones, an offender;
When, hour by hour, a giant horror grows,
That he himself has been a ruin sender,
A host of terrors o'er his bosom come,
Whene'er he lifts his eyes to that loved home.

LXI.

The early lark now heavenward hies;
Morn's rose-light now is softly flushing;
It spreads its rich rays o'er the skies,
With light, and warmth, and beauty blushing.
The little streamlets from the hills,
With spring's first crystal clearness gushing,
Flash back the rose-light from their rills,
And seem, like streams of rubies, rushing:
In loveliness the day-beams break,
O'er Tully's hills, and towers, and lake.

LXII.

He reins his steed, all clothed in foam,
And, fondly, gazes on his home;
The anguish, long his bosom's guest,
Now lighter sits upon his breast;
He lets his panting courser rest;
Upon his eyes his hand is pressed,
To cool his throbbing temples' glow,
And wipe the toil-drops from his brow;
His hand drops from his fevered eyes—
Why starts the chief in wild surprise?
What makes that sigh of anguish break?
Why flushes thus his pallid cheek?
He sees! he sees! upon the strand,
The Merrow Queen before him stand.



LXIII.

The tear falls from her sunken eyes;
Her lip is faded by her sighs;
Pale as the marble is her cheek,
Down which the tears in torrents break;
She holds a child in either hand,
Beside her on the silver strand;
As ocean raised by sudden storms,
High heaves her bosom's snowy charms.

LXIV.

"Lord of Triucha—Conn M'Art—
Chief of the weak, and faithless heart,
Here, where we met, we now, must part.
I might have known thy earthy soul
Would soon disown love's pure controul;
I should have thought, before I placed
My hopes on one of birth debased,
How seldom truth and honour shoot,
From an impure and worthless root;
But, for the short and glorious hour,
When love o'er mortals holds full power,
They seem above base earth to rise,
And breathe the words of Paradise;
Well may the spirit be forgiven,
Who takes them, then, for sons of heaven.
This dream is o'er—we here must part—
I speak not of my broken heart;

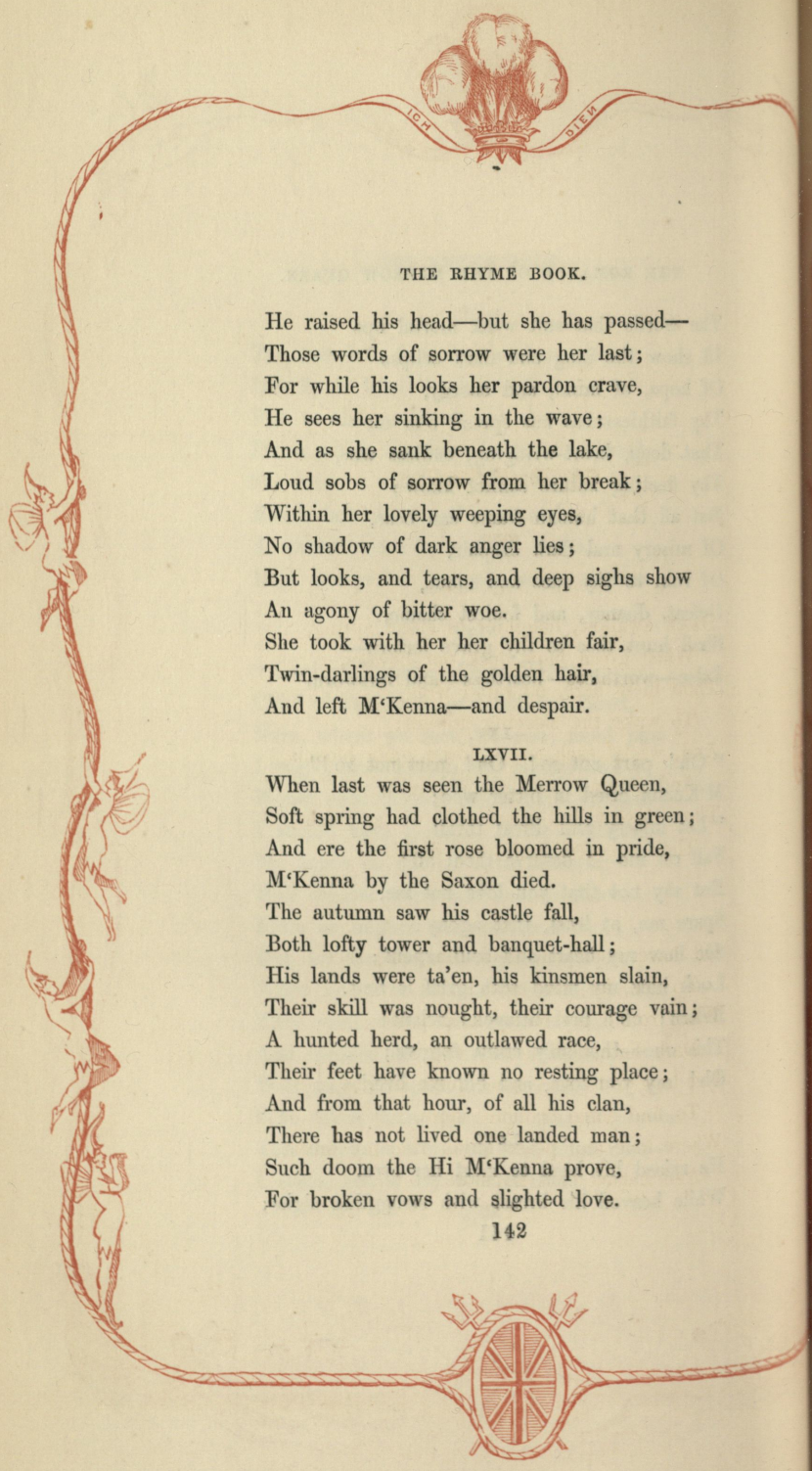
The words that suit weak mortal lips
Ill show the long and dark eclipse
Of hope, of mind, and energy,
Thy faithlessness has spread o'er me—
That deep, heart-wringing, endless woe,
Thy fleeting nature cannot know;
But all that human frame can bear,
Of misery and dark despair,
Of ruin to thy race and name,
Defeat, dismay, and foulest shame,
Shall hunt thee to thy grave forlorn—
False—worthless—heartless—and forsworn."

LXV.

"Oh! part not so! Oh! part not so!"
M'Kenna cried in bitter woe;
"Let misery and direst thrall
Fall on me—I deserve them all!
But say not that you love not me,
Spare me, at least, that agony:
See how my heart and soul repent;
Look how my mind with grief is rent.
Relent! oh! best beloved! relent!
This one—this only crime forgive;
Oh! say you love, and bid me live."

LXVI.

He raised his head to meet her eyes,
While heaved his breast with struggling sighs;



He raised his head—but she has passed—
Those words of sorrow were her last;
For while his looks her pardon crave,
He sees her sinking in the wave;
And as she sank beneath the lake,
Loud sobs of sorrow from her break;
Within her lovely weeping eyes,
No shadow of dark anger lies;
But looks, and tears, and deep sighs show
An agony of bitter woe.
She took with her her children fair,
Twin-darlings of the golden hair,
And left M'Kenna—and despair.

LXVII.

When last was seen the Merrow Queen,
Soft spring had clothed the hills in green;
And ere the first rose bloomed in pride,
M'Kenna by the Saxon died.
The autumn saw his castle fall,
Both lofty tower and banquet-hall;
His lands were ta'en, his kinsmen slain,
Their skill was nought, their courage vain;
A hunted herd, an outlawed race,
Their feet have known no resting place;
And from that hour, of all his clan,
There has not lived one landed man;
Such doom the Hi M'Kenna prove,
For broken vows and slighted love.

The Dark Swallow.

SONG.

I.

Dark swallow, daughter of sweet spring,
When green buds deck our bowers,
Thou hiest here, on rapid wing,
To wake the sleeping flowers;
And, whilst each sweet flower gaily blooms,
And summer suns shine bright,
Thou stayest, but when cold winter comes,
Thou speedest hence thy flight.

II.

Oft have I prayed, swift bird, like thee,
To flee, far, far, away!
When round my native land I see
Dark hate hold deadly sway.
I've longed to seek some place of rest,
To find some tranquil shore,
Where love and peace might rule my breast,
And hatred chill no more.

III.

I blush, that e'er I breathed that prayer,
  Like summer bird, to part,
And leave thy shores, in cold despair,
  Isle of my home, and heart!
Let cowards flee, but men, like me,
  Should raise the stalwarth hand,
And fight and free, or die for thee,
  My own! my native land!

Like the Wave on the Fountain.

SONGLET.

I.

Like the wave on the fountain,
That swells, but to die;
Like the mist on the mountain,
That forms, but to fly,
Is the bright joy, that gushes
In streams of delight,
And the young love, that blushes,
And trembles to light.

II.

Like the wave on the fountain,
Our bright joy will die;
Like the mist on the mountain,
Our young love will fly;
But, alas! when forsaking
Our breasts, they depart,
Sad aching and breaking
Is felt in the heart.

The Romance of the Unburied Legs.

I.

In a castle, a short journey
From the town of Abbeydorney,
Lived an heiress, a lord's daughter:
There, two suitors, daily, sought her;
One was blue-eyed, young, and comely;
T'other dark, and stout, and homely;
The lady liked the fair one better;
But the dark resolved to get her.

II.

For her hand he grew so zealous,
Of his rival got so jealous,
That, when other plans had failed him,
Of foul murder he availed him;
Hired a stabber, fierce and moody,
For his purpose, base, and bloody;
Laid his plan, that he should slay him,
When the youth, in bed, should lay him.

III.

On the night their plans were ready,
That his head might be unsteady,
Coaxed they him to heavy drinking,
Causing sleep, and drowning thinking;
To his chamber the youth stumbled;
On his bed, himself he tumbled;
On the pillow, his feet laying,
At the foot, his head was swaying.

IV.

Axe in hand, the murderer crept up;
To the bed he softly stept up;
Aim he took, he thought securely,
Where he deemed the neck was surely;
Aim below the pillow taking,
Quick he struck, for fear of waking,
And with gee up, and gee over,
Cut both legs off, the knee over.

V.

Soon the murderer saw his blunder,
And then cleft the heart asunder;
In a sack, the body bagging,
Off he went, his speed ne'er flagging;
Gave the body, in an abbey,
Christian burial, though but shabby.
Nothing happened to remind him
Of the legs he left behind him.

VI.

Back to the bedchamber hieing,
There he found the youth's legs lying;
Starts the murderer, in a flurry;
Up he took them, in a hurry;
O'er his shoulders quickly swung them,
In a bog-hole, deep, he flung them;
Without Christian rite or blessing,
In a manner most distressing.

VII.

Now, without a rival reigning,
Each day on the lady gaining,
Pressed his suit the darksome lover,
Till her heart he triumphs over;
Now has come the day of wedding,
Countless joys around him shedding;
Now the priest the knot is tieing,
No more sueing, no more sighing.

VIII.

Now the marriage banquet's smoking,
Some are quaffing, some are joking;
All around reign wit and pleasure,
Wine and wassail without measure.
Hark! a horn is heard loud blowing,
Some high guest's arrival showing;
Quick the doors are flung asunder,
Wildly start the guests with wonder.

IX.

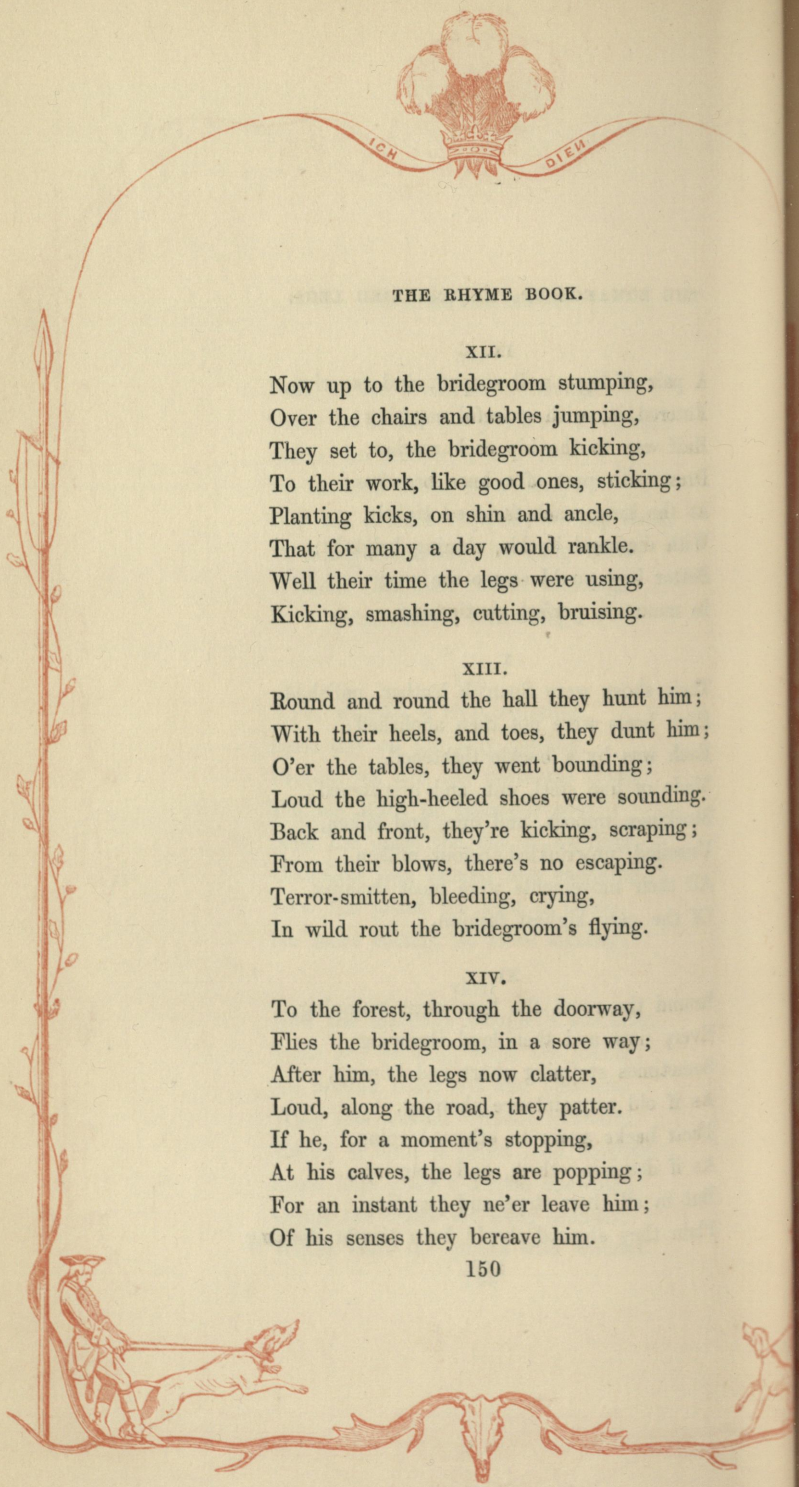
A pair of legs, well shaped, and tapering,
Entered in, with graceful capering;
Half way to the hip each reaches,
Drest with part of a knee breeches;
At the knee, each fastened tightly,
With diamond buckle, shining brightly;
Better legs you'd scarce see any,
In manners, perfect gentlemany.

X.

Their shoes were Spanish leather, polished;
High heels were not then abolished;
Each was by a buckle tightened,
Made of fine steel, cut, and brightened;
Stockings smooth, and fine, and silken,
Unsoiled, unwrinkled, colour milken.
All their movements were most dashing,
Of the very highest fashion.

XI.

Round the room the legs went tramping,
Every now and then loud stamping;
Sometimes stopping short and bowing,
As if old acquaintance showing.
Their backs again to others turning,
As if despising them, and spurning;
But in all their steps and prancing,
Plain they showed they'd been taught dancing



XII.

Now up to the bridegroom stumping,
Over the chairs and tables jumping,
They set to, the bridegroom kicking,
To their work, like good ones, sticking;
Planting kicks, on shin and ancle,
That for many a day would rankle.
Well their time the legs were using,
Kicking, smashing, cutting, bruising.

XIII.

Round and round the hall they hunt him;
With their heels, and toes, they dunt him;
O'er the tables, they went bounding;
Loud the high-heeled shoes were sounding.
Back and front, they're kicking, scraping;
From their blows, there's no escaping.
Terror-smitten, bleeding, crying,
In wild rout the bridegroom's flying.

XIV.

To the forest, through the doorway,
Flies the bridegroom, in a sore way;
After him, the legs now clatter,
Loud, along the road, they patter.
If he, for a moment's stopping,
At his calves, the legs are popping;
For an instant they ne'er leave him;
Of his senses they bereave him.

XV.

Day by day, the legs kept nigh him;
Vain were all his plans to fly 'em;
In the evening, and the morning,
There they were, all weather scorning;
Through the rain and through the gutter,
On they'd go, with splash and sputter;
But though, thus, for ever toiling,
Yet the shoes ne'er showed a soiling.

XVI.

Only when they neared the altar,
Would the legs appear to falter;
When the bells set to a pealing,
Down they'd humbly bend in kneeling;
But the moment mass was over,
Quick they'd fly at the dark lover;
And before the priest could shrive him,
From the church, with kicks, they'd drive him.

XVII.

Well-made legs need never tarry,
When they have no weight to carry;
And these legs were ne'er seen flagging;
Ne'er behind him a yard lagging;
Yet the stockings, fine, and silky,
Still shone smooth, and clean, and milky,
Though, without a moment's stopping,
At their foe the legs were popping.

XVIII.

When he'd rest a moment sitting,
At his ears they would be hitting;
When he'd stop, for drink, or eating,
Then the legs would dance his meat in;
When fatigued he'd fall a sleeping,
On his breast they would be leaping;
Quick they'd make him jump up waking,
Thinking all his bones were breaking.

XIX.

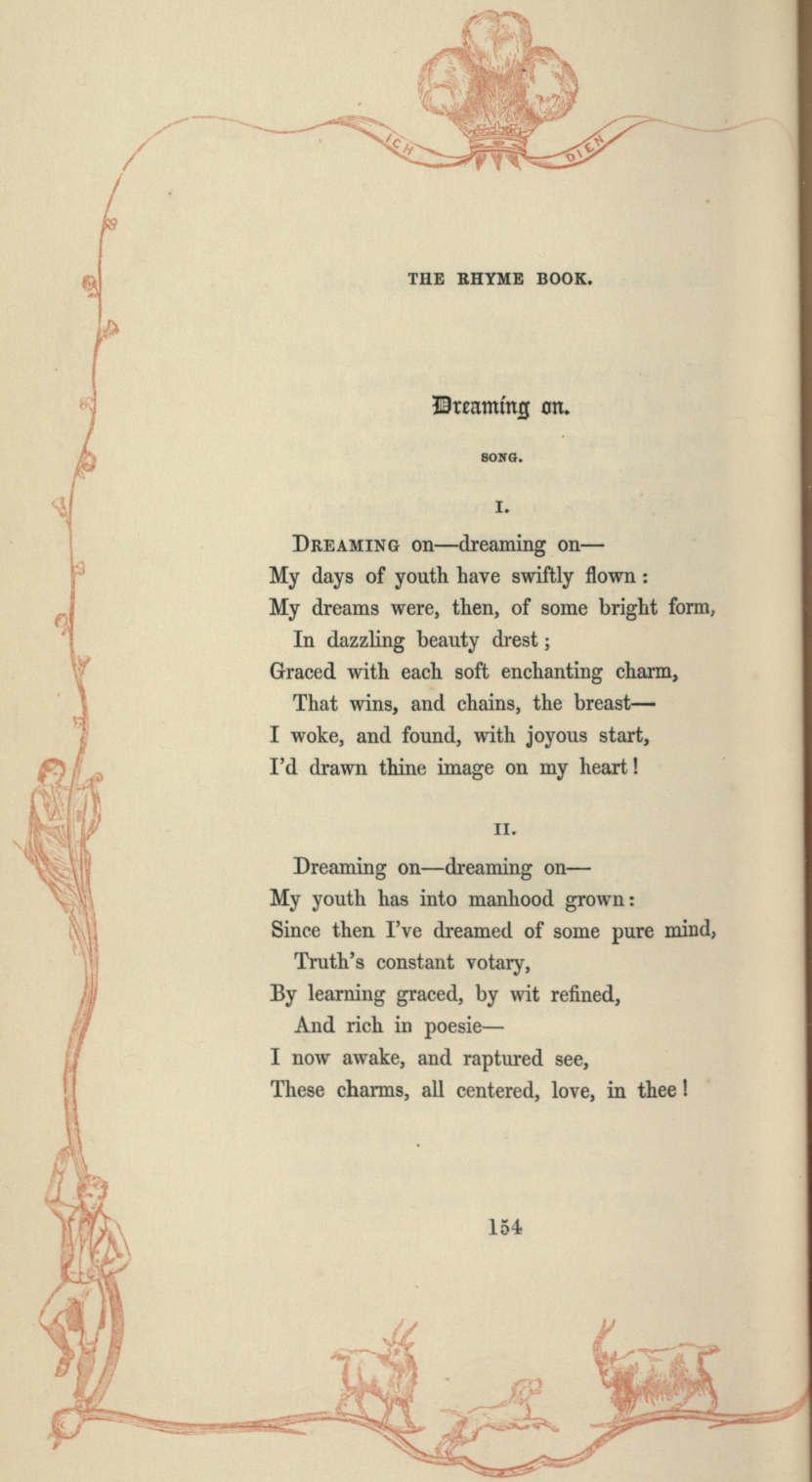
Day by day, they thus pursued him;
Rest, or mercy never showed him;
On his dinner ever jumping—
In his pudding ever stumping—
At his heels for ever stamping—
On his corns for ever tramping—
Without peace, or sleep, or dinner,
Never suffered so a sinner.

XX.

Day by day, away he wasted;
Every kind of pain he tasted;
Till, at last, the days were over,
Of that dark and cruel lover;
Lone, he died, and all unshriven,
Without peace, or hope of heaven;
And the legs, while he was dying,
Round and round the bed kept flying.

XXI.

Still, these luckless legs keep moving,
Want of Christian burial proving;
Many and many a weary journey,
Make they, still, round Abbeydorney;
Oft they're seen, in churchyard kneeling,
When the bell for prayers is pealing;
And when curious eyes come prying,
Flit away, like light mists flying.



Dreaming on.

SONG.

I.

Dreaming on—dreaming on—
My days of youth have swiftly flown:
My dreams were, then, of some bright form,
In dazzling beauty drest;
Graced with each soft enchanting charm,
That wins, and chains, the breast—
I woke, and found, with joyous start,
I'd drawn thine image on my heart!

II.

Dreaming on—dreaming on—
My youth has into manhood grown:
Since then I've dreamed of some pure mind,
Truth's constant votary,
By learning graced, by wit refined,
And rich in poesie—
I now awake, and raptured see,
These charms, all centered, love, in thee!

Dreamland.

SONG.

I.

SWEET sleep, each night, with kindly hand;
And gently soaring wing,
Transports me to the flowery land,
Where blooms eternal spring;
In that weird land of visions fair,
All lovely things I see;
But nought in Dreamland can compare,
My Martha, dear, with thee!

II.

In Dreamland, still, I feel the spell,
Thy charms have round me thrown;
And all its brightest visions tell,
Of thee! of thee! alone:
And, though in chainless realms I rove,
My heart feels never free;
But owns, as now, its queen of love,
My Martha, dear, in thee!

The Hidden Mine.

SONG.

I.

I KNEW not what my strength could bear
Till love had braced each nerve;
I dreamed not what my heart could dare,
Till thee it sought to serve:
A giant's might I seem to sway,
When thy kind words approve;
And forms of danger fade away,
When braved for thee, my love.

II.

The forest fire, that rent the earth,
And showed the hidden mine,
Is like the flame, that drew its birth,
From those bright eyes of thine;
The wealth that in my bosom lay,
Unprized, unknown to me,
Love hath poured forth, in bright array,
To purchase joy for thee.

The Wondrous Spirit.

IDYL.

I.

A WONDROUS Spirit haunts my lady fair,
And lives, amid her thousand charms reposing;
At times he brings me woe, at times despair;
In myriad ways his subtle power disclosing:
And wheresoe'er my lady's footsteps move,
The Spirit follows, and to all cries "LOVE!"

II.

Some call him wit, some love, and others grace;
But well I know he is a living being;
For often have I seen him, face to face,
And heard his voice, and marked him, swiftly fleeing,
Bounding, from charm to charm, her beauties o'er,
And crying, as he went, "ADORE! ADORE!"

III.

At times her hair, in glossy braids, he parts,
Or flings it down her neck, in ringlets flying;
And with it weaves strong nets to catch all hearts,
And spreads these nets, amid her tresses lying;
With stealthy pace, along each tress he winds,
And with each tress my love-struck bosom binds.

IV.

Beneath her dark hair spreads her forehead smooth,
A lovely index of her great soul's brightness,
Expanding, broad, and high, and lit by truth,
And purer than the Parian marble's whiteness:
An ivory tablet, o'er whose surface move,
The Spirit's fingers, ever writing "LOVE."

V.

Forth from her forehead springs the graceful nose,
From eye to lip, in slender arch, extending;
A bridge of beauty, o'er a lake of rose,
In lines, of softness into each cheek blending:
But oh! what mortal power may, fitly, speak,
The matchless lustre of that lovely cheek?

VI.

The richest blossoms of the velvet peach,
Will, sometimes, like my lady's cheeks, be showing;
But, seldom, can its bloom their beauty reach,
With youth, and health, and cheerfulness, all glowing;
And as new thoughts, in her mind's heaven, arise,
Those cheeks seem changing, like the summer skies.

VII.

For when emotion stirs my lady fair,
Swift o'er her cheek a tide of roses rushes;
Then ebbs, and leaves the lily blooming there,
Till drowned, again, by a new flood of blushes:
And none can tell, so charming each tint shows,
Which loveliest blooms—the lily, or the rose.

VIII.

And then the Spirit laughs, and cries to me,
"How sweet, beyond all power of words in showing,
To bathe thy lips within that rosy sea,
And kiss the lilies, on that soft cheek glowing;
And with caresses, cause that cheek to flush;
And warm, beneath thy kiss, the mantling blush!"

IX.

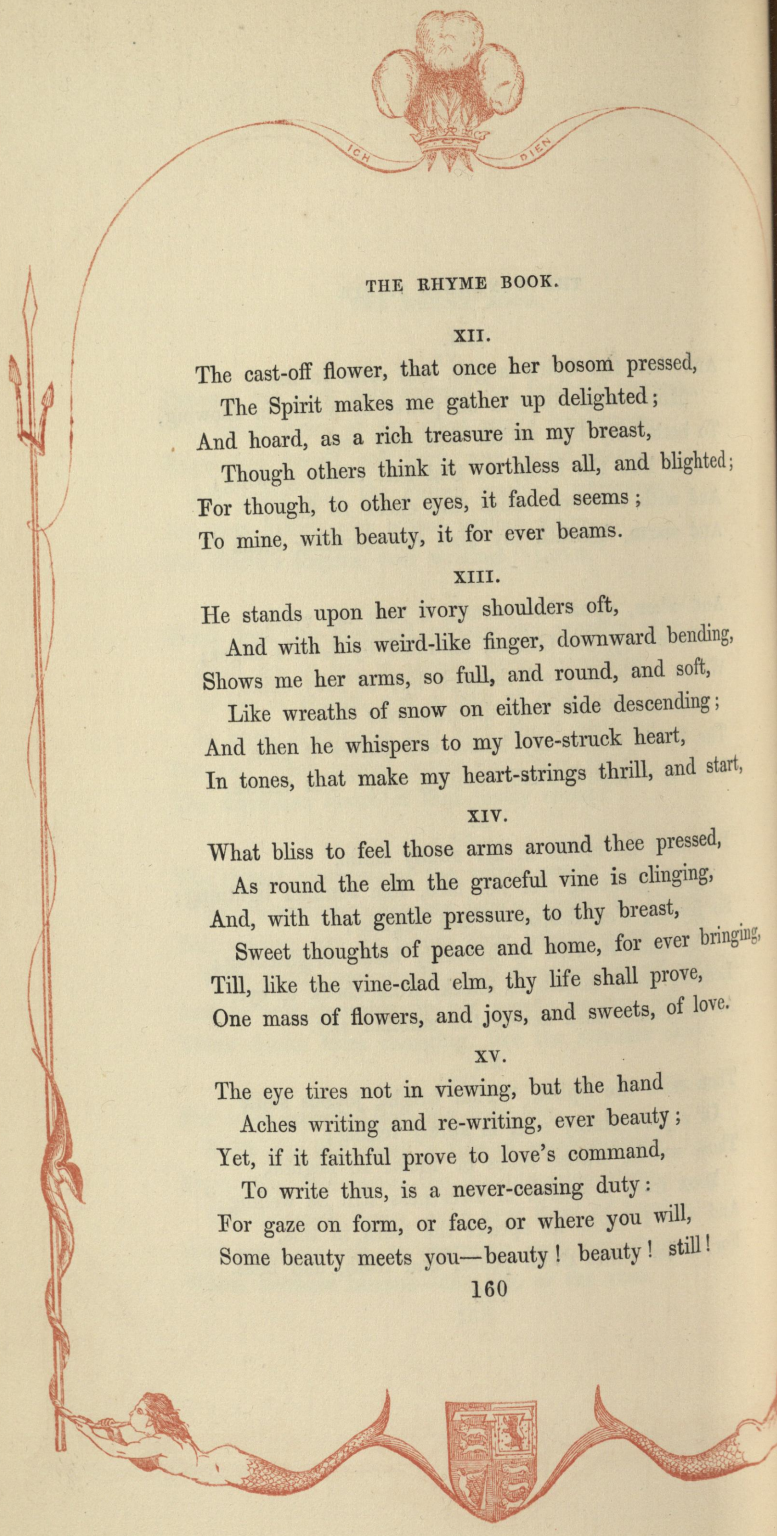
And when, upon her mouth, I turn my eyne,
Carved by the Graces, moulded by Love's finger;
Where teeth of pearl through lips of ruby shine,
And soul-bewitching dimples ever linger;
The Spirit smites my heart, and makes it pine,
Until that mouth shall, smiling say, "I'M THINE."

X.

But most he revels in her sunny smile,
Quick glancing o'er her face, like summer lightning;
So joyous, e'en despair it can beguile;
The saddest with its heavenly lustre brightening;
Leaping from mouth to cheek, from cheek to eye,
As sunbeams flash across the summer sky.

XI.

Then cries the Spirit, "That bright, joyous smile
Of a pure sunny soul is surely telling;
Those words, whose tones of music so beguile,
Must from a source of sweetness still be welling;"
And well I know he speaks the truth in this,
For in her heart dwell peace, and truth, and bliss.



XII.

The cast-off flower, that once her bosom pressed,
The Spirit makes me gather up delighted;
And hoard, as a rich treasure in my breast,
Though others think it worthless all, and blighted;
For though, to other eyes, it faded seems;
To mine, with beauty, it for ever beams.

XIII.

He stands upon her ivory shoulders oft,
And with his weird-like finger, downward bending,
Shows me her arms, so full, and round, and soft,
Like wreaths of snow on either side descending;
And then he whispers to my love-struck heart,
In tones, that make my heart-strings thrill, and start,

XIV.

What bliss to feel those arms around thee pressed,
As round the elm the graceful vine is clinging,
And, with that gentle pressure, to thy breast,
Sweet thoughts of peace and home, for ever bringing,
Till, like the vine-clad elm, thy life shall prove,
One mass of flowers, and joys, and sweets, of love.

XV.

The eye tires not in viewing, but the hand
Aches writing and re-writing, ever beauty;
Yet, if it faithful prove to love's command,
To write thus, is a never-ceasing duty:
For gaze on form, or face, or where you will,
Some beauty meets you—beauty! beauty! still!

XVI.

Adown her neck her dark brown locks he flings,
By contrast all her neck's pure whiteness showing;
Bright ivory tower, that in warm lustre springs,
From her smooth shoulders, and her bosom glowing:
A snowy isthmus, that her head unites
To her soft bosom's realm of love's delights.

XVII.

And chiefly from that bosom he beguiles
That sea of beauty, ever softly heaving,
In waves of rapture, round two snowy isles,
All conquering isles, still, tribute sighs receiving;
Bright island hills, that like far Hecla glow,
With fire within, though robed in purest snow.

XVIII.

Amid these isles of bliss the Spirit moves,
And bids my eyes upon their beauties linger;
And mark her bosom's continent of loves,
Her full, round arm, small hand, and taper finger;
And then he laughs, and claps his hands, and cries,
While triumph flashes from his sparkling eyes,

XIX.

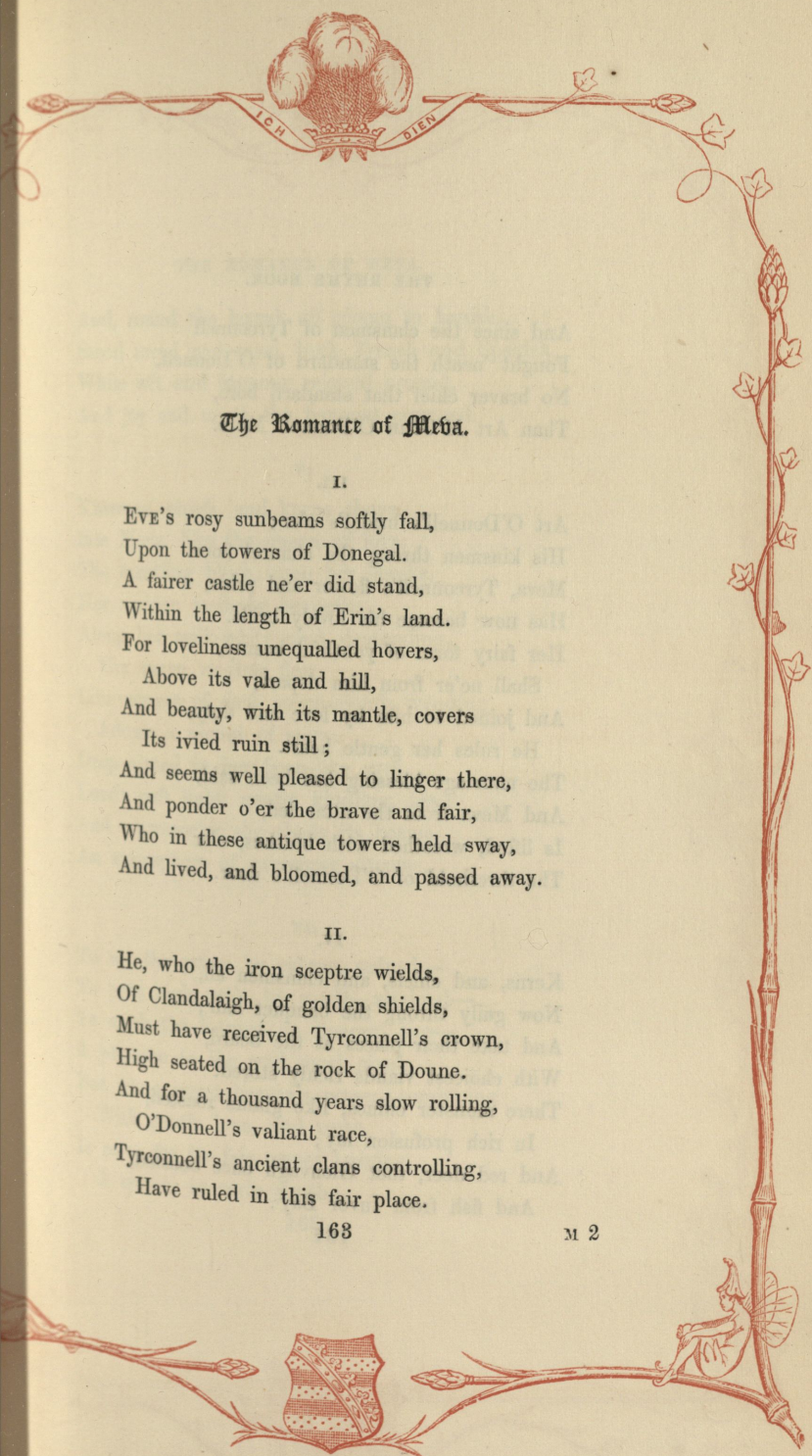
"What wouldst thou give to call these charms thine own;
To live the ruler of these realms of beauty;
To feel these snowy arms around thee thrown;
And reign within that breast, by love and duty;
To feel those lips to thine, in fondness pressed,
And sink, in rapture, on that snowy breast.

XX.

"Ne'er from these flowers of joy and love, to part,
But spend thy life, from flower to flower, still ranging;
To anchor fast the vessel of thy heart,
Within the harbour of her love unchanging;
And, safe within the haven of her charms,
Unscathed to live through all life's clouds and storms."

XXI.

And, at these burning words, I seem to swoon,
Love, with sweet transports, all my senses filling;
And sink, with joy and anguish, quite o'erthrown,
In strange, wild conflict through my bosom thrilling;
Bright joy, whene'er I hope such bliss to gain;
Dark anguish, when I think such hope is vain.



The Romance of Meva.

I.

Eve's rosy sunbeams softly fall,
Upon the towers of Donegal.
A fairer castle ne'er did stand,
Within the length of Erin's land.
For loveliness unequalled hovers,
Above its vale and hill,
And beauty, with its mantle, covers
Its ivied ruin still;
And seems well pleased to linger there,
And ponder o'er the brave and fair,
Who in these antique towers held sway,
And lived, and bloomed, and passed away.

II.

He, who the iron sceptre wields,
Of Clandalaigh, of golden shields,
Must have received Tyrconnell's crown,
High seated on the rock of Doune.
And for a thousand years slow rolling,
O'Donnell's valiant race,
Tyrconnell's ancient clans controlling,
Have ruled in this fair place.

And since the clansmen of Tyrconnell
Fought 'neath the standard of O'Donnell,
No braver chief that standard bore,
Than Art M'Conn O'Donnell More.

III.

Art O'Donnell's bridal's o'er;
His kinsmen throng the chancel floor.
Meva, Tyrconnell's flower and pride,
Has now become his lovely bride.
Her fairy form of youthful beauty,
  Shall ne'er from him depart,
And joined to him by love and duty,
  He rules her gentle heart.
The marriage blessing has been said,
And Meva from the altar led,
Is lifted, wreathed with blushes, o'er
The threshold of O'Donnell's door.

IV.

Kerns, and chiefs, and clansmen all,
Now gaily throng the banquet hall;
And take their places at the board,
With choicest viands richly stored.
There monster chines, like giants roasted,
  In rich profusion lay;
And red deer, that Glenvagh once boasted,
  And fish from Inver Bay:

And, round the board, all gloom to banish,
Stood mead and wine, both French and Spanish,
While wit and humour reigned around,
And joy and mirth the banquet crowned.

V.

Kinsmen, chiefs, and kerns above,
Sits Meva, like the queen of love.
The mantling blush upon her cheeks,
Her maiden modesty bespeaks;
Along her milk-white neck descending,
  Her raven ringlets flow,
Like masses of dark storm-clouds wending
  Adown a mount of snow.
Deep seated in her fawn-like eyes,
Love's soft light, gently kindling, lies;
And wheresoe'er she sheds its beams,
An atmosphere of sweetness streams.

VI.

To see the prize, by valour, gained—
To note high rank, by worth, attained—
To mark the learned, in honour, live—
A pleasure to the soul must give:
But when sweet beauty's power, combining
  With gentle love, and truth,
Is seen, for its fair owner twining,
  A crown, in early youth;

It seems as if such crown were given,
Directly from the hand of Heaven;
To prove, that e'en in this dark scene,
Beauty and worth may sometimes reign.

VII.

Who sits between the bride and groom,
The tallest in the banquet room?
Broad is his noble brow, and high;
Dark is the lustre of his eye;
On that broad brow, so wide expanding,
High power seemed to dwell;
From that dark eye, looks, awe commanding,
Around the banquet fell;
Erect he sits, with port of pride,
Between O'Donnell and his bride;
Each thought the other bade him there,
And pressed him with the choicest fare.

VIII.

Though pressed with choicest of the feast,
Nor wine, nor viands will he taste;
Little he says, and when he speaks,
A wild, unearthly, accent breaks:
His large, dark eye, with glances burning,
Is fixed on Meva's form;
Still from all other objects turning,
And drinking up each charm:

In gazing thus, the banquet passed;
Each glance seemed warmer than the last;
Till Meva shrinks, beneath his gaze,
Like snow, before the sun's hot blaze.

IX.

"Fill high! fill high! around the board!"
And high the Spanish wine is poured;
"Drink to O'Donnell, and his bride!
Dalkaith's fair flower, Tyrconnell's pride!
Long may she live, with him combining
To grace Tyrconnell's realm;
Like the soft vine, in beauty twining
Around the stalwarth elm;
Together live, together prove
The strength, and truth, of clansmen's love;
In weal, and woe, and battle-field,
Their stay, their comfort, and their shield!"

X.

Upstarting then each clansman sprang;
And loud and long the cheering rang:
The toast flew round, from rank to rank;
Guest, kern, and kinsman, deeply drank:
The banquet hall, in wild commotion
Of mirth, and joy, and love,
Seemed like the wintry swollen ocean,
When dark storms o'er it move:

Again! again! and o'er again!
The joyful cheering swelled amain;
And as it pealed, and rolled along,
The bards thus poured the bridal song:—

XI.

"Oh! strew with the sweetest of lilies and roses,
The couch, where the fairest of maidens reposes;
Though the roses, to greet her their perfumes exhaling,
Compared to her blushes, look drooping and paling;
And the tint of the lily will dim in its brightness,
When laid by the side of her bosom's pure whiteness.

As the moon over ocean its silver light pouring—
As the soft breath of spring the sweet flowers restoring—
As the starbeam that breaks through the twilight's soft glooming—
As the roses of morn in the summer sky blooming—
Oh! thus, o'er the friends and the clans of Tyrconnell,
Thy loveliness beameth, young bride of O'Donnell!

Then strew, with the sweetest of lilies and roses,
The couch, where the fairest of maidens reposes:
Far! far! from this bridal be gloom, and be sadness,
Let the harp, and the voice, and the heart, swell with gladness;
And let kinsmen, and clansmen, and friends, of Tyrconnell,
Join in welcome to thee, lovely bride of O'Donnell!"

XII.

The banquet's o'er, and now advance
The guests, and kinsmen, to the dance:
The stranger takes fair Meva's hand;
Together for awhile they stand;
Then, 'mongst the dancers wildly bounding,
A wondrous dance he tries;
Unearthly music seems resounding,
While round the hall he flies;
So high is each elastic bound,
He scarcely seems to touch the ground,
While flying o'er the banquet floor—
Ne'er was such dancing seen before.

XIII.

Her partner Meva follows fast,
With flying feet, and breathless haste;
His dark eye seems to awe her soul,
And rule it with a weird controul:
Some strange attraction she seemed proving,
As round she lightly whirled;
Like a pale moon, in beauty moving,
Around a troubled world:
And round, and round, and round again,
They danced to the unearthly strain;
While wonder filled the guests around,
At this strange dance, and wondrous sound.

XIV.

At length the wondrous dance is o'er;
They stand together on the floor.
The stranger now is seen to hold
A massive cup of gorgeous gold;
He holds aloft the goblet, foaming
With rich wine, ruby red,
And then to lovely Meva coming,
With courteous grace he said—
"Bathe in this wine those lovely lips,
That the wine's ruby far eclipse."
And as the cooling draught she takes,
The stranger's song thus wildly breaks:—

XV.

"Bright is my dwelling, Meva,
Where golden sunbeams shine;
Fair bosoms, there, are swelling, Meva,
But none so fair as thine.
With myriad gems it richly glows,
But not a gem as brightly shows,
Or fills me with such glad surprise,
As doth the lustre of thine eyes.
Meva! fair Meva!

"Come to my dwelling, Meva,
And be for ever mine;
Love's light, all gloom dispelling, Meva,
Shall ever round thee shine.

Come! and these worthless pleasures spurn—
Come! and to deathless raptures turn,
Which thy pure heart shall ever prove,
If thou consent to be my love,
Meva! dear Meva!"

XVI.

The goblet falls from her faint hands;
She seems enchanted, as she stands.
Some charm within that mystic cup,
Seems drinking Meva's spirit up.
Her snowy eyelids, slowly closing,
Conceal her eye's dark charm;
Her limbs, all power of motion losing,
Seem bending 'neath her form.
She sinks upon the stranger's breast,
Unconscious where her head may rest,
With rapture, now he views her face,
And clasps her, in his warm embrace.

XVII.

O'Donnell started from the board,
And quickly drew his shining sword;
He hastes across the banquet room,
But, round his bride, now, all is gloom:

A dense cloud rose, from earth upcurling,
In wreaths of murky smoke,
And Meva and the stranger furling,
Within its dingy cloak,
The cloud ascends, and soon is gone,
But, with it, Meva, too, is flown;
And lovely bride, or stranger weird,
On earth have never since appeared.

XVIII.

They searched for her, through hall and tower;
They searched for her, in garden bower;
They called her, through the pathless wood;
They sought her, by the rushing flood;
But never since could they discover,
Where Meva's footsteps stray;
For, deaf to call of friend or lover,
She lingers far away.
Borne from the earth, by fairy spells,
In distant fairy land she dwells;
And rules, as queen, the fairy host,
To love, and friends, and country lost.

XIX.

To Palestine O'Donnell went,
In battle-fields his life was spent;
And Paynim foes, of Godless creeds,
Were wonder-smitten by his deeds.

But when he rushed o'er dead and dying,
The Moslem little thought,
The death, from which their hosts were flying,
The youthful hero sought.
Yet sought in vain on many a field,
For terror lightened from his shield.
At length he flung his shield behind,
And found the death he sought to find.

XX.

O'Donnell's power and race are gone;
The owl has made his towers her own;
Yet, still, this strange, wild, tale lives on,
And clings around each mouldering stone;
Its wild, romantic, spirit breathing,
Around the ruined wall;
And, with unearthly forms, wreathing,
The mould'ring banquet hall.
And as the mammoth's upturned bone,
Bears witness of the monsters gone,
So, by this legend, are we told
What creatures wild dwelt here of old.

My Native Land.

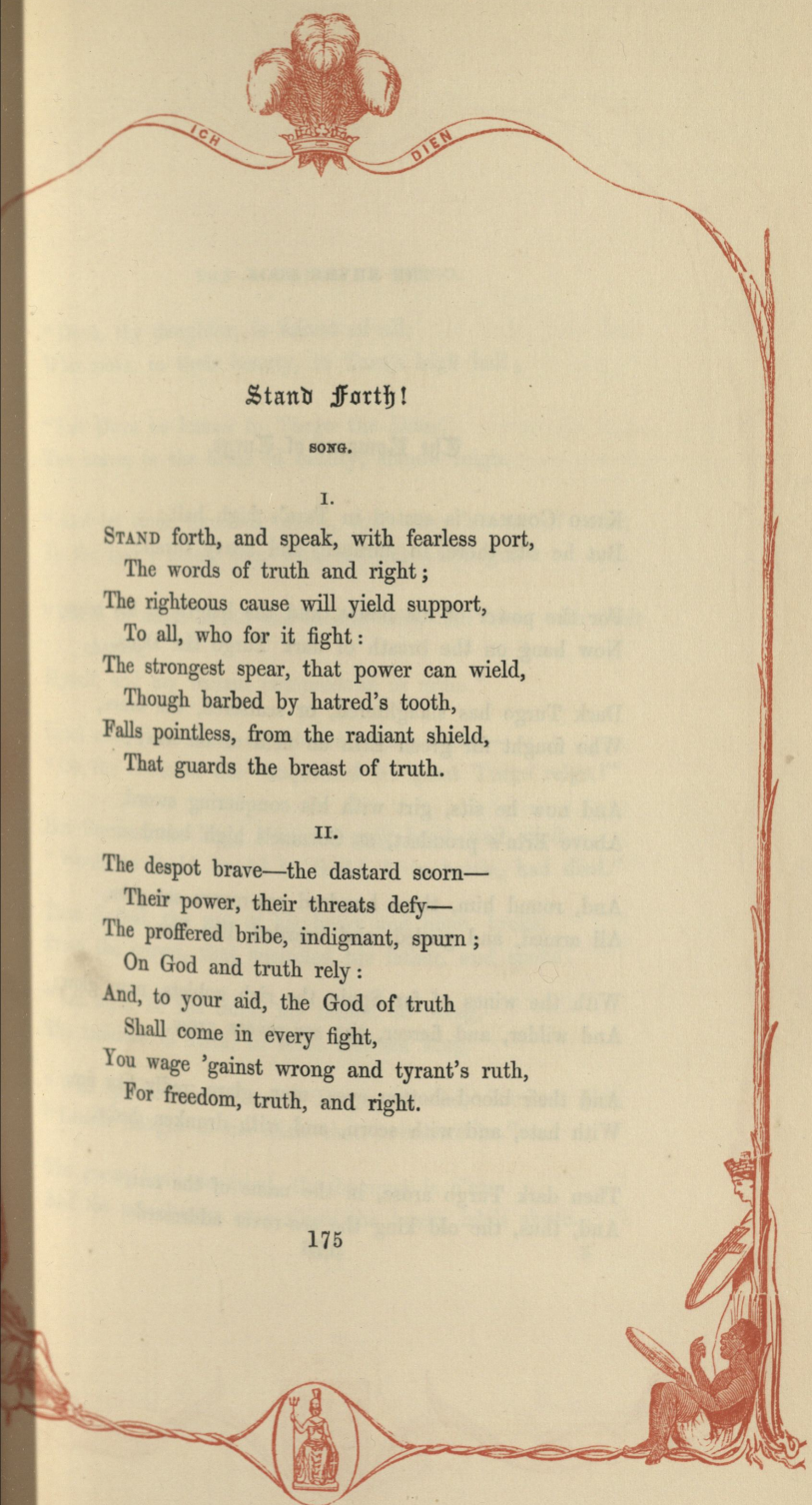
SONG.

I.

Why are thy sons, though good and brave,
A weak, divided band,
Lorn from the cradle to the grave,
My native land?
Why do the meanest of mankind
Rule thy green isle, with iron hand?
Canst thou no godlike leader find—
With stalwarth brand,
Thy galling fetters to unbind—
My native land?

II.

The traitor's spoil, the stranger's prey,
Thy helpless people stand;
Unhonoured, save when they betray
Their native land.
Still! still! they're doomed to writhe and weep,
And wildly wring the hopeless hand;
Far happier should the waves o'ersweep
Thy velvet strand,
And 'whelm thee in the raging deep—
My native land!



Stand Forth!

SONG.

I.

STAND forth, and speak, with fearless port,
The words of truth and right;
The righteous cause will yield support,
To all, who for it fight:
The strongest spear, that power can wield,
Though barbed by hatred's tooth,
Falls pointless, from the radiant shield,
That guards the breast of truth.

II.

The despot brave—the dastard scorn—
Their power, their threats defy—
The proffered bribe, indignant, spurn;
On God and truth rely:
And, to your aid, the God of truth
Shall come in every fight,
You wage 'gainst wrong and tyrant's ruth,
For freedom, truth, and right.

The Romance of Turgo.

King Cormac is seated in Tara's high hall;
But he sits there, in durance, and heavy thrall;

For the power of his house, and the length of his reign,
Now hang on the breath of dark Turgo the Dane.

Dark Turgo has slaughtered, or scattered, the brave,
Who fought for green Erin on field or on wave;

And now he sits, girt with his conquering sword,
Above Erin's proudest, at Cormac's high board.

And, round him, three hundred sea-rovers sat grim,
All armed, and girded, and bearded, like him.

With the wines of far Spain the rich goblets, now, glow;
And wilder, and fiercer, the sea-rovers grow.

And their blood-shotten eyes, now, glare, redly like fire,
With hate, and with scorn, and with drunken desire.

Then dark Turgo arose, in the name of the rest,
And, thus, the old king the sea-rover addressed:

"Duva, thy daughter, is fairest of all,
Who move, in their beauty, in Tara's high hall;

"Let Duva be leman to Turgo the Dane,
The brave, in the arms of beauty, should reign.

"And let three hundred maids, with their bosoms of snow,
To the lake's lonely isle, with the fair Duva go.

"There to meet, 'neath the moonbeams, and bless with their
charms,
Myself, and my valiant companions in arms."

Loud rose the shouts of the sea-roving Dane—
"On the necks of the vanquished let great Turgo reign!"

But Cormac, the king, bent his gray head, and cried—
"Would to God! would to God! I, in battle, had died."

Then Cathal, the son of his heart and hope, broke,
From the crowd, that encircled his father, and spoke:

"Let mine be the duty, my father, to bring,
The maidens of Erin, to meet the sea king."

"Well speak'st thou," cried Turgo, in wild, drunken, glee,
"Leman bringer to me shalt thou evermore be."

The guests have departed, the banquet is o'er,
And the moonbeams now silver the lonely isle's shore.

And swift barks are bringing the sea-roving Dane,
To the isle, where soft moonlight, and beauty, now, reign.

And the rovers behold, moving 'neath the moon's light,
Three hundred fair maidens, with long veils of white.

And, as each leaps on shore, he quick clasps in his arms,
What he deems a fair maid, in the pride of her charms.

But the tallest, now, hastens dark Turgo to clasp;
Why shrinks the sea-rover within her strong grasp?

He lifts from the tall maiden's face the white veil:
Why starts the fierce Turgo—why looks he so pale?

From below the white veil, Cathal's eyes on him gleam,
And his broad skene, now, shimmers beneath the moon's beam.

One moment it shimmers, the next it is pressed,
With the wild force of vengeance, in dark Turgo's breast.

He falls stark, and lifeless, upon the dark ground,
And his life-blood is flowing, in red streams, around.

By each comrade of Cathal a rover is slain,
And the three hundred, now, are stretched dead on the plain.

Beside the slain Turgo, the Prince Cathal stood,
And the earth, 'neath his feet, was all crimson'd with blood.

His arm Cathal raised, in the moon's yellow sheen,
While the blood-gouts fell fast from his sharp, smoking skene.

He raised high his arm, and each man of his band
Uplifted, towards heaven, his blood-covered hand.

"Such be the fate," cried the son of the king,
"Of all, who dishonour on Erin would bring.

"Shriftless, and hopeless, in death let them lie,
Their tomb, the foul maw of the birds of the sky;

"May infamy ever be joined to their name,
May their death be a horror, their life a long shame,

"And their slayers exclaim, as they gaze on the slain,
'WE HAVE DEALT THEM THE DOOM OF DARK TURGO THE DANE.'"

The Musk Bird.

SONG.

I.

When, wafting joy to Indian shores,
Its cooling sweets the musk wind pours,
Borne on its balmy breeze, it brings
A lovely bird, with golden wings,
That, sweetly singing, pours its note,
Where soft those scented zephyrs float;
And comes, and goes, and only lives,
Amid the sweets the musk wind gives.

II.

Bright as this orient bird, you rise,
Loved Liza! to my raptured eyes:
Charmed nature's face appears to wear
Her loveliest smile, when you are near;
And round your beauty's dazzling beams,
An atmosphere of sweetness streams;
While bright-eyed joy, and rosy love,
Slaves of your smile, around you move.

III.

Oh! fold your wings, and make your nest,
Bright bird of beauty on my breast;
And every joy, fond love can breathe,
Shall mantle round your bridal wreath:
From each dark trace of care and woe,
Soft tenderness shall smooth your brow;
Till earthly love shall melt away,
In heavenly love's still brighter ray.

Desmond's Prayer.

SONG.

I.

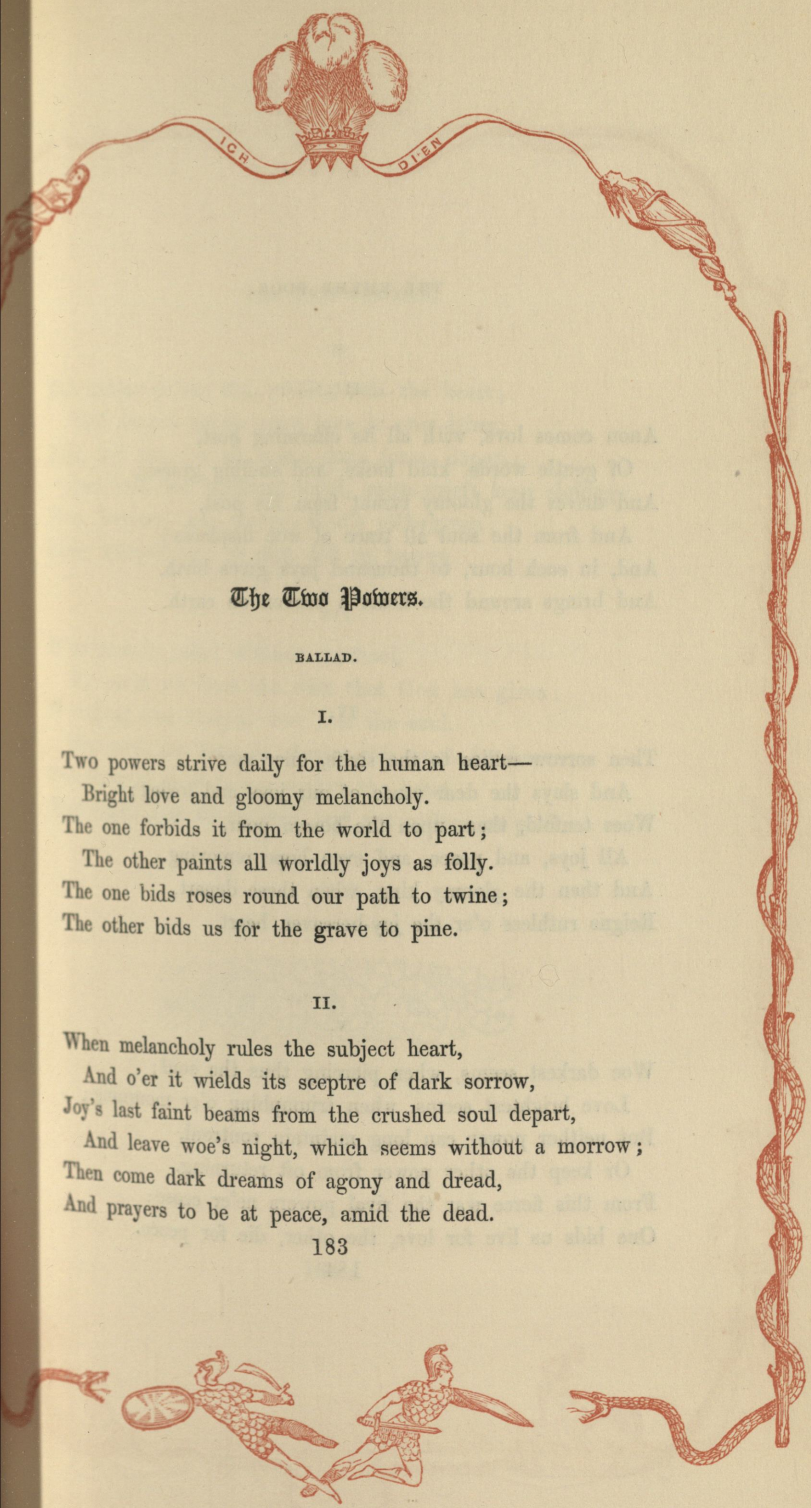
Oh! warrior, sheath that gleaming steel,
Thy dread intent forbear;
For ruined greatness mercy feel,
The hunted outlaw spare—
For here, bereft of power and lands,
Great Desmond's earl before thee stands!

II.

Five hundred of my name and race,
All belted knights and brave,
Were wont my festive halls to grace,
And died their chief to save:
They fell, o'erwhelmed by British bands,
And here, all friendless, Desmond stands!

III.

The heath is, long, the only bed,
That rests these limbs so frail;
A price is on my hoary head,
The bloodhound's on my trail:
Then, warrior, hold thy blood-stained hands,
For here, defenceless, Desmond stands!



The Two Powers.

BALLAD.

I.

Two powers strive daily for the human heart—
  Bright love and gloomy melancholy.
The one forbids it from the world to part;
  The other paints all worldly joys as folly.
The one bids roses round our path to twine;
The other bids us for the grave to pine.

II.

When melancholy rules the subject heart,
  And o'er it wields its sceptre of dark sorrow,
Joy's last faint beams from the crushed soul depart,
  And leave woe's night, which seems without a morrow;
Then come dark dreams of agony and dread,
And prayers to be at peace, amid the dead.

III.

Anon comes love, with all its charming host,
Of gentle words, kind looks, and smiling graces;
And drives the gloomy tyrant from his post,
And from the soul all trace of woe displaces;
And, in each hour, to thousand joys gives birth,
And brings around the heart a heaven on earth.

IV.

Then sorrow rallies to the strife, once more,
And slays the dear cause of our joys and loving;
Woes tenfold, then, upon the bosom pour,
All joys, and peace, and even hope removing.
And then the gloomy king, when these depart,
Reigns ruthless o'er the joy-bereaven heart.

V.

Woe darkest seems, when piercing thus the soul;
Love brightest seems, when triumphing o'er mourning;
But neither power can long maintain controul,
Or keep the other power from oft returning.
From this fierce war the rival powers ne'er cease:
One bids us live for love, the other, die for peace.

VI.

But neither power can, wholly, rule the heart;
'Mid deepest griefs some love is ever lying,
That will not, for all woe's dark force, depart;
And 'mid our brightest loves, some griefs keep sighing;
Woe, loveless, only wrings God's unforgiven;
Love, without woe, is only felt in heaven.

VII.

If melancholy ruled without controul,
We could not bear the toils that God has given;
If smiling love swayed ever o'er the soul,
We could not bear to change this earth for heaven;
But mingled as they are within the heart,
They make man fit to stay, and yet endure to part.

Star of the Morn.

SONGLET.

I.

STAR of the morn thou fadest fast,
Before the sun;
Thy soft, mild light no more may last,
For day's begun:
Thy silver beam is fading fast away,
Lost in the splendour of the sun's bright ray.

II.

Star of the morn, like thine, decays
Love's gentle ray;
Lost in ambition's midday blaze,
It fades away;
And shines no more upon the heart or mind,
Yet leaves no light, so pure, and soft, behind.

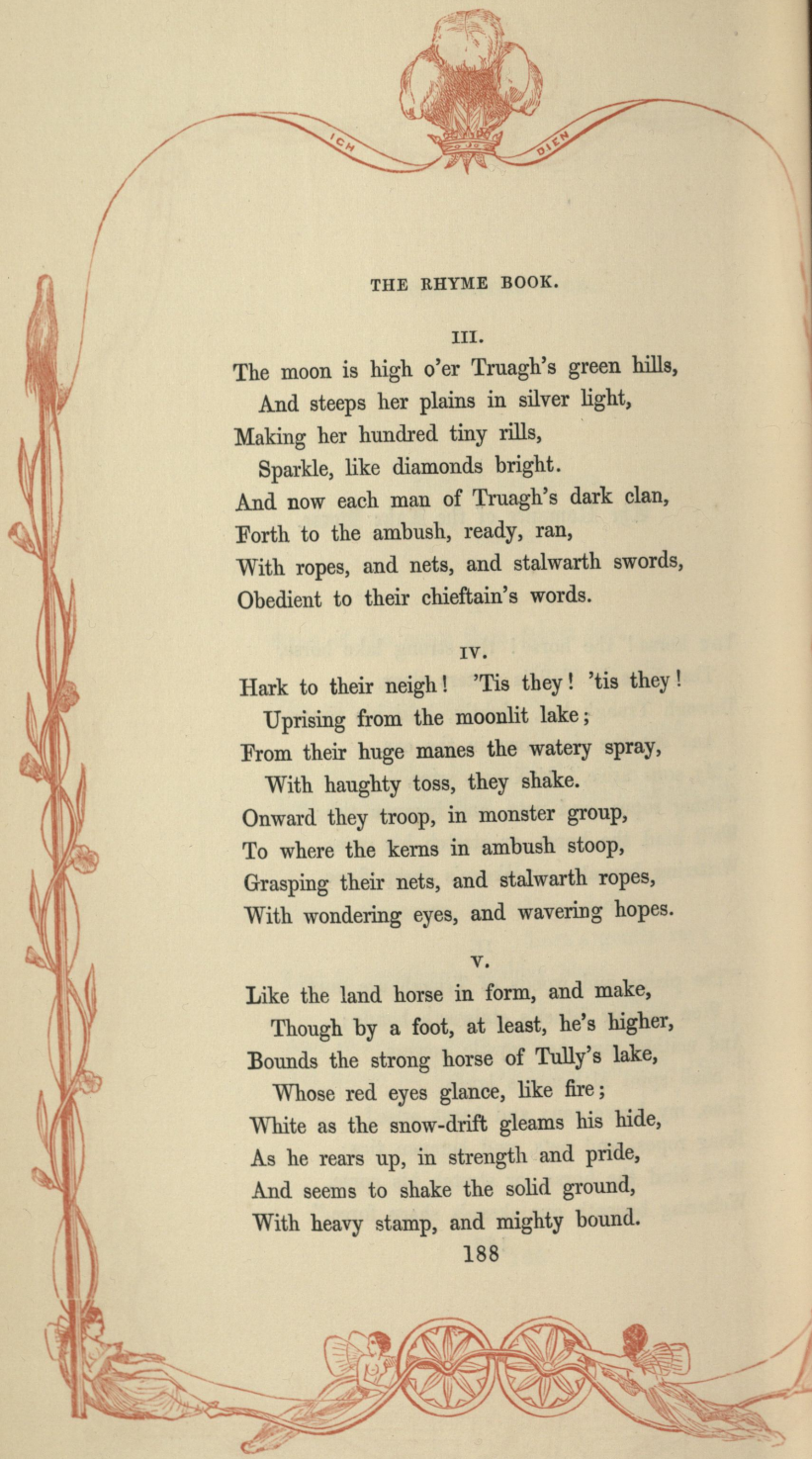
The Romance of the Lake Horse.

I.

THE horse! the horse! the strong lake horse,
That lives in Tully's waters clear,
Through Truagh has, nightly, held his course,
And eat the ripe corn in the ear.
"My sons arise," M'Kenna cries,
"Bring ropes, and nets, and hempen ties;
We'll bind the horse, or stretch his corse,
Weltering beneath our skean's sharp force.

II.

"The plains and woods of Truagh are ours,
Won by our father's stalwarth hands;
And neither man nor mystic powers,
Shall spoil M'Kenna's lands.
Then, my brave sons and kerns arise!
Bring ropes, and nets, and hempen ties;
We'll bind the horse, or stretch his corse,
Weltering beneath our skean's sharp force."



III.

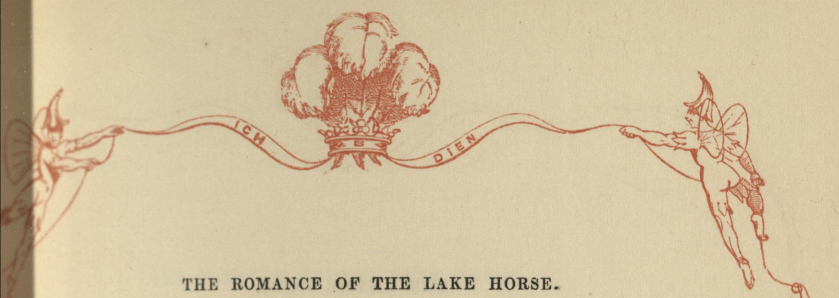
The moon is high o'er Truagh's green hills,
And steeps her plains in silver light,
Making her hundred tiny rills,
Sparkle, like diamonds bright.
And now each man of Truagh's dark clan,
Forth to the ambush, ready, ran,
With ropes, and nets, and stalwarth swords,
Obedient to their chieftain's words.

IV.

Hark to their neigh! 'Tis they! 'tis they!
Uprising from the moonlit lake;
From their huge manes the watery spray,
With haughty toss, they shake.
Onward they troop, in monster group,
To where the kerns in ambush stoop,
Grasping their nets, and stalwarth ropes,
With wondering eyes, and wavering hopes.

V.

Like the land horse in form, and make,
Though by a foot, at least, he's higher,
Bounds the strong horse of Tully's lake,
Whose red eyes glance, like fire;
White as the snow-drift gleams his hide,
As he rears up, in strength and pride,
And seems to shake the solid ground,
With heavy stamp, and mighty bound.



VI.

Now, 'midst the kerns they take their way—
The kerns in breathless ambush lying—
High bound the monsters in their play,
As onward they are hieing.
"Arise! arise!" M'Kenna cries,
"Brave sons, and kerns, arise! arise!
Now bind the horse, or stretch his corse,
Weltering beneath your skeans' sharp force."

VII.

Up bounding from their ambush close,
Like bloodhounds, when the prey is flushed,
M'Kenna's kerns and sons uprose,
And on the monster horses rushed.
Around their heads the nets they swing,
Around their limbs the ropes they fling;
While each his sharp skean bravely bares,
And for the coming fight prepares.

VIII.

With snort and neigh, the strong lake horse,
Rush fiercely on the gallant clan;
And nought can stem their monster force.
Nor strongest rope, nor bravest man:
Seized in their teeth, they toss on high,
The struggling kerns, towards the sky;
Or dash them trampled, on the ground,
With fractured limb, and gaping wound.

IX.

All, all, are gone! All, all, save one—
One young and gallant horse;
And now, to bind this steed alone,
Strive all M'Kenna's force;
Full twenty ropes are round his waist,
As many, round his neck, are placed;
By twenty, are his haunches pressed,
As many bind his stalwarth breast.

X.

With might and main, and many a strain,
They vanquish, now, the horse's powers;
And by the dawn of morning, gain
M'Kenna's ancient towers.
And there they make for the lake horse,
A harness of such wondrous force,
That, vainly, may he strive to break
His bonds, and reach his native lake.

XI.

To Dublin, thence, the horse they send,
To the king's stables builded there;
And the king's riders, daily, tend,
The monster horse, with skill and care.
They teach him to curvet and prance,
To stand the shock of knightly lance,
To leap the bar, and cross the plain,
Obedient to the rider's rein.

XII.

Five years have sped, since first they led
The horse to Dublin town,
Where all admire his eyes of fire,
And his long mane sweeping down.
Each day, the horse has gentler grown,
Each day, his rider more is known,
Till, now, in all the lands around,
No gentler, nobler, steed is found.

XIII.

"Bring back the horse! bring back the horse!
From Dublin to the hills of Truagh—
Bring back the horse! We need his force,
To combat with Tirhugh."
This message from M'Kenna sent,
To Dublin's walls, like lightning, went,
And quick the rider mounts the horse,
And shapes, towards Truagh's green hills, his course.

XIV.

Bravely his seat that rider holds,
In geochal* dressed of gold and green;
His cochal† hangs in saffron folds;
His stout limb through the bracca's‡ seen.

* Jacket. † Cloak.

‡ So called from being striped with various colours, was the tight-fitting Iruis. It covered the ancles, legs, and thighs, rising as high as the loins, and fitted so tight to the limbs as to disclose every muscle, and the motion of the parts which it covered.

With gallant mien he onward rides,
The rein of strength his right hand guides;
With wondering eyes, the passers view
The rider, and the horse of Truagh.

XV.

Now, through the land, where stout O'Hand
  Holds chiefest power and sway,
And where high Screen, 'mid woods, is seen,
  The lake horse holds his way:
In silver Boyne, he bathes his loin,
Where Avondhu's dark waters join;
Then, from his mane he shakes the spray,
And, through Morgallion, bounds away.

XVI.

They stopped not to breathe, on the hills of Meath,
  Where the Hi O'Duvan sway;
Nor once drew the rein, on the fertile plain
  That is ruled, by the brave O'Hea:
Like arrow from the bended bow,
They cross the streams of Ballyhoe;
And, with the speed of rushing storms,
They reach Ultonia's land of arms.

XVII.

Through Dunamine, his white locks shine,
  Like foam upon the wind;
M'Cabe's green woods and silver floods
  Are, now, left far behind:

Past M'Gilmichael's land he hies;
O'er Hi O'Marron's hills he flies;
And, through M'Mahon's lawless horde,
He rushes, fleeter than a bird.

XVIII.

Now, through O'Duffy's learned race,
The rider holds his course:
And, though, like lightning, is his pace,
He governs, still, the horse:
With docile might, the monster steed
Obeys him, at his utmost speed;
And right, and left, wheels o'er the plain,
Directed by the rider's rein.

XIX.

But when they came to Turnagain,
The lake horse stops, with startled gaze;
He knows the stream, he knows the plain,
He lifts his head, and loudly neighs:
Though years have passed, since last he stood,
Beside that river's rushing flood,
His memory points, where once he strayed,
And loud, and long, the lake horse neighed.

XX.

Loud pealing from Lough Tully's wave,
Though distant many a mile away,
A hundred neighs his kindred gave,
In answer to his well-known neigh.

The lake horse started at the sound,
And, with a joyful cry and bound,
Rushed, madly, through the flood and brake,
To find his kindred of the lake.

XXI.

In vain the rider grasps the mane,
And strives, with gallant soul;
In vain, now neither curb nor rein
The lake horse can controul:
Away! away! he bounds away!
To where resounds the well-known neigh;
And rushing, fleeter than the wind,
Leaves hills, and dales, and plains, behind.

XXII.

He breasts the hill, with straining nerve;
He flings him down the steep descent;
From the deep stream, he did not swerve,
But o'er it, in a bound, he went:
His veins, like ropes, rise swoln, and higher;
His nostrils gape, like founts of fire;
The foam flies round, in snowy flakes;
The hill, beneath his hoof-stroke quakes.

XXIII.

He mounts the hill, now, higher, and higher,
That hangs o'er Tully's lake;
The cranched flints, 'neath his hoofs, spit fire;
The rocks, beneath him, shake:

Upon the wind, his white mane streams;
And wild, and weird, his red eye gleams;
The forests, round him, seem to wheel;
The solid earth to rock and reel.

XXIV.

And, now, he sees, beneath him, spread,
Lough Tully's silver tide;
And, in it, many a monster head
His coming seems to bide:
Like balls of fire, his eyes, now, start;
Loud sounds the throbbing of his heart;
He seems, wild rushing to his home,
A mass of tempest-driven foam.

XXV.

Beyond the lake, amid the trees,
Its smoke among the old oaks swaying,
His father's cot the rider sees,
And his young sisters, round it, playing:
They clap their hands to see him come—
Their own dear brother, to his home—
And must he die, before them all?
One struggle, rider, ere you fall!

XXVI.

With might and main, he grasps the rein,
And leans back on the horse;
With bursting vein, and muscle's strain,
He strives to stop his course:

The lake gleams near, so deep and clear—
With strength redoubled, by wild fear,
He seeks to turn the horse aside,
From Tully's monster-peopled tide.

XXVII.

With iron bite, the teeth unite
  Upon the bit that curbs his head;
And with one crash, the strong jaws smash
  That steel bit, like a silken thread:
Now, from his head, the bridle's tost;
Now, rider! thy last hope is lost;
For, with one bound, and mighty stride,
The horse has reached Lough Tully's side.

XXVIII.

Oh! rider brave, no power can save
  Thy death-devoted head;
A bloody grave, beneath the wave,
  Must be thy last dark bed:
The vengeance of the monster horse
Shall wreak itself upon thy corse;
And make thy name, in future days,
A word of horror, and amaze.

XXIX.

Oh! rider bold, in vain, you hold
  Your seat, with gallant air;
In vain! in vain, you grasp the mane,
  And struggle with despair:

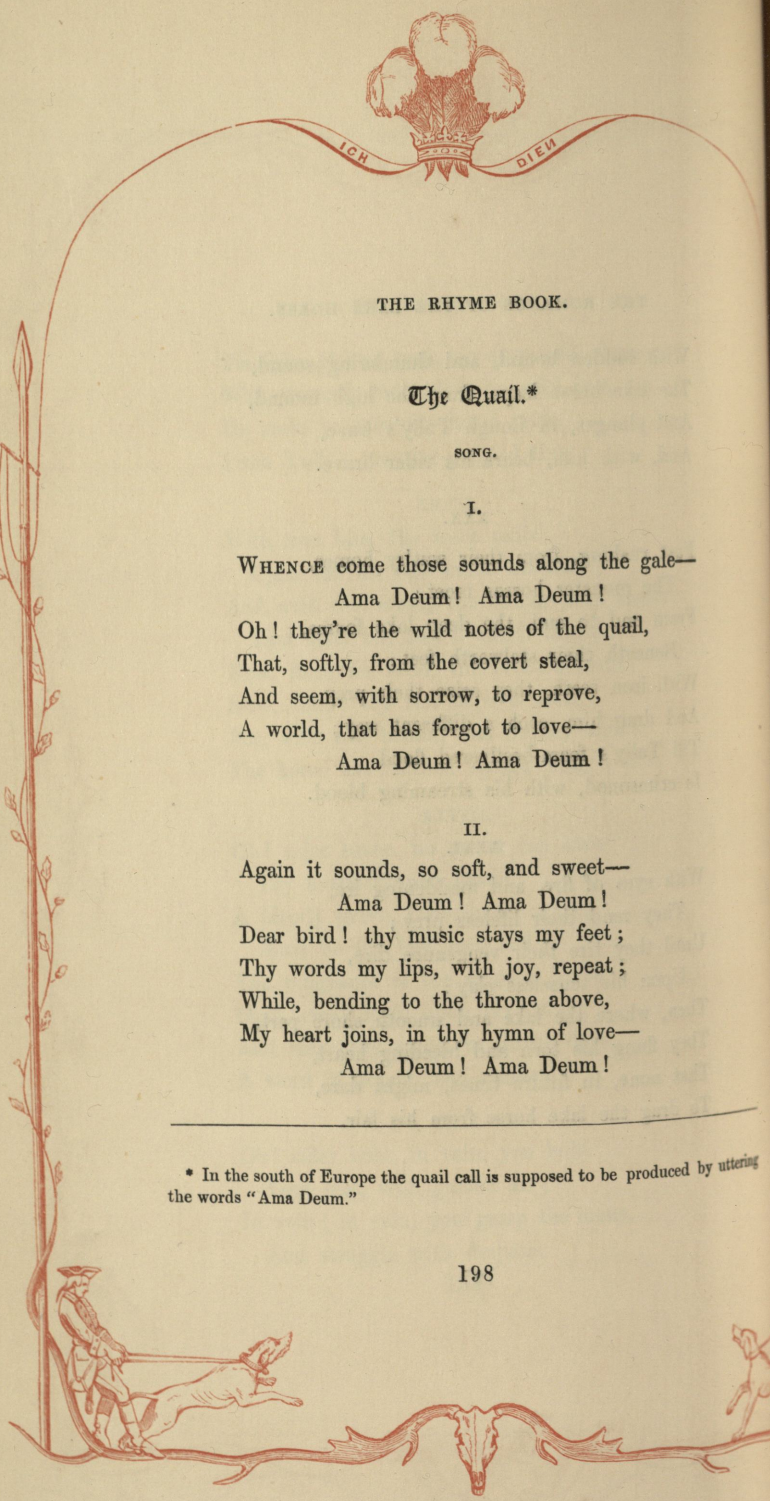
With sudden bound, and thundering sound,
The lake horse leaps, from the high mound,
And plunges, in Lough Tully's wave,
And, with him, bears his rider brave.

XXX.

Fast rushing, from their wat'ry homes,
The monster horses meet;
From end to end, the deep lake foams,
Beneath their stalwarth feet:
With iron teeth, they seize their prey,
And drag him, each a different way;
Till Tully's foam-besilvered flood
Is crimsoned, with his streaming blood.

XXXI.

With eyes of fire, and maddening ire,
They rend their lifeless prey;
Until they tire their vengeance dire,
Upon his senseless clay:
Then, where the lake and smooth shore part,
They flung his torn and bleeding heart,
That none, in future times, might dare,
To drag the lake horse from his lair.



The Quail.*

SONG.

I.

WHENCE come those sounds along the gale—
Ama Deum! Ama Deum!
Oh! they're the wild notes of the quail,
That, softly, from the covert steal,
And seem, with sorrow, to reprove,
A world, that has forgot to love—
Ama Deum! Ama Deum!

II.

Again it sounds, so soft, and sweet—
Ama Deum! Ama Deum!
Dear bird! thy music stays my feet;
Thy words my lips, with joy, repeat;
While, bending to the throne above,
My heart joins, in thy hymn of love—
Ama Deum! Ama Deum!

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* In the south of Europe the quail call is supposed to be produced by uttering the words "Ama Deum."

Oh! Count not Age.

SONG.

I.

Oh! count not age by joyless years,
For, then, you mete life's span,
By the dark measure of sad tears,
That fill the life of man:
But rather count by hours of joy,
Though few such hours should prove;
And say we've lived, without alloy,
So long, in peace and love,

II.

Yet count not so, for oh! how brief
Will then appear life's span;
For days of woe, and nights of grief,
Make up the age of man:
But rather say, we've gained that time,
And lived so many years,
We soon must reach that happy clime,
Where cease the mourners' tears.

That Silver Tone.

SONGLET.

I.

Why doth that silver tone,
So wildly shake my heart upon its throne,
Though wrapt in gloom?
It is not love, for that long since hath past,
Since she, who was my first love, and my last,
Sank in the tomb.

II.

Ah me! that silver tone,
Thrills through my heart, and seems my Ida's own,
Though, now, she's cold:
As, through the shell, the soft wind, breathing free,
Sounds, like the murmur of the long lost sea,
So loved of old.

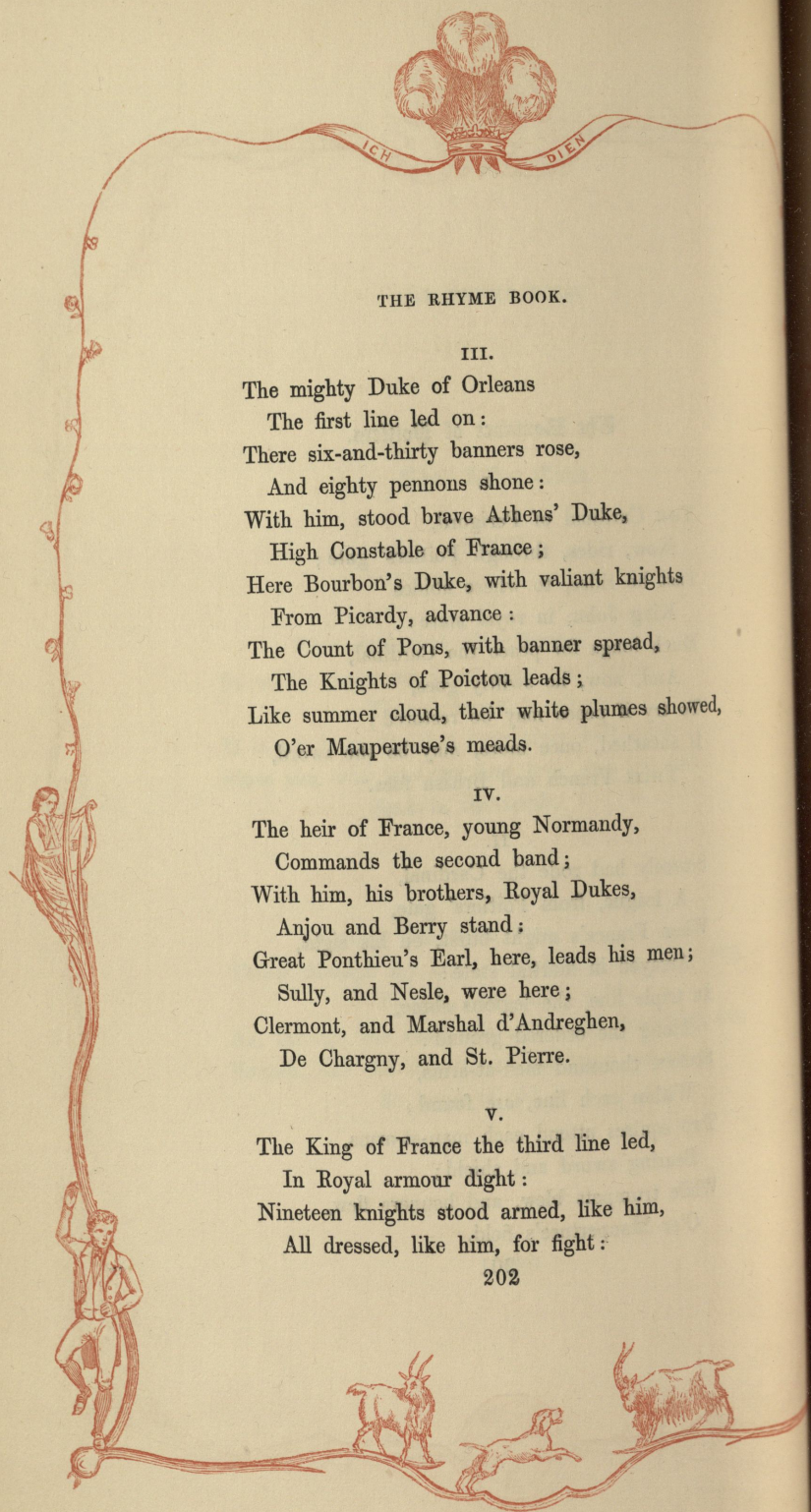
The Romance of Poitiers.

I.

The Cardinal of Perigord,
Now, rides, through Poitiers' gate;
Fast he rides, to where abides
King John, in royal state:
Much longs for peace the Cardinal,
And, now, he swiftly goes,
To try if peace may be restored;
If sheathed, once more, may be the sword,
'Twixt French and British foes.

II.

Scarcely had rode the Cardinal,
A league, from Poitiers' gate,
When France's might burst, on his sight,
Arrayed in martial state:
In triple line, the legions shine,
Along the ordered ground:
Sixteen thousand men-at-arms,
Within each line, are found;
Two squires attend each man-at-arms,
Bearing sword and shield;
While trumpets blew, and banners flew,
O'er Maupertuse's field.



III.

The mighty Duke of Orleans
The first line led on:
There six-and-thirty banners rose,
And eighty pennons shone:
With him, stood brave Athens' Duke,
High Constable of France;
Here Bourbon's Duke, with valiant knights
From Picardy, advance:
The Count of Pons, with banner spread,
The Knights of Poictou leads;
Like summer cloud, their white plumes showed,
O'er Maupertuse's meads.

IV.

The heir of France, young Normandy,
Commands the second band;
With him, his brothers, Royal Dukes,
Anjou and Berry stand:
Great Ponthieu's Earl, here, leads his men;
Sully, and Nesle, were here;
Clermont, and Marshal d'Andreghen,
De Chargny, and St. Pierre.

V.

The King of France the third line led,
In Royal armour dight:
Nineteen knights stood armed, like him,
All dressed, like him, for fight:

A mighty force of German horse,
In this line, wield the brand;
Saltzburg, and Neydo, and Nassau,
This German force command:
The Douglas, here, leads on his Scots,
To aid the French King, now,
Forgetful of his pilgrimage,
Unmindful of his vow.

VI.

All that is noble in fair France
Are gathered in this field:
Five-and-twenty Dukes and Earls
Uplift the blazoned shield.
With shining arms, and tossing plumes,
And war-steeds prancing high,
Are seen, beneath their banners ranged,
All France's Chivalry.

VII.

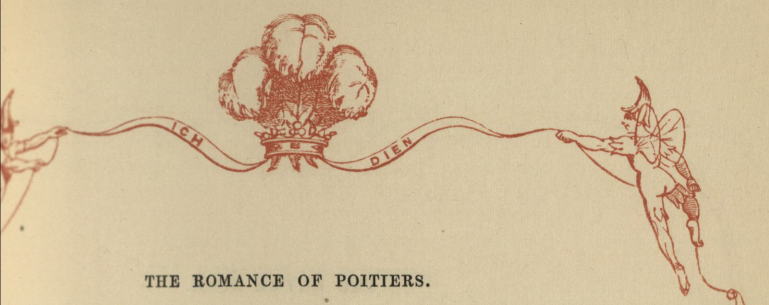
To the front King John now comes,
Amid the trumpets' sound;
A palfrey white as snow he rides,
Along the measured ground;
Upon his helm the crown of France,
All bright with gems is seen;
And, thus, his warriors he addressed,
Arrayed on Poitiers' green.

VIII.

"Warriors and Chiefs, who hither march,
From Paris, and from Rouen's side,
From Orleans, and Chartres famed,
How often have you cried?
Let us but meet, in battle-field,
These British hounds of hell,
Who have despoiled our lands and towns,
And we'll take vengeance fell.
Now is your fond wish gratified,
Behold the robber band!
Who have destroyed with fire and sword,
The cities of our land.
Against their host I'll lead you on,
And deep revenge we'll take;
Then Chiefs and Warriors onward charge,
For France and vengeance' sake!"

IX.

Loud then rose the cheering;
"Lead on! Lead on!" they cried:
Lances flashed, and broadswords clashed,
And banners waved in pride:—
But just as the first step was ta'en,
In march against the foe;
And just as the first trumpet pealed
Its notes of blood and woe;



The Cardinal of Perigord
Rode up, in reeking haste;
And to the valiant King of France,
His message, thus, addressed:—

X.

"My Son! my Son! for Christ's dear sake,
From thoughts of blood forbear:
Think of the precious souls around,
Confided to your care:
This scanty way-worn British host,
Without a fight, may yield;
And, from thy Royal mercy, seek
Escape from battle-field.
Then spare the Christian blood, and say
What terms you, yet, will take;
And grant that I may go, and try,
A treaty firm to make."

XI.

"Right willingly," King John replied,
"We grant thy Christian prayer;
All freely go, and to the foe
Our terms of peace declare:
Each man, who stands, in yonder host,
Must France's prisoner yield;
Or with his blood, we'll drench the sod
Of Maupertuse's field.

XII.

Away then rode the Cardinal,
With hopes of peace he sped:
Fast he hies, till he espies,
The British Standard spread.

XIII.

Two thousand British men-at-arms,
Four thousand archers true,
And fifteen hundred infantry,
Now burst upon his view:
The Prince of Wales this force commands,
In sable hauberk dight;
Beside him, Sir John Chandos stands,
The thunderbolt of fight:
Oxford, and Warwick, valiant Earls,
And gallant Salisbury;
Suffolk, and Stafford, Earls of might,
Who knew not how to flee;
Cobham, Spenser, Warren famed,
And stalwarth Willoughby,
Basset, and Mauley, gathered round
This Prince of Chivalry.

XIV.

Never was force more strongly placed,
Than this small British host;
No way of safety or defence
Was by its leader lost:

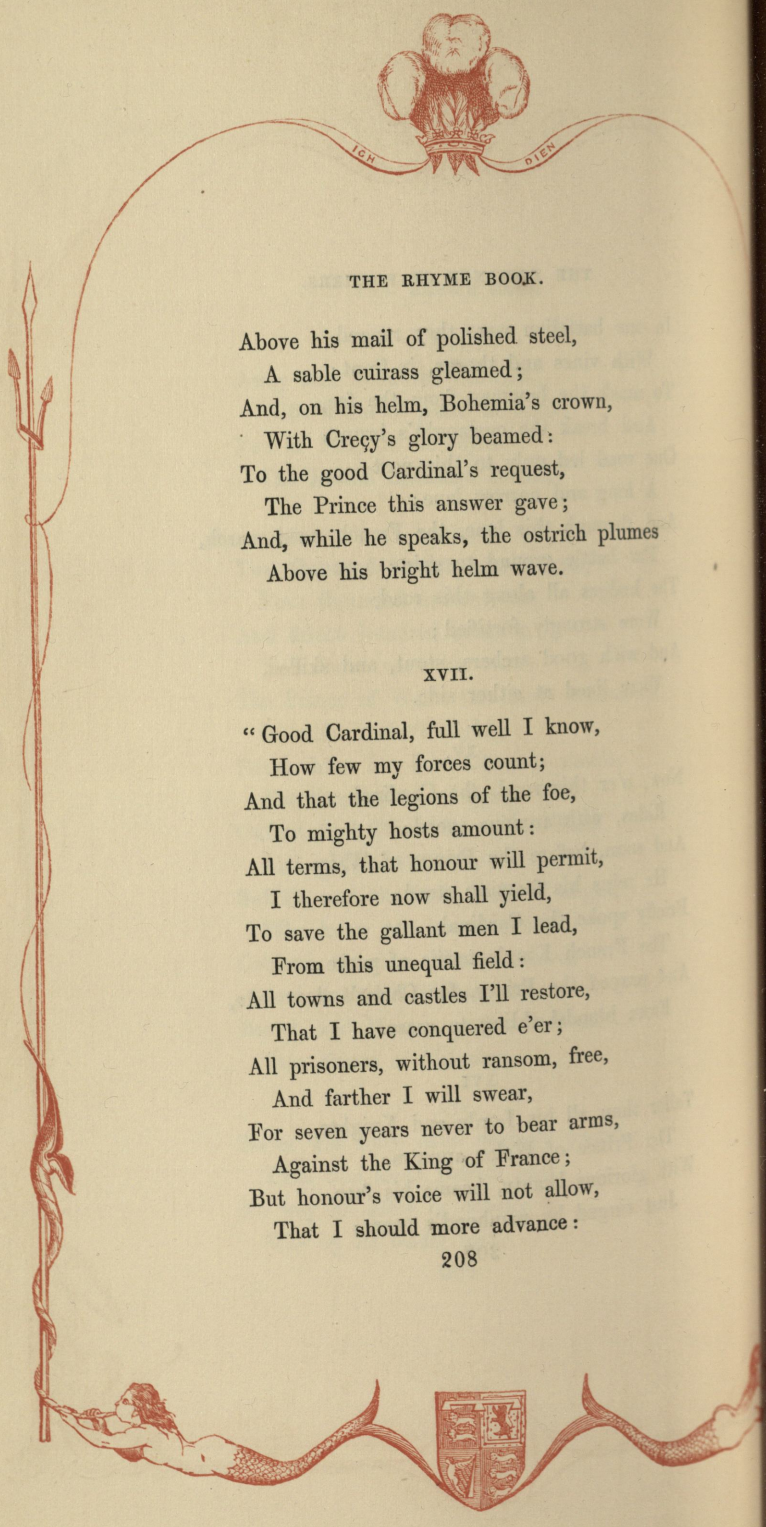
In one battalion were they ranged,
With vines and thorns, in front;
To mask the bowman from the foe,
And break the onslaught's brunt:
One road led only to this post—
A long and narrow lane;
And, through this lane, the French must march,
The battle ground to gain:
The hedges all along this road,
Were strongly fortified;
And with good archers, stout, and skilled,
Were lined at either side.

XV.

Now, o'er this road, the Cardinal
Rides, with anxious speed;
And soon, before the Prince of Wales,
He reins his foaming steed:
Briefly spoke the Cardinal
The French King's terms of peace;
And prayed the Prince, for Christ's dear sake,
From bloodshedding to cease.

XVI.

Taller than all his Lords and Knights,
The Prince of Wales appears;
With glorious beauty, beams his face,
Just tinged by manhood's years:



Above his mail of polished steel,
A sable cuirass gleamed;
And, on his helm, Bohemia's crown,
With Creçy's glory beamed:
To the good Cardinal's request,
The Prince this answer gave;
And, while he speaks, the ostrich plumes
Above his bright helm wave.

XVII.

"Good Cardinal, full well I know,
How few my forces count;
And that the legions of the foe,
To mighty hosts amount:
All terms, that honour will permit,
I therefore now shall yield,
To save the gallant men I lead,
From this unequal field:
All towns and castles I'll restore,
That I have conquered e'er;
All prisoners, without ransom, free,
And farther I will swear,
For seven years never to bear arms,
Against the King of France;
But honour's voice will not allow,
That I should more advance:

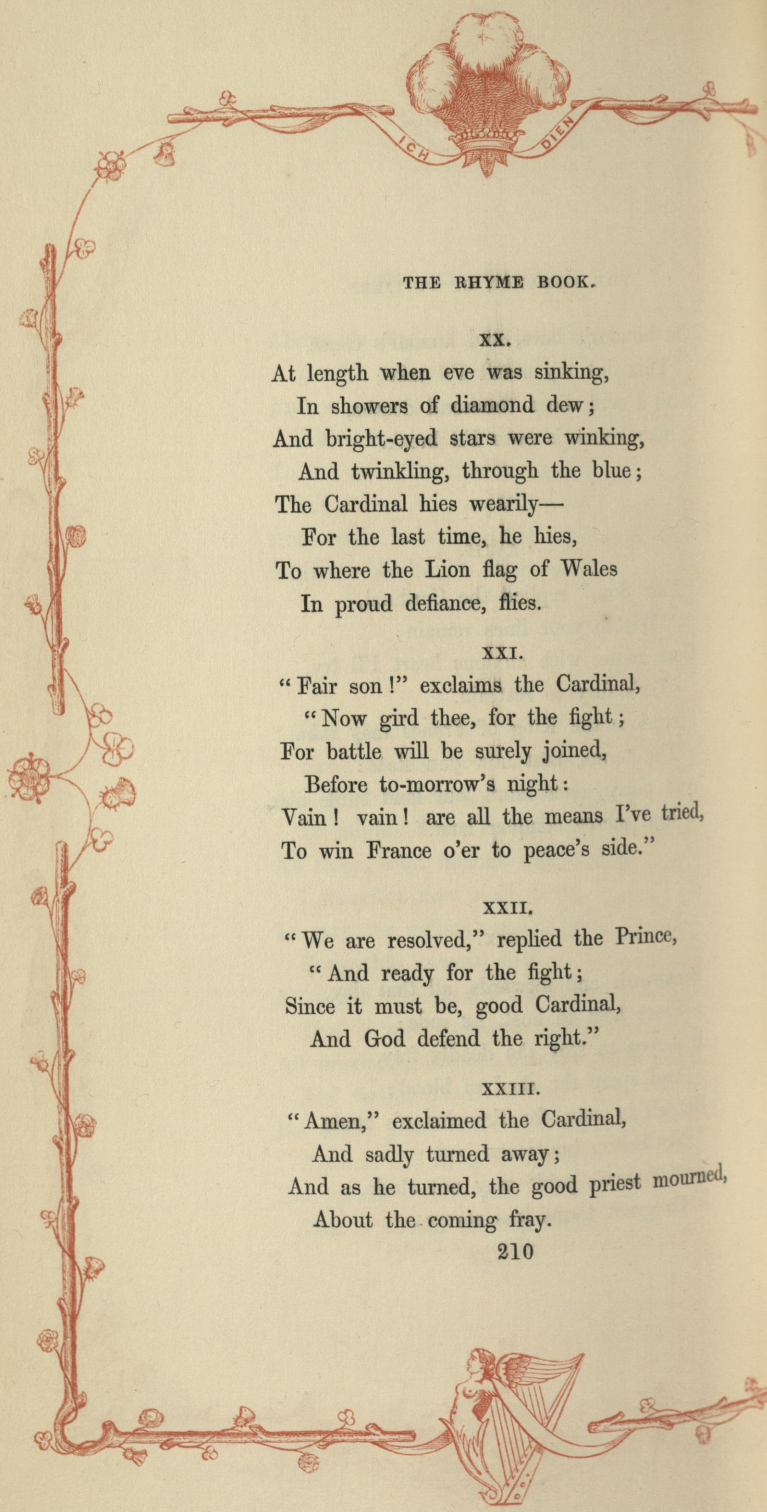
On honour's laws, and honour's cause,
This day my stand I'll take;
And I will die a thousand deaths,
Ere honour's laws I'll break."

XVIII.

"Fair Son," replied the Cardinal,
"Within your lines remain;
Once more, with anxious heart I'll try,
War's fury to restrain.
Perchance the King of France may take
The terms, that now you state:
And peace, once more, our land smile o'er,
And mercy conquer hate."

XIX.

Backwards and forwards, all that day,
From host to host, he rode:
In hopes to stay the deadly fray,
And spare the shed of blood:
But all in vain, for Frenchman's chain
No Briton brave can bear:
And France's pride may not abide,
To grant terms less severe.



XX.

At length when eve was sinking,
In showers of diamond dew;
And bright-eyed stars were winking,
And twinkling, through the blue;
The Cardinal hies wearily—
For the last time, he hies,
To where the Lion flag of Wales
In proud defiance, flies.

XXI.

"Fair son!" exclaims the Cardinal,
"Now gird thee, for the fight;
For battle will be surely joined,
Before to-morrow's night:
Vain! vain! are all the means I've tried,
To win France o'er to peace's side."

XXII.

"We are resolved," replied the Prince,
"And ready for the fight;
Since it must be, good Cardinal,
And God defend the right."

XXIII.

"Amen," exclaimed the Cardinal,
And sadly turned away;
And as he turned, the good priest mourned,
About the coming fray.

XXIV.

And now the sun rushed downwards,
And sank beneath the sea;
Night its sable wing extends,
O'er sky, and wave, and lea:
The British host, now, bent the knee,
Beneath the starry vault;
And prayed to Him, by whose high aid,
All mighty deeds are wrought;
Then laid them down, and sank to rest,
Upon the battle ground;
And dreamed about their distant homes,
Till roused by trumpet's sound.

XXV.

Up sprang the lark from Poitiers' plain,
And heavenward winged her flight;
Up sprang, with her, the British troops,
All ready for the fight:
Now from his tent the Prince of Wales,
In shining armour, moves;
And thus, with cheering words, addressed
The chiefs he leads and loves.

XXVI.

"Brave Britons, though we count but few,
Compared to yonder host;
Let us not, therefore, be abashed,
Nor shrink from danger's post:

For numbers bring not victory;
But conquest, still, abides,
Where'er the Mighty God of Hosts,
In His high power, decides:
And, if, to our small force, He give
The victory, this day;
Then shall our country's glory live,
Till earth shall pass away:
Let each, now, think of his loved home,
And dear ones, far away;
And pray to Him, who conquest gives,
To aid us in this fray:
Then draw the brand, uplift the hand,
And strike for home and fatherland."

XXVII.

Now stepped forth James Lord Audley;
A valiant knight was he;
And to the Prince of Wales addressed
This prayer, on bended knee.

XXVIII.

"A vow! a vow! a sacred vow!
My Royal Prince! I've ta'en;
Permit me to redeem it now,
Or die upon this plain:
I've vowed that, if I ere should fight,
For thine, or for thy father's right,

That, foremost, I would charge the foe;
That I would strike the, foremost, blow;
And gain the, foremost, fame of all;
Or fighting, 'mid the foremost, fall."

XXIX.

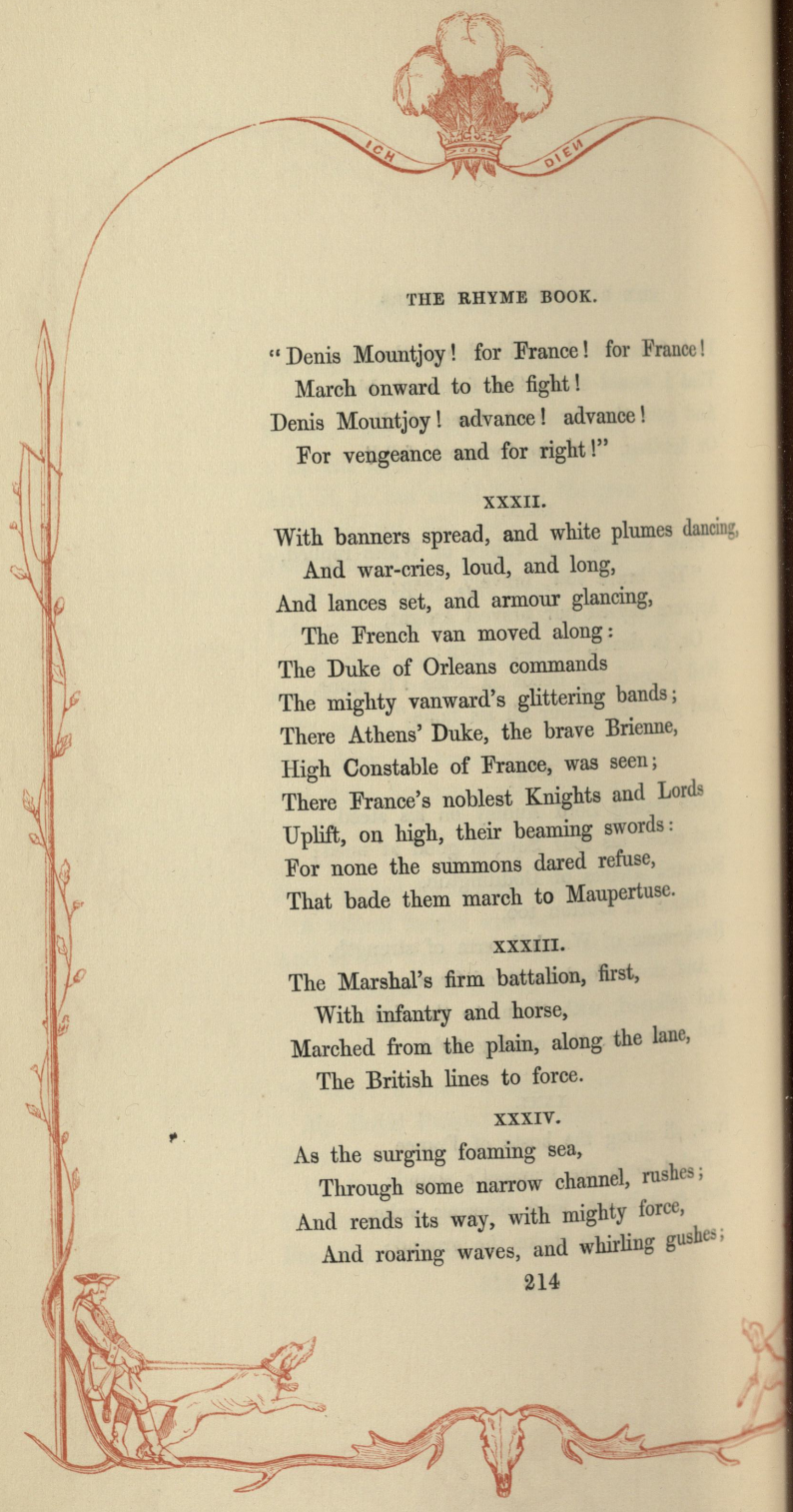
"Brave James," the Prince of Wales replied,
"Thy brave vow, bravely, keep;
Approve thyself our bravest knight,
Or, in death, bravely sleep:
Well pleased thy deeds in arms I'll name,
And give thy valour all its fame."

XXX.

Quick sprang Lord Audley on his steed,
And called his four Squires good at need;
Stalwarth Delves of Doddington,
Dutton of Dutton too,
Hawkestone of Wainhill, arm of strength,
And stout Fowlehurst of Crew;
And galloped, with them, to the right,
And waited for the coming fight.

XXXI.

Now, all along the hosts of France,
Pealed forth the trumpet's sound;
And, as it broke, loud cheering woke,
And seemed to shake the ground:



"Denis Mountjoy! for France! for France!
March onward to the fight!
Denis Mountjoy! advance! advance!
For vengeance and for right!"

XXXII.

With banners spread, and white plumes dancing,
And war-cries, loud, and long,
And lances set, and armour glancing,
The French van moved along:
The Duke of Orleans commands
The mighty vanward's glittering bands;
There Athens' Duke, the brave Brienne,
High Constable of France, was seen;
There France's noblest Knights and Lords
Uplift, on high, their beaming swords:
For none the summons dared refuse,
That bade them march to Maupertuse.

XXXIII.

The Marshal's firm battalion, first,
With infantry and horse,
Marched from the plain, along the lane,
The British lines to force.

XXXIV.

As the surging foaming sea,
Through some narrow channel, rushes;
And rends its way, with mighty force,
And roaring waves, and whirling gushes;

So rushed the French van, through the lane;
So rose their cries, like ocean roaring;
So tossed their plumes, like wreaths of foam,
With lances set, and banners soaring.

XXXV.

Now twanged the bows, on either side,
The narrow crowded lane;
Like showers of snow, the broadshafts flew,
And heaped the road, with slain:
Well fortified, with fosses wide,
Good aim the archers take;
And lay the foe, in thousands, low;
And wide-spread havoc make.
Pierced by the shafts, the war-steeds plunge,
And rush, in mad career;
And spread dismay, through the array,
Disorder, rout, and fear.

XXXVI.

Now turned Lord Audley to his Squires,
And showed the broken foes;
And shook his battle-axe on high;
And drew his vizor close;
And struck his sharp spur, in his steed,
And urged him to his utmost speed.

XXXVII.

As the lightning rends the oak,
With its forked and fiery flashes;
So, through the Frenchmen, Audley broke,
So swiftly towards their standard dashes;
Right and left, his way he cleft,
With battle-axe, the lines dividing;
While left and right, to aid the fight,
His Squires, like Paladins, were riding.

XXXVIII.

Towards the standard, Audley drives;
Soon, beside it, he arrives;
There stood Marshal d'Andreghen,
Leading on his valiant men:
Fierce the fight, between them, rose;
Thunderlike, were heard their blows;
Fierce the conflict, but soon o'er;
D'Andreghen falls, wounded sore;
Bleeding, on the ground, he lies;
While, still onward, Audley hies,
And marks his path, o'er Poitiers' plain,
By streams of blood, and heaps of slain.

XXXIX.

And now the captal of famed Buch
A circuit wide had ta'en;
And by the Prince's high command,
Charged swiftly o'er the plain:

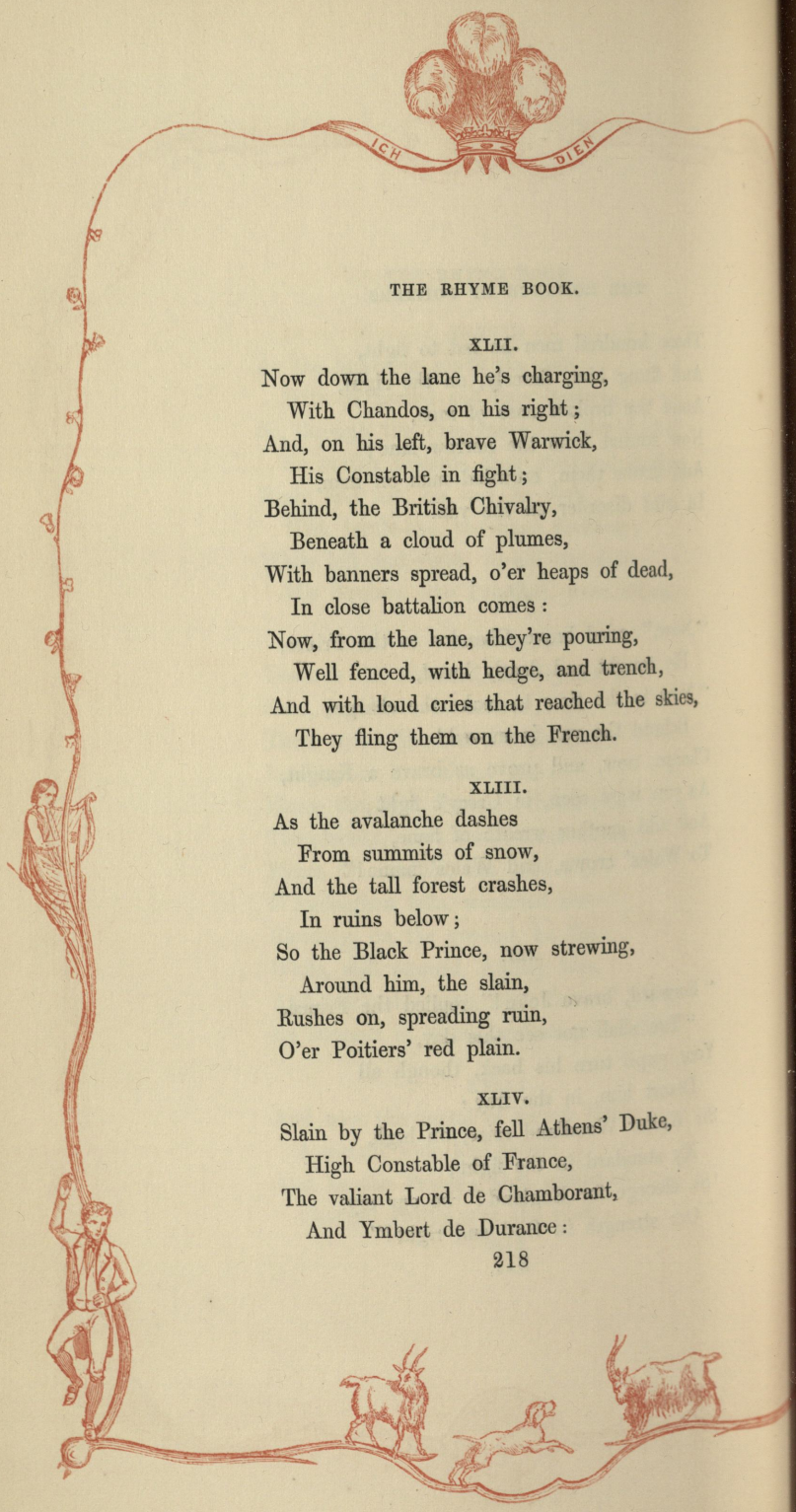
Three hundred men he led to fight,
And flung him, fiercely, on the right,
Amid the broken mass of men,
Now routed from the narrow lane;
And drove them, crowded man on man,
In wild disorder on the van.

XL.

"Now," cried brave Chandos to the Prince,
He taught and dearly loved,
"Now is the time to make the charge;
Behold the van is moved!
Charge, now, and prove as brave a Knight,
As you were seen, in Crecy's fight;
And add another wreath of fame,
To Wales' crown, and Wales' name!"

XLI.

"Forward, brave John!" replied the Prince,
"You shall not see this day,
Your pupil turn his back, though all
Desert him, in the fray:
Sir Walter Woodland raise, on high,
My standard in the fight;
'St. George for England!' be our cry,
Our strength in God and right!"



XLII.

Now down the lane he's charging,
With Chandos, on his right;
And, on his left, brave Warwick,
His Constable in fight;
Behind, the British Chivalry,
Beneath a cloud of plumes,
With banners spread, o'er heaps of dead,
In close battalion comes:
Now, from the lane, they're pouring,
Well fenced, with hedge, and trench,
And with loud cries that reached the skies,
They fling them on the French.

XLIII.

As the avalanche dashes
From summits of snow,
And the tall forest crashes,
In ruins below;
So the Black Prince, now strewing,
Around him, the slain,
Rushes on, spreading ruin,
O'er Poitiers' red plain.

XLIV.

Slain by the Prince, fell Athens' Duke,
High Constable of France,
The valiant Lord de Chamborant,
And Ymbert de Durance:

By Chandos, fell the Lords de Lisle,
De Brosse, and Chambely:
Warwick slew Corbon, and Proville,
And brave De Chauvigny:
With crimsoned sword, each British Lord
His path, with slaughter, strews,
And heaps, with slain, the gory plain
Of ancient Maupertuse:
And, ever, in the fiercest shock,
Amid the battle's gloom,
Where blood flows most, throughout the host,
Is seen the ostrich plume.

XLV.

And now the French van breaks in twain,
Before the Prince of Wales;
Its wings, like sheep, are scattered wild,
Its bravest champion quails:
The field of Maupertuse is cleared
Of all the vanward band;
Nor, of its sixteen thousand men,
Can one now raise the brand.

XLVI.

And here, low laid, beneath a hedge,
Sore wounded in the fray,
Attended by his faithful Squires,
The brave Lord Audley lay:

And when the Prince beheld his friend,
His tears of joy fast broke;
With cheering look, his hand he took,
And thus he kindly spoke.

XLVII.

"Right well, brave friend, you've kept your vow,
And gained the foremost name;
And dealt the foe the foremost blow,
And earned the foremost fame:
Let all men hear, I now declare,
O'er every Lord, and Knight,
The highest fame doth Audley bear,
From Poitiers' bloody fight:
As my own Knight, I here retain,
For ever Audley's Lord,
In court, and camp, in peace, and war,
In fight, and festive board:
With marks five hundred, yearly paid,
For ever, I endow
The Knight, who gained the foremost fame,
And kept the valiant vow."

XLVIII.

Then onward passed he, like the blast,
Amid the battle's tide;
And Audley called his valiant Squires
Together to his side,

And, whilst around their Lord they pressed,
His dauntless Squires he, thus, addressed:—

XLIX.

"Enough for me, that I am named,
By Wales, the bravest Knight;
More than enough, that I am famed,
O'er all, in Poitiers' fight:
To you, brave partners of my toils,
These golden marks I yield;
In equal shares, this fortune take,
As prize of Poitiers' field:
Oh! Squires, through all earth's chivalry,
Unmatched for truth and bravery!"

L.

Onward they rush o'er dead and dying—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Wales to the onset! loudly crying—
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Upon the German bands they dash;
Like thunder-peals, their lances crash;
And, now, by lance, and axe, and sword,
The blood, in streams, around is poured.

LI.

Now, hand to hand, amid that band,
Nassau and Wales, in combat stand:

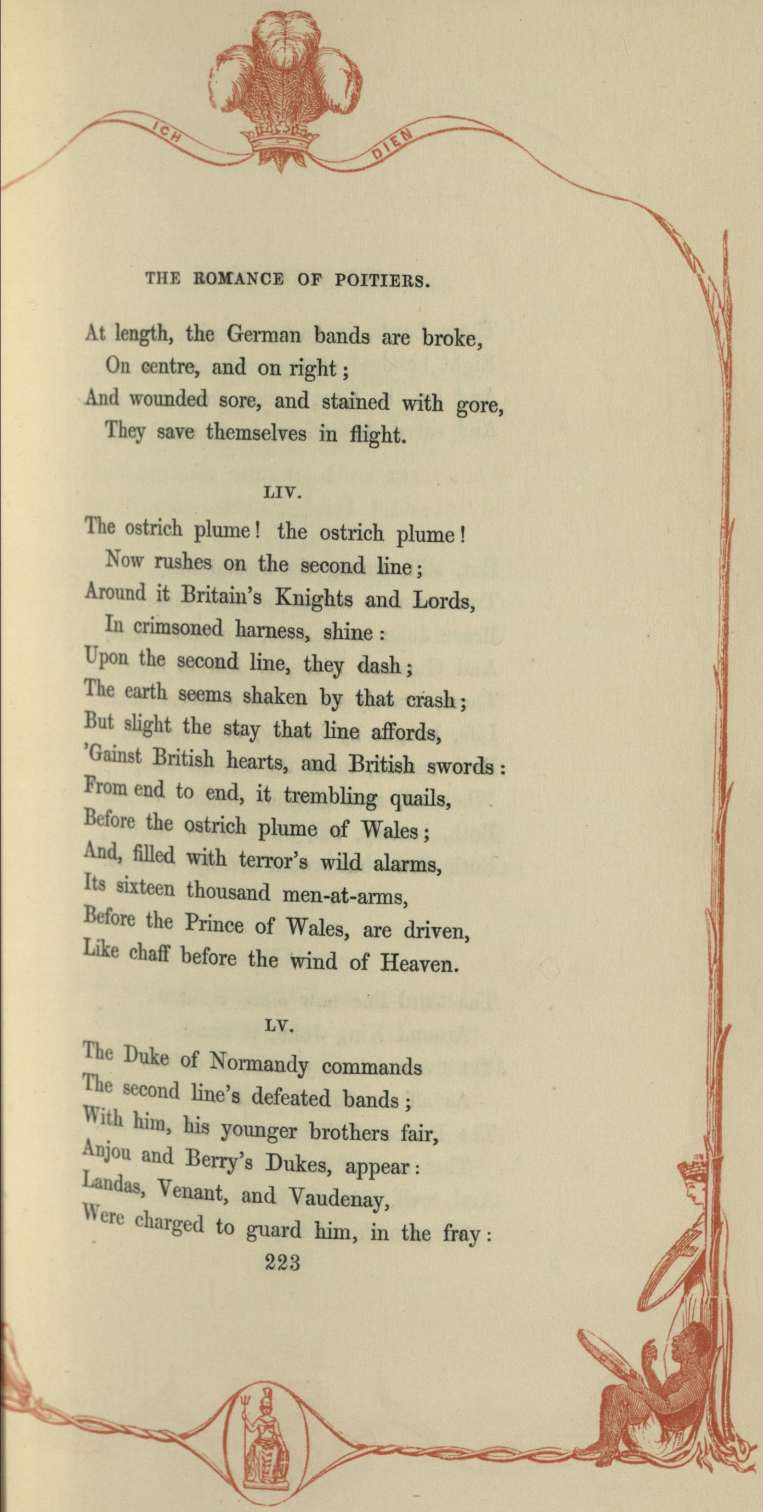
Strong was the Earl, yet short the fray;
Great was his fame, yet slight the stay;
With helm and forehead cleft in twain,
Brave Nassau sinks, upon the plain;
While onward, like the flag of doom,
Still onward! flies the ostrich plume!

LII.

With broadsword raised, by Wales' side,
Brave Chandos, ever, moves;
His care to guard, with watch and ward,
The Prince he guides, and loves:
And many a blow, from stealthy foe,
By Chandos' watching fails,
That sought to slay, upon that day,
The valiant Prince of Wales.

LIII.

Warwick and Salisbury, now, strove,
Like lions, in the fray;
Who Poitiers' plain the most should drench,
With Frenchman's blood, that day:
By Salisbury, stout Saltzburg fell;
Neydo, by Warwick, died;
And as they rushed, across the plain,
High flowed the gory tide:



At length, the German bands are broke,
On centre, and on right;
And wounded sore, and stained with gore,
They save themselves in flight.

LIV.

The ostrich plume! the ostrich plume!
Now rushes on the second line;
Around it Britain's Knights and Lords,
In crimsoned harness, shine:
Upon the second line, they dash;
The earth seems shaken by that crash;
But slight the stay that line affords,
'Gainst British hearts, and British swords:
From end to end, it trembling quails,
Before the ostrich plume of Wales;
And, filled with terror's wild alarms,
Its sixteen thousand men-at-arms,
Before the Prince of Wales, are driven,
Like chaff before the wind of Heaven.

LV.

The Duke of Normandy commands
The second line's defeated bands;
With him, his younger brothers fair,
Anjou and Berry's Dukes, appear:
Landas, Venant, and Vaudenay,
Were charged to guard him, in the fray:

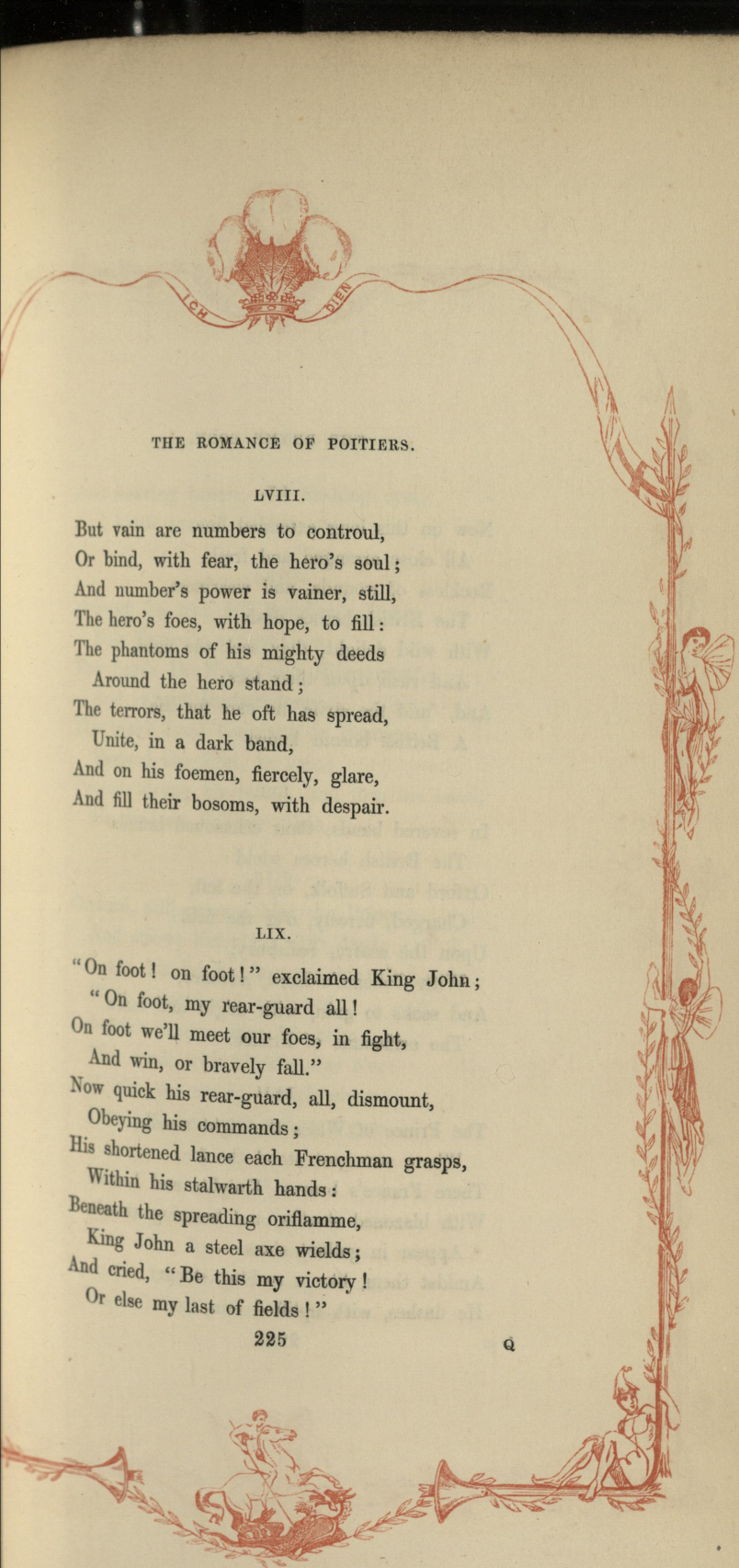
These Lords, in haste, a legion formed,
Eight hundred strong, and heavy armed,
And led the King's sons, from the fight,
And saved themselves, in shameful flight.

LVI.

But, still, among the second line,
Two stainless heroes brightly shine;
Brave John de Saintre, honoured name,
And Guiscard D'Angle, dear to fame;
These, bravely stood, when others turned;
Life, bought by infamy, both spurned;
Both rushed, amid the British host,
When all, save glorious death, was lost;
Both, bravely, fell, on Poitiers' field—
Both died—but would not fly, or yield.

LVII.

The third line now alone remains;
  Around King John, it stands:
Yet twice as many, still, it counts,
  As all the British bands:
The Prince of Wales, well, might dread,
  That host of foes to see;
And, well, that single line might hope,
  To gain the victory.



LVIII.

But vain are numbers to controul,
Or bind, with fear, the hero's soul;
And number's power is vainer, still,
The hero's foes, with hope, to fill:
The phantoms of his mighty deeds
  Around the hero stand;
The terrors, that he oft has spread,
  Unite, in a dark band,
And on his foemen, fiercely, glare,
And fill their bosoms, with despair.

LIX.

"On foot! on foot!" exclaimed King John;
  "On foot, my rear-guard all!
On foot we'll meet our foes, in fight,
  And win, or bravely fall."
Now quick his rear-guard, all, dismount,
  Obeying his commands;
His shortened lance each Frenchman grasps,
  Within his stalwarth hands:
Beneath the spreading oriflamme,
  King John a steel axe wields;
And cried, "Be this my victory!
  Or else my last of fields!"

LX.

Now on this long extended line,
All close arranged and fresh,
Reckless of wounds, and weariness,
The British heroes dash:
With wild delight, they seek the fight,
And rush upon their foes;
And, 'mid the strife, no care for life
A British bosom knows

LXI.

In severed bands, their crimsoned brands
The British heroes wield:
Oxford and Suffolk, on the left,
Charged, fiercely, o'er the field:
Upon the centre, Salisbury,
With Cobham's Lord, advance,
And seeks to gain, with might and main,
The oriflamme of France.

LXII.

The Prince of Wales the right assails,
Where strongest stood the foe;
There France's bravest Knights and Lords,
With blazoned shields, and beaming swords,
Appear in gallant show:
Amidst them, like a rushing storm,
He dashes, with uplifted arm,

And heaving breast, and flashing eyes,
And battle-axe of mighty size.

LXIII.

Beneath his axe, fell Bourbon's Duke,
Fair France's noblest peer,
The Lords De Nesle, and Ribeaumont,
And valiant Rocheriviere:
The brave Lord Guiscard de Beaujeu
Essayed the fight, in vain;
Though strong his brand, and firm his hand,
He died on Poitiers' plain.

LXIV.

Onward, still onward hies the Prince,
And strews the plain with dead;
His axe, his hand, his arms, his steed,
Were covered, all, with red:
Bohemia's crown, upon his helm,
Was dyed, with blood-stains o'er;
And, e'en the snowy ostrich plumes,
Were splashed with crimson gore.

LXV.

While these wondrous deeds of arms
Were done, by dauntless Wales,
Upon the left, with foaming steed,
Brave Oxford's Earl assails;

There stood the false Lord Douglas,
With many an iron Scot;
Though sworn to fight, for Christ alone,
His oath and vow's forgot.

LXVI.

Upon the false Lord's shoulder,
Brave Oxford's axe descends;
Through hauberk, and through shoulder-plate,
Its way the strong axe rends:
With gaping wound, and gushing blood,
The false Scot flees away;
In dread, lest he be prisoner ta'en,
By British arms, that day:
But scarce a Scot, of all his band,
With perjured Douglas fled;
For British vengeance laid them low
Amid the heaps of dead.

LXVII.

There, too, fell brave Lords Mirabeau,
Chaumont, and Beauvilliers,
St. Denis, Brinac, and Melun,
Marchmont, and St. Dizier:
And now the left is broken, all,
Its valiant leaders slain;
And the survivors routed flee
O'er Poitiers' bloody plain.



LXVIII.

Across the ground, where stood the left,
The British archers hie,
And, 'gainst the centre's rear, they make
Their shafts, in dense clouds fly:
In front, the brave Lord Salisbury
Cries, rushing through the strife,
"This day I'll take the oriflamme,
Or lose for it my life!"

LXIX.

The oriflamme Lord Chargny lifts,
On high, amid the fight;
And, by it, stands the brave King John,
And wields his axe of might:
His son, the youthful Burgundy,
He guards, from rushing foes;
And, round him, deals, like thunder-peals,
His axe's deadly blows.

LXX.

If but a fourth of those he led,
Had fought e'en half as well,
A different tale of Poitiers' field
My song would have to tell:
If but a fourth of those he led,
Had fought, like him, that day,
The scanty band, from Britain's land,
Had gained no victory.

LXXI.

Amid the centre, front and rear,
Are mingled friends and foes,
With tumult wild, and fury blind,
The combatants, now, close:
Now forward rushed brave Salisbury,
The oriflamme he seized;
His left hand grasped it, while his right
His battle-axe upraised,
And cleft De Chargny through the head,
And laid the hero 'mongst the dead;
And bore the oriflamme away,
In triumph, through the bloody fray.

LXXII.

Backwards, and forwards, swayed the fight,
Around the brave King John;
Like a dark heaving, foaming sea,
The British hosts rush on:
Around his person, they advance,
With sword, and battle-axe, and lance;
And, from the nearest in the field,
Loud swelled the cry of—"Yield, King! yield!"

LXXIII.

Now rushing, towards the brave King John,
A stalwarth Knight comes nigh;
And cried, "Brave King! my prisoner yield;
Now yield thee up, or die!"

"Whom shall I yield to," cried the King,
"I know not who assails?
Oh! would I might my cousin see,
The valiant Prince of Wales!"

LXXIV.

"Denys de Morbeque is my name,"
Replied the stalwarth Knight,
"Oh! yield to me, and with my life,
I'll guard thee, in the fight."
Then gave King John his right hand glaive,
His prisoner thence to be—
Oh! day of grief, when France's chief
A captive's dole must dree!

LXXV.

Now, on the right, had ceased the fight;
No Frenchman, now, assails;
All foes are dead, or ta'en, or fled,
Before the Prince of Wales.
As a tall lion, 'midst a herd,
He stretched in death around;
So stands the dauntless Prince of Wales,
Upon that blood-stained ground.

LXXVI.

Then said brave Chandos to the Prince,
"'Tis fit you here should stay;
And raise your standard on a tree,
As signal through the fray,

To call back those, who far have strayed,
And bid them join their lines, with speed."

LXXVII.

"Let it be so," replied the Prince;
And soon, upraised on high,
The lion banner floats aloft,
Observed by every eye.

LXXVIII.

Now towards the Prince speeds Salisbury,
Upon his courser fleet;
The oriflamme he bears aloft,
And lays it at his feet;
And, scarcely, had he placed it there,
When Cobham comes in sight,
And brings the helmet of King John,
On which was placed his royal crown,
Begemmed with jewels bright;
And gives it to the Prince of Wales,
As trophy of the fight.

LXXIX.

"The fight is o'er," Lord Cobham cries,
"Our dead foes heap the plain:
Full twice as many as our host,
Are prisoners by us ta'en;

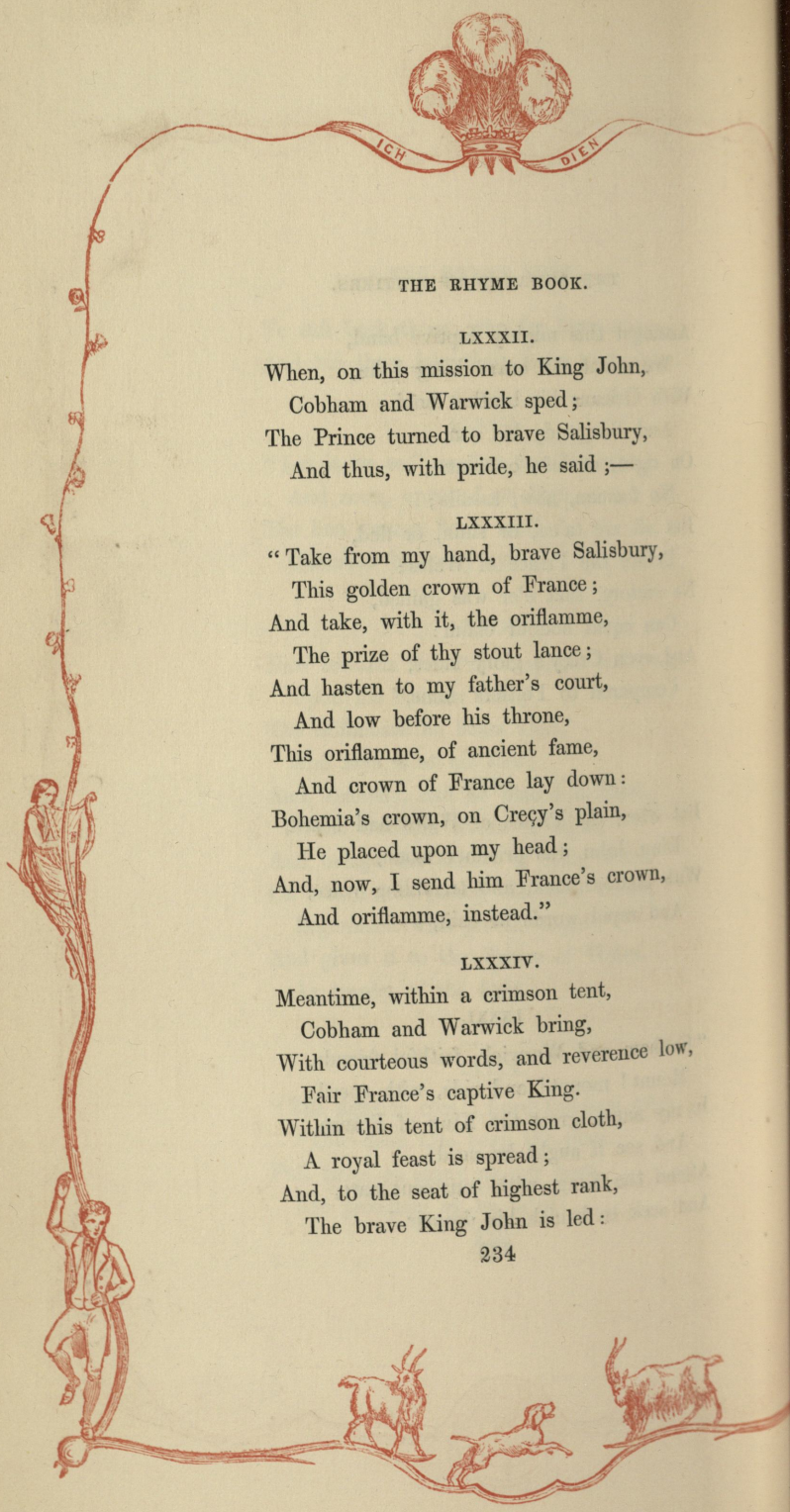
Amongst this mighty captive band,
We count the brave King John,
With Orleans his brother bold,
And Burgundy his son.
On right, or left, or centre,
No foeman, now, assails;
But all are ta'en, or slain, or fled,
Before the Prince of Wales:
No victory, that e'er was gained,
Can equal honour claim:
And even Creçy's glory fades,
Compared to Poitiers' fame."

LXXX.

But when the Prince of Wales had heard,
King John was prisoner made,
With anxious look, and trembling voice,
And rapid words he said,—

LXXXI.

"Cobham and Warwick, faithful friends,
Mount! mount! and ride, with speed;
In my name, greet the King of France,
And see if aught he need:
Attend the King, with courteous care,
And seek to banish his despair."



LXXXII.

When, on this mission to King John,
Cobham and Warwick sped;
The Prince turned to brave Salisbury,
And thus, with pride, he said;—

LXXXIII.

"Take from my hand, brave Salisbury,
This golden crown of France;
And take, with it, the oriflamme,
The prize of thy stout lance;
And hasten to my father's court,
And low before his throne,
This oriflamme, of ancient fame,
And crown of France lay down:
Bohemia's crown, on Creçy's plain,
He placed upon my head;
And, now, I send him France's crown,
And oriflamme, instead."

LXXXIV.

Meantime, within a crimson tent,
Cobham and Warwick bring,
With courteous words, and reverence low,
Fair France's captive King.
Within this tent of crimson cloth,
A royal feast is spread;
And, to the seat of highest rank,
The brave King John is led:

Beside him, sits great Orleans,
And youthful Burgundy;
And, on each side, in place of pride,
His captive chivalry.

LXXXV.

The Prince of Wales, in humble guise,
Attends his royal guest;
And serves the dishes, on the board,
And tries to cheer his breast:
But oft declines the Prince to take,
Though pressed by John, his seat;
To sit with mighty kings he saith,
Is honour all too great.

LXXXVI.

And ever, as the Prince observes
The French King pale with grief,
With kindly acts, and courteous words,
He seeks to bring relief;
And when the meats are all removed,
And wine before each guest,
The Prince of Wales, with cheering words,
The captive King addressed :—

LXXXVII.

"Dear Sire, you should not grieve to think,
This day the fight you've lost,
Since you have proved yourself, in it,
Most brave of all the host:

No man who fought in Poitiers' field,
In fame can vie with thee;
But valour's palm, to thee, all yield,
Oh! King of Chivalry!"

LXXXVIII.

Applauding murmurs, from each guest,
Around the table broke;
And, while sighs heaved his manly breast,
The King of France thus spoke—

LXXXIX.

"Oh! Prince of war, and courtesy,
You've conquered, twice, this day;
And gained a twofold victory—
In peace—and battle fray.
This morn, amid the clash of swords,
You won, from me, the field;
And, now, with kind and courteous words,
Again you've made me yield.

XC.

"Like soft dew on the withered flower,
Your kind words reach my heart;
And make the anguish of this hour
In tears of joy, depart:
In panoply of courtesy,
Oh! Prince without compeer,
You've brought relief, to deepest grief,
And conquered my despair.

XCI.

"Bright circling round Bohemia's crown,
A glory that ne'er fails,
From age to age, shall shed renown,
Upon the name of Wales;
And, when a Prince of Wales is named,
The world shall think of thee,
And deem him, like thyself, most famed,
In war and courtesy!"

For Me.

SONGLET.

I.

Spring soon shall breathe amid our bowers,
And deck each leafless tree;
But not for me shall bloom spring's flowers,
Oh! not for me!

II.

Before the dark-winged swallows come,
Across the azure sea,
The grave shall ope its lampless home,
For me! for me!

III.

But, when my sweet spring flowers shall bloom,
They'll breathe of me to thee;
Then, drop one tear, upon my tomb,
For me! for me!

Votive Flowers.

SONGLET.

I.

Oh! pluck not, yet, those spring flowers rare,
Nor seek to braid them in my hair;
Their perfume loads my gasping breath,
Now struggling, in the grasp of death.

II.

Let them, one short day more, live on,
Then, shall my soul, from earth, be flown;
Then, best beloved one, bring them here,
And, kindly, strew them, on my bier.

III.

And, as you strew those votive flowers,
Oh! think upon our happy hours;
Forget how many woes we proved,
Remember, only, how we loved.

Passing Away.

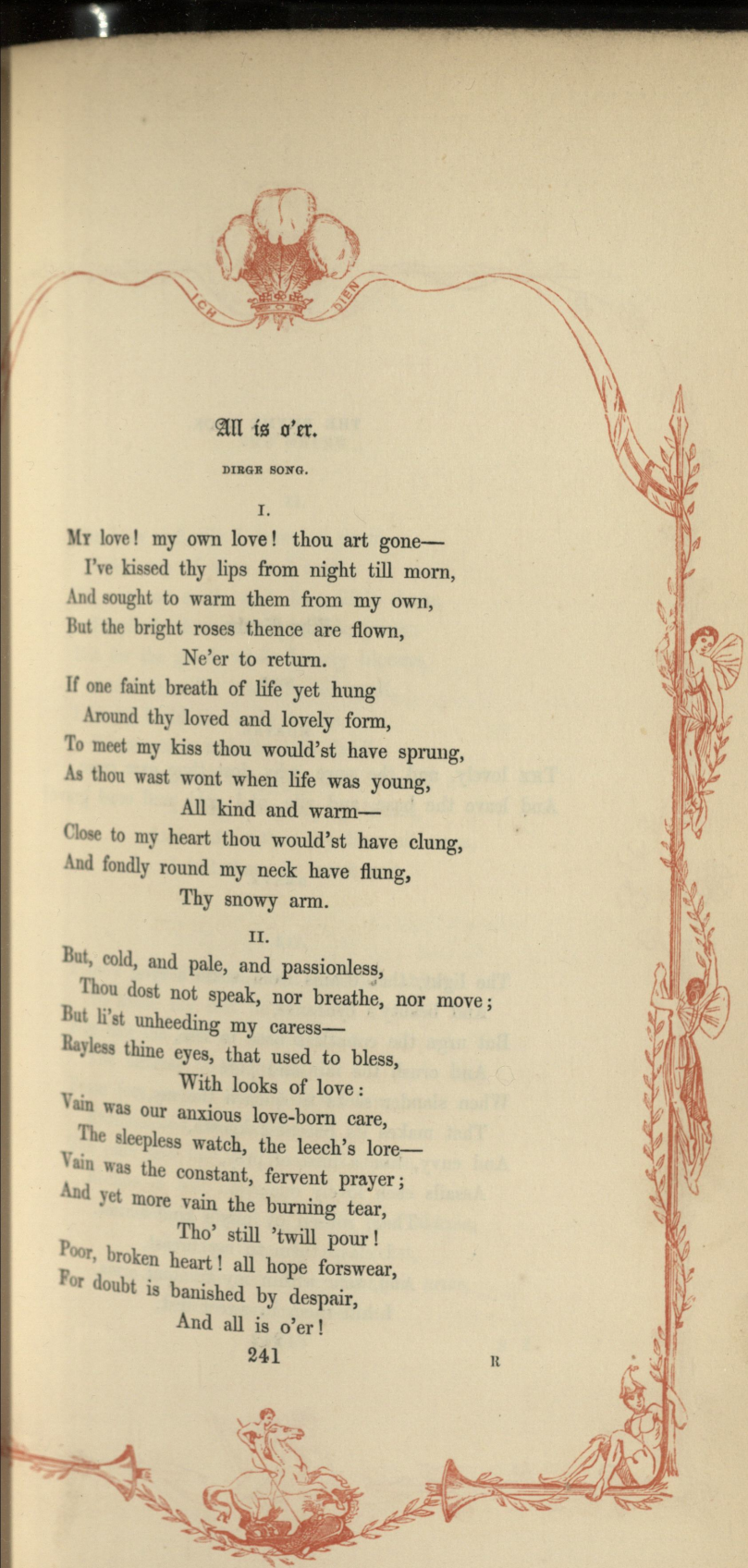
DIRGE SONGLET.

I.

Passing away! passing away!
To the cold, dark, grave—
Passing away! passing away!
Nought can stay or save.
Mourn! mourn! mourn!
She goes ne'er to return.

II.

Passing away! passing away!
Through the silent tomb—
Passing away! passing away!
To the soul's bright home.
Cease! cease! cease!
To weep for those at peace.



All is o'er.

DIRGE SONG.

I.

My love! my own love! thou art gone—
I've kissed thy lips from night till morn,
And sought to warm them from my own,
But the bright roses thence are flown,
Ne'er to return.
If one faint breath of life yet hung
Around thy loved and lovely form,
To meet my kiss thou would'st have sprung,
As thou wast wont when life was young,
All kind and warm—
Close to my heart thou would'st have clung,
And fondly round my neck have flung,
Thy snowy arm.

II.

But, cold, and pale, and passionless,
Thou dost not speak, nor breathe, nor move;
But li'st unheeding my caress—
Rayless thine eyes, that used to bless,
With looks of love:
Vain was our anxious love-born care,
The sleepless watch, the leech's lore—
Vain was the constant, fervent prayer;
And yet more vain the burning tear,
Tho' still 'twill pour!
Poor, broken heart! all hope forswear,
For doubt is banished by despair,
And all is o'er!

The Grave.

SONG.

MORTAL.

THE lovely, and the pure, why dost thou ever crave,
And leave the base, and vile, oh! cold, and cruel grave?

GRAVE.

I.

The light, that beams from virtue's eyes,
And beauty's cynosure,
But urge the countless base to rise,
And crush the fair and pure:
When slander seeks to quench the ray,
That makes its baseness known,
And envy, like a bird of prey,
Assails each lovely one;
Then, roused by pity's kind alarms,
I clasp them to my breast,
And, safe within my tranquil arms,
I lull them in sweet rest.

II.

The base and vile I leave to drain
  Life's cup of woes and tears;
To crawl on earth, and drag life's chain,
  Despised, through long, dark, years:
But for the good, while beauty blooms,
  And love, still, breathes his spell,
I kindly build the early tombs,
  Where peace and freedom dwell.
    Aroused by pity's kind alarms,
      I clasp them to my breast,
    And, safe within my tranquil arms,
      I lull them in sweet rest.

III.

Fame's fevered dream, and passion's thirst,
  To break my rest ne'er come;
Nor can the arm of hatred burst
  The fortress of the tomb.
From foes secure, from sorrows free,
  Enfranchised from all woes,
The pure and fair, by Heaven's decree,
  Recline in soft repose,
    When roused by pity's kind alarms,
      I clasp them to my breast,
    And, safe within my tranquil arms,
      I lull them in sweet rest.

I feel Thy Breath upon my Cheek.

SONG.

I.

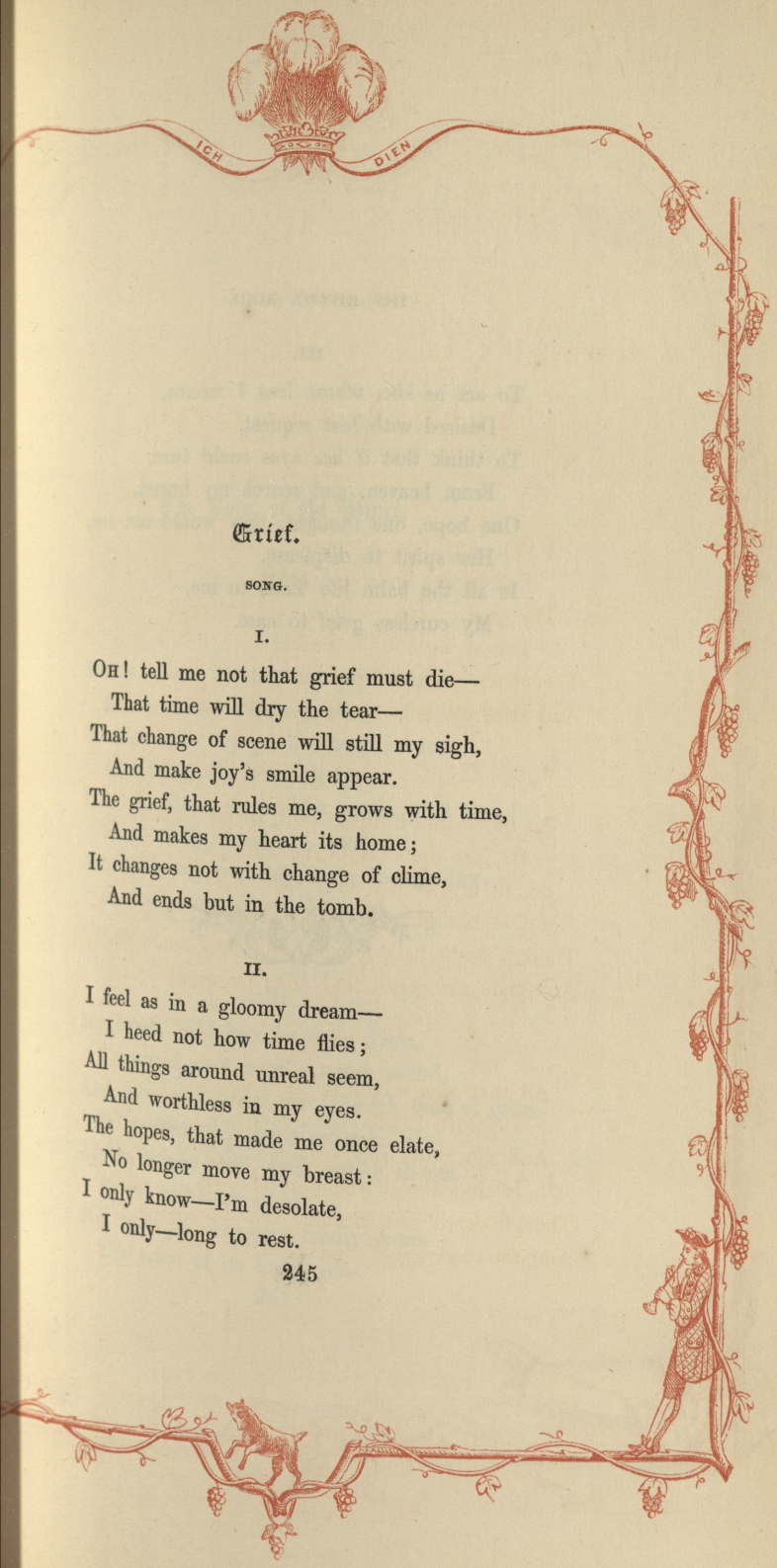
I FEEL thy breath upon my cheek,
I hear thy footstep light:
Thy gentle voice, still, seems to break
The silence of the night,
Though death hath doomed that we should sever,
And thou art gone! and gone for ever!

II.

As the maimed trunk, still, seems to feel
Its lost limb throb and move,
So, to my severed heart will steal
Old thoughts of thee, my love;
Though death hath doomed that we should sever,
And thou art gone! and gone for ever!

III.

All that was bright in life's dull stream
Thy love bestowed on me,
And now joy's sole remaining beam
Is tinged with thoughts of thee,
Though death hath doomed that we should sever,
And thou art gone! and gone for ever!



Grief.

SONG.

I.

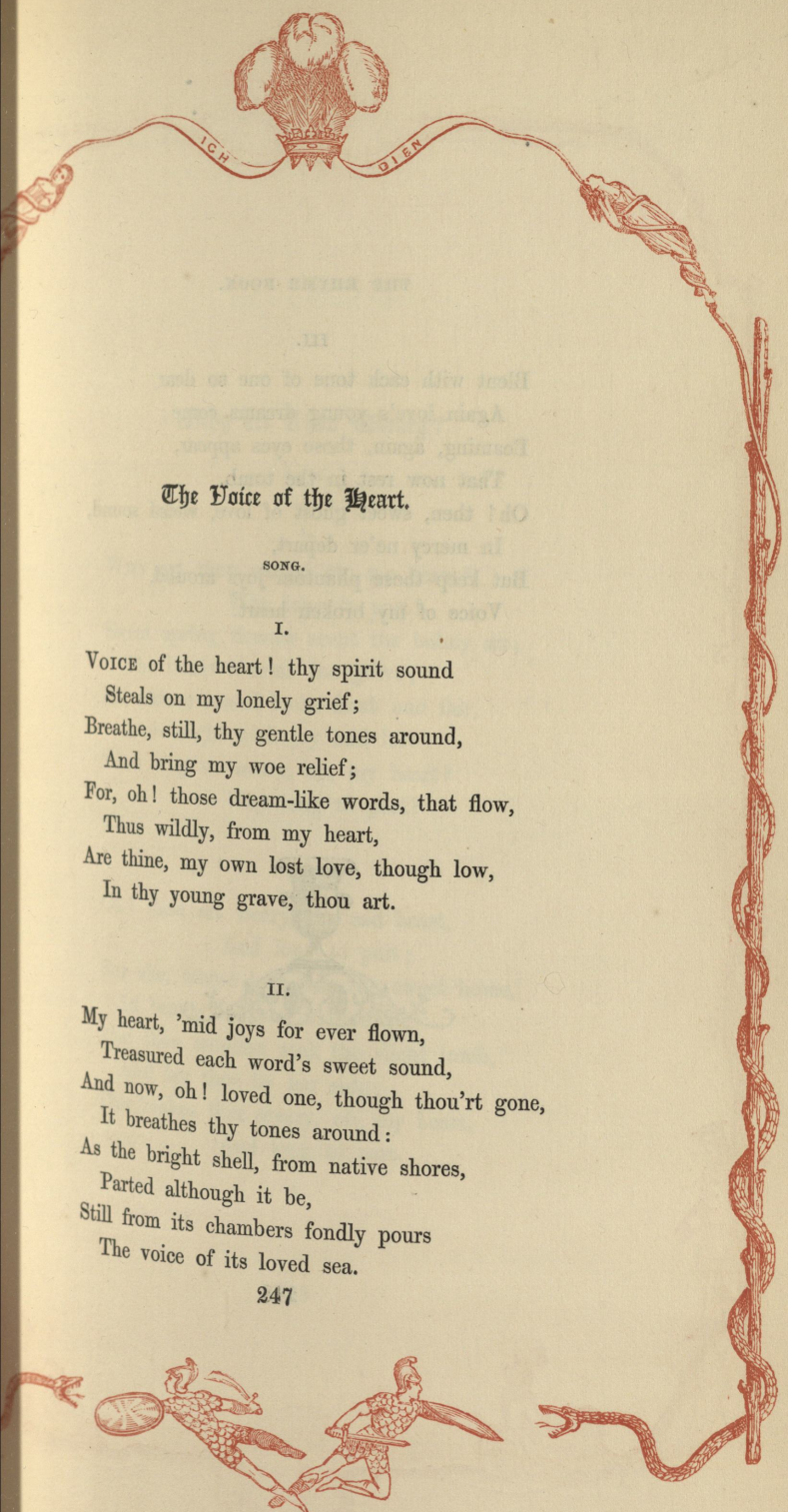
Oh! tell me not that grief must die—
That time will dry the tear—
That change of scene will still my sigh,
And make joy's smile appear.
The grief, that rules me, grows with time,
And makes my heart its home;
It changes not with change of clime,
And ends but in the tomb.

II.

I feel as in a gloomy dream—
I heed not how time flies;
All things around unreal seem,
And worthless in my eyes.
The hopes, that made me once elate,
No longer move my breast:
I only know—I'm desolate,
I only—long to rest.

III.

To act as she, whose loss I mourn,
  Desired with last request,
To think that if her eyes could turn,
  From heaven, and search my breast,
One hope, one thought, they would not see,
  Her spirit to displease,
Is all the balm life lends to me,
  My cureless grief to ease.



The Voice of the Heart.

SONG.

I.

Voice of the heart! thy spirit sound
  Steals on my lonely grief;
Breathe, still, thy gentle tones around,
  And bring my woe relief;
For, oh! those dream-like words, that flow,
  Thus wildly, from my heart,
Are thine, my own lost love, though low,
  In thy young grave, thou art.

II.

My heart, 'mid joys for ever flown,
  Treasured each word's sweet sound,
And now, oh! loved one, though thou'rt gone,
  It breathes thy tones around:
As the bright shell, from native shores,
  Parted although it be,
Still from its chambers fondly pours
  The voice of its loved sea.

III.

Blent with each tone of one so dear,
  Again love's young dreams come;
Beaming, again, those eyes appear,
  That now rest in the tomb.
Oh! then, sweet ghost of love, weird sound,
  In mercy ne'er depart,
But keep those phantom joys around,
  Voice of my broken heart.

Why art Thou Weary?

SONG.

I.

Why art thou weary, oh, my heart?
Why long to part?
Sweet spring flowers scent the balmy air;
The linnet charms the grove;
All nature round looks fresh and fair,
And bright with joy and love:
Then why so weary, oh, my heart?
Why long to part?

II.

Oh! thou art weary, my sad heart,
And long to part;
For she, whose love was thy sweet home,
In beauty's bloom hath died;
And thou wouldst seek the silent tomb,
And lay thee by her side:
This makes thee weary, oh, my heart,
And long to part.

The Dove.

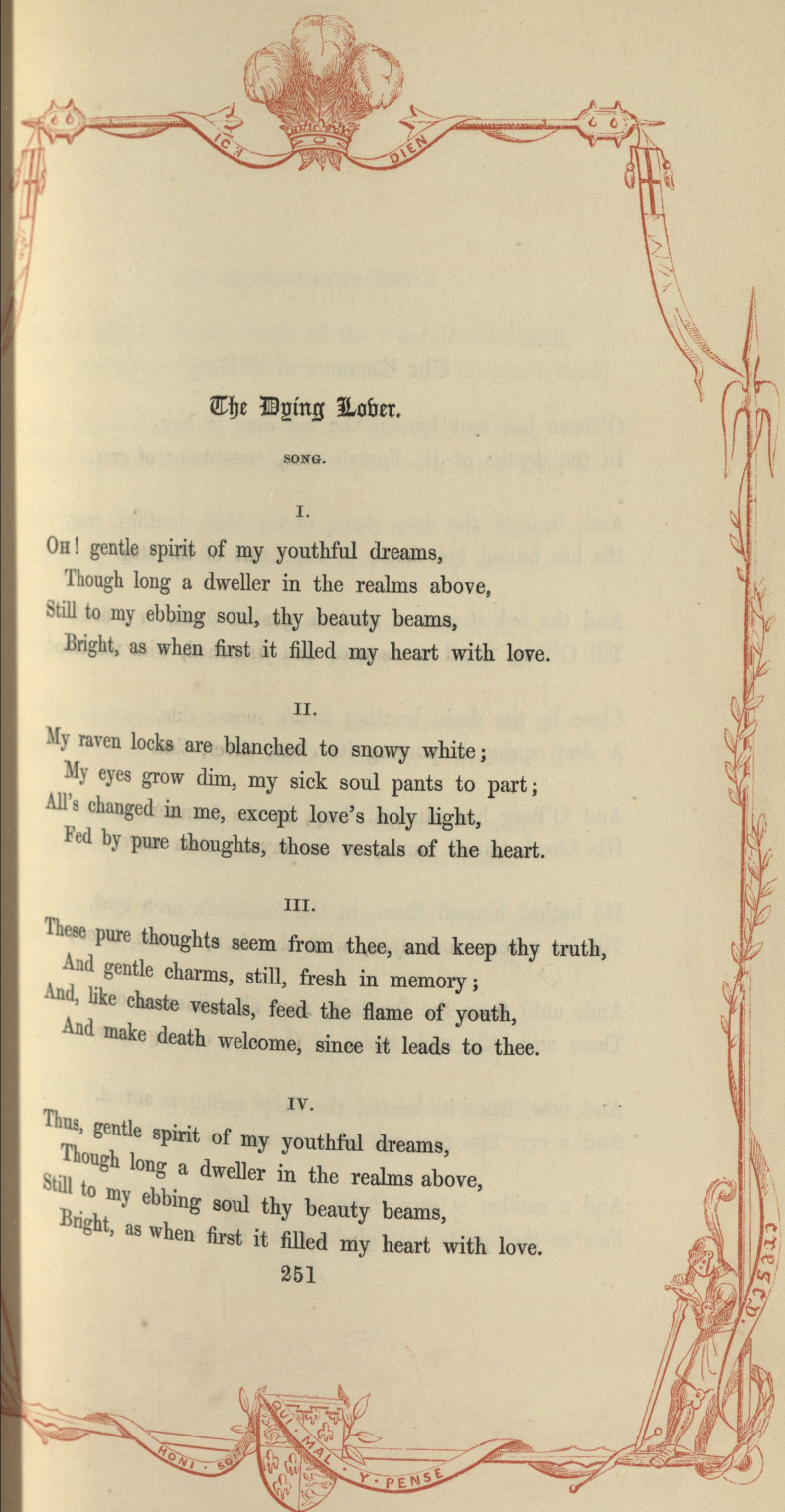
SONG.

I.

THE dove deserts the ruined nest;
But love ne'er leaves the heart, when broken;
More close it clings, then, to the breast,
And breathes forth in the words last spoken,
Faintly, and fondly, while death steals along;
Sweetly, and sadly, like the swan's last song.

II.

The first sweet passages of love,
The well-remembered words, then spoken,
Its joys, though doomed so short to prove,
Its vow—its pledge—and long-worn token,
Strangely, and closely, haunt the dying mind,
Fainting, and leaving earth and life behind.



The Dying Lover.

SONG.

I.

Oh! gentle spirit of my youthful dreams,
Though long a dweller in the realms above,
Still to my ebbing soul, thy beauty beams,
Bright, as when first it filled my heart with love.

II.

My raven locks are blanched to snowy white;
My eyes grow dim, my sick soul pants to part;
All's changed in me, except love's holy light,
Fed by pure thoughts, those vestals of the heart.

III.

These pure thoughts seem from thee, and keep thy truth,
And gentle charms, still, fresh in memory;
And, like chaste vestals, feed the flame of youth,
And make death welcome, since it leads to thee.

IV.

Thus, gentle spirit of my youthful dreams,
Though long a dweller in the realms above,
Still to my ebbing soul thy beauty beams,
Bright, as when first it filled my heart with love.

The Romance of O'Berg.

O'Berg has now hunted the red deer to bay,
In the depths of Hi Rossa's steep mountains of gray.

And, beneath the deep shade of the high, beetling, crag,
He has buried his skene, in the heart of the stag.

And the red stream of life has gushed forth, in a flood,
Till O'Berg is all crimsoned, and drenched, with the blood.

Close by the dark, beetling rock's mossy side,
A deep spring is pouring its clear, silver, tide.

And O'Berg has plunged deep, in the fountain, to lave
His blood-stained hands, in the crystal clear wave.

He bathed himself there, in the fountain's deep flood,
Till its waters were dyed, with the dark, clotted, blood;

And, until from the fountain, now all crimsoned o'er,
There arose the rank steam of the hot, reeking, gore.

And now, from its centre, the deep spring is stirred,
And a cry, like the wail of a woman, is heard:

And a maiden is seen, from its waters, to rise,
Fair as the spirits that gladden the skies:

On the smooth, grassy, verge of the fountain she stood,
And, with horror, looked down, on the gore-distained flood.

And, with bosom wild heaving, the fair maiden cries,
While the tear-drops fell fast, from her soft, lovely eyes—

"O'Berg, thou hast driven, by blood, from her place,
The spirit, that's linked to thy name and thy race.

"When the fame of O'Berg in Hi Rossa was rife,
From the seed of their glory, I sprang into life.

"This spring is my home, but I float, through the air,
And the deeds, and the might, of O'Berg I declare.

"I glow with their glory, I blush with their shame,
I grow with their greatness, I die with their name.

"I live, till thy race, from the earth, shall have passed,
Then my lifetime is o'er, and I mix with the blast.

"But he, who has driven, by blood, from her place,
The spirit that's linked to his name and his race,

"With his red hand, his kindred and children shall slay,
Till the last of his race and his name pass away."

Then loud rose the voice of O'Berg, in reply,
While the red fire of anger flashed, fierce, from his eye—

" Shall the sons of my heart, and the heirs of my land,
Brave Angus and Cormac, be slain, by my hand?

" Avaunt! fiend of darkness, begotten in hell,
Accursed be your name, and the tale that you tell.

" Avaunt! you foul fiend, but before you depart,
You shall feel the keen edge of O'Berg's feathered dart."

He spoke, and he bended his bow of strong yew,
And swift, and unerring, his sharp arrow flew.

It flew, and it pierced, through the maiden's fair form,
As the lightning-flash pierces the cloud of the storm.

But it made not a wound, and it left not a trace,
For the weapons of man, may not wound the weird race.

Far off, through the trees, flew O'Berg's feathered dart,
And it reached his fair son, and it pierced his young heart.

Strange guests to Hi Rossa that morning had brought,
And, to meet them, O'Berg, through the forest, was sought:

And to bring back the chief had his two fair sons come,
To welcome the strangers to Hi Rossa's home.

And Angus, while speaking this message, was slain,
Stretched by his father's right hand on the plain.

The rose-tint, still, lingered, upon his young cheek,
And his lips stood apart, as if going to speak.

And, still, his last words, from those lips, seemed to come,
"Oh! hasten, dear father, oh! hasten home!"

Then the fair spirit heaved, from her bosom, a sigh,
As deep, as if she, too, were going to die;

And her face of soft beauty, now, waxed dim and pale,
Like a clouded moon, in a wintry gale.

To the side of slain Angus, O'Berg has now run,
Long gazed he, in wildness, upon his dead son:

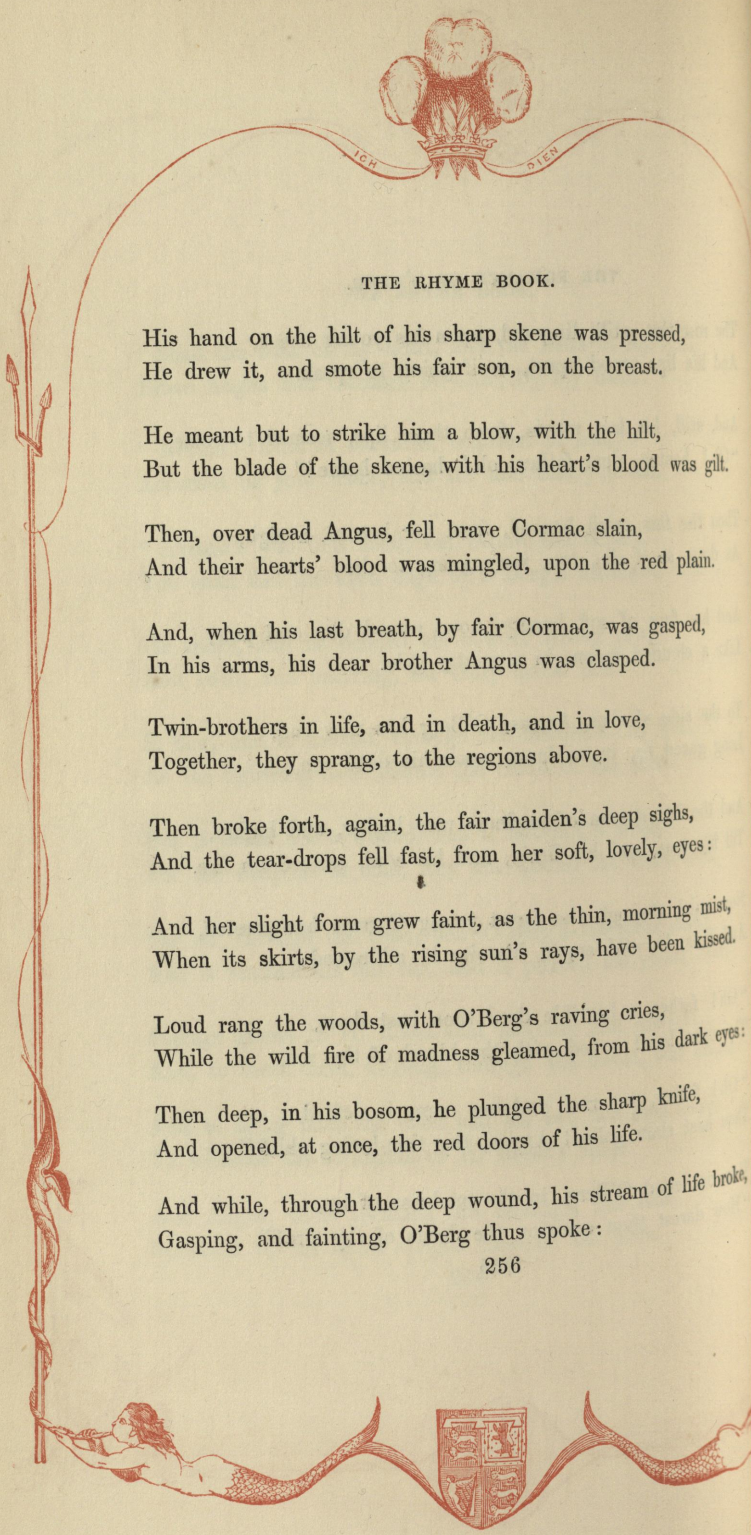
And the hot stream of madness rose higher, and higher,
Till his eyes, and his brain, and his soul, seemed on fire.

Now quick through the forest young Cormac has pressed,
And thus, in wild anger, his sire he addressed:

"Oh! father, a horrible deed thou hast done,
Thy right hand is red with the blood of thy son.

"Oh! father, our race and our name is defiled,
Thou hast slain gallant Angus, thy true-loving child."

Then out cried O'Berg, in the madness of ire,
"How darest thou question the deeds of thy sire?"



His hand on the hilt of his sharp skene was pressed,
He drew it, and smote his fair son, on the breast.

He meant but to strike him a blow, with the hilt,
But the blade of the skene, with his heart's blood was gilt.

Then, over dead Angus, fell brave Cormac slain,
And their hearts' blood was mingled, upon the red plain.

And, when his last breath, by fair Cormac, was gasped,
In his arms, his dear brother Angus was clasped.

Twin-brothers in life, and in death, and in love,
Together, they sprang, to the regions above.

Then broke forth, again, the fair maiden's deep sighs,
And the tear-drops fell fast, from her soft, lovely, eyes:

And her slight form grew faint, as the thin, morning mist,
When its skirts, by the rising sun's rays, have been kissed.

Loud rang the woods, with O'Berg's raving cries,
While the wild fire of madness gleamed, from his dark eyes:

Then deep, in his bosom, he plunged the sharp knife,
And opened, at once, the red doors of his life.

And while, through the deep wound, his stream of life broke,
Gasping, and fainting, O'Berg thus spoke:

"Foul fiend! thou hast finished my horrid doom,
Accursed is my name, and blasted my home;

"But, with the last gasp of my deep misery,
I ban thee, and curse thee, wherever thou be."

From his heaving bosom the sharp skene he wrung,
And, deep in the spring, the red weapon he flung.

He fell, on his face, by the spring's grassy side,
And O'Berg, the last of his race, there, died.

Then, broke from the spirit a heart-wringing wail,
And her face grew paler, and still more pale.

And her limbs melt away, one by one, into air,
Till the eye can scarce see that she's lingering there.

At length, from the world, the spirit has passed,
And mingled her being, once more, with the blast.

Thus O'Berg, and the fair spirit linked to his race,
Passed away from the earth, in that desert place.

And spirit, nor race, nor name, nor clan,
Were heard of again, in the haunts of man.

When Beauty Bloometh.

SONG.

I.

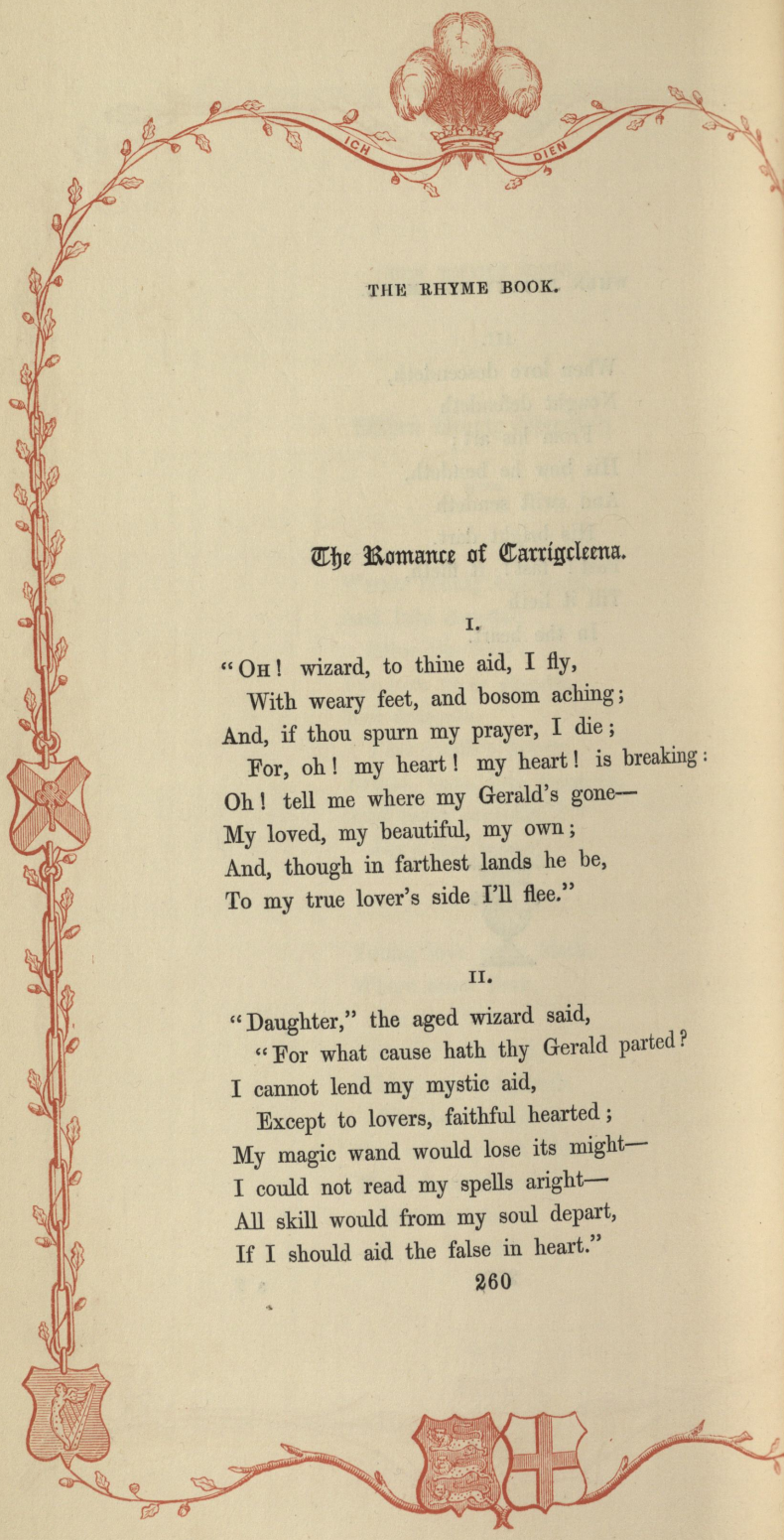
When beauty bloometh,
And love cometh,
  Seize the hour:
For love ne'er stayeth,
Nor delayeth,
  Past youth's flower.
Bright, then, love beameth,
And earth seemeth,
  Joy's fair bower.

II.

Young love ne'er flieth,
Where snow lieth,
  On the brow;
Nor e'er alighteth,
Where care blighteth
  The heart's glow;
But where youth bloometh,
There love cometh,
  With his bow.

III.

When love descendeth,
Nought defendeth
From his art;
His bow he bendeth,
And swift sendeth
His bright dart.
Fast! fast! it flieth,
Till it lieth
In the heart.



The Romance of Carrigcleena.

I.

"Oh! wizard, to thine aid, I fly,
With weary feet, and bosom aching;
And, if thou spurn my prayer, I die;
For, oh! my heart! my heart! is breaking:
Oh! tell me where my Gerald's gone—
My loved, my beautiful, my own;
And, though in farthest lands he be,
To my true lover's side I'll flee."

II.

"Daughter," the aged wizard said,
"For what cause hath thy Gerald parted?
I cannot lend my mystic aid,
Except to lovers, faithful hearted;
My magic wand would lose its might—
I could not read my spells aright—
All skill would from my soul depart,
If I should aid the false in heart."

III.

"Oh! father, my fond heart was true,"
Cried Ellen, "to my Gerald ever;
No change its stream of love e'er knew,
Save that it deepened, like yon river:
True, as the rose to summer sun,
That droops, when its loved lord is gone,
And sheds its bloom, from day to day,
And fades, and pines, and dies away.

IV.

"Betrothed, with my dear sire's consent,
Each morn beheld my Gerald coming;
Each day, in converse sweet, was spent;
And, ere he went, dark eve was glooming:
But one day, as he crossed the plain,
I saw a cloud descend, like rain,
And bear him, in its skirts, away—
Oh! hour of grief, oh! woeful day!

V.

"They sought my Gerald many a day,
'Mid winter's snow, and summer's blossom;
At length, his memory passed away,
From all, except his Ellen's bosom
But there his love, still, glows, and grows,
Unchanged by time, unchecked by woes;
And, led by it, I've made my way,
To seek thy aid, in dark Iveagh."

VI.

He traced a circle, with his wand,
Around the spot, where they were standing;
He held a volume in his hand,
All writ, with spells of power commanding:
He read a spell—then looked—in vain,
Southward, across the lake of Lene;
Then to the east, and western side;
But, when he northward looked, he cried—

VII.

"I see! I see your Gerald now!
In Carrigcleena's fairy dwelling;
Deep sorrow sits upon his brow,
Though Cleena tales of love is telling—
Cleena most gentle, and most fair,
Of all the daughters of the air;
The fairy queen, whose smiles of light,
Preserves, from sorrow, and from blight.

VIII.

„ Her love has borne him, from thy arms,
And keeps him, in those fairy regions,
Where Cleena blooms, in matchless charms,
Attended, by her fairy legions;
Yet kind, and merciful's the queen;
And if thy woe by her were seen,
And all thy constancy were known,
Brave Gerald, yet, might be thine own."

IX.

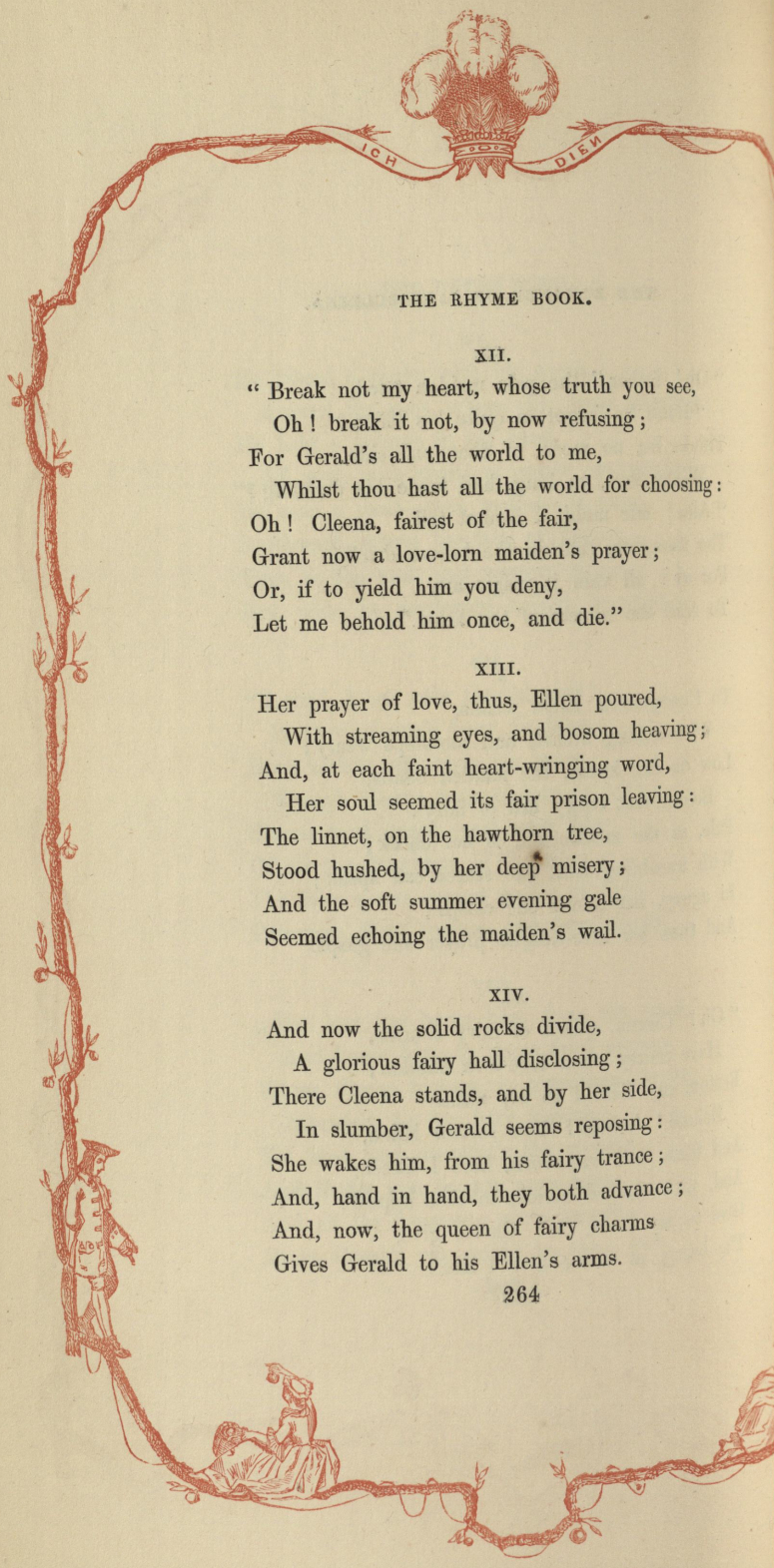
"Oh! father," the pale maiden cried,
"Hath he forgotten quite his Ellen?
Thinks he, no more, of Shannon's side,
Where love, so long, had made his dwelling?"
"Alas! fair maid, I cannot tell
The thoughts, that in the bosom dwell;
For ah! all vain is magic art,
To read the secrets of the heart."

X.

To Carrigcleena Ellen wends,
With aching breast, and footsteps weary;
Low on her knees, the maiden bends,
Before that rocky hill of fairy:
Pale, as the moonbeam, is her cheek;
With trembling fear, she scarce can speak;
In agony, her hands she clasps;
And thus her love-taught prayer she gasps.

XI.

"Oh! Cleena, queen of fairy charms,
Have mercy on a love-lorn maiden;
Restore my Gerald to my arms—
Behold! behold! how sorrow laden,
And faint, and way-worn, here I kneel;
And, with clasped hands, to thee appeal:
Give to my heart, oh! Cleena give,
The being, in whose love I live!



XII.

" Break not my heart, whose truth you see,
Oh! break it not, by now refusing;
For Gerald's all the world to me,
Whilst thou hast all the world for choosing:
Oh! Cleena, fairest of the fair,
Grant now a love-lorn maiden's prayer;
Or, if to yield him you deny,
Let me behold him once, and die."

XIII.

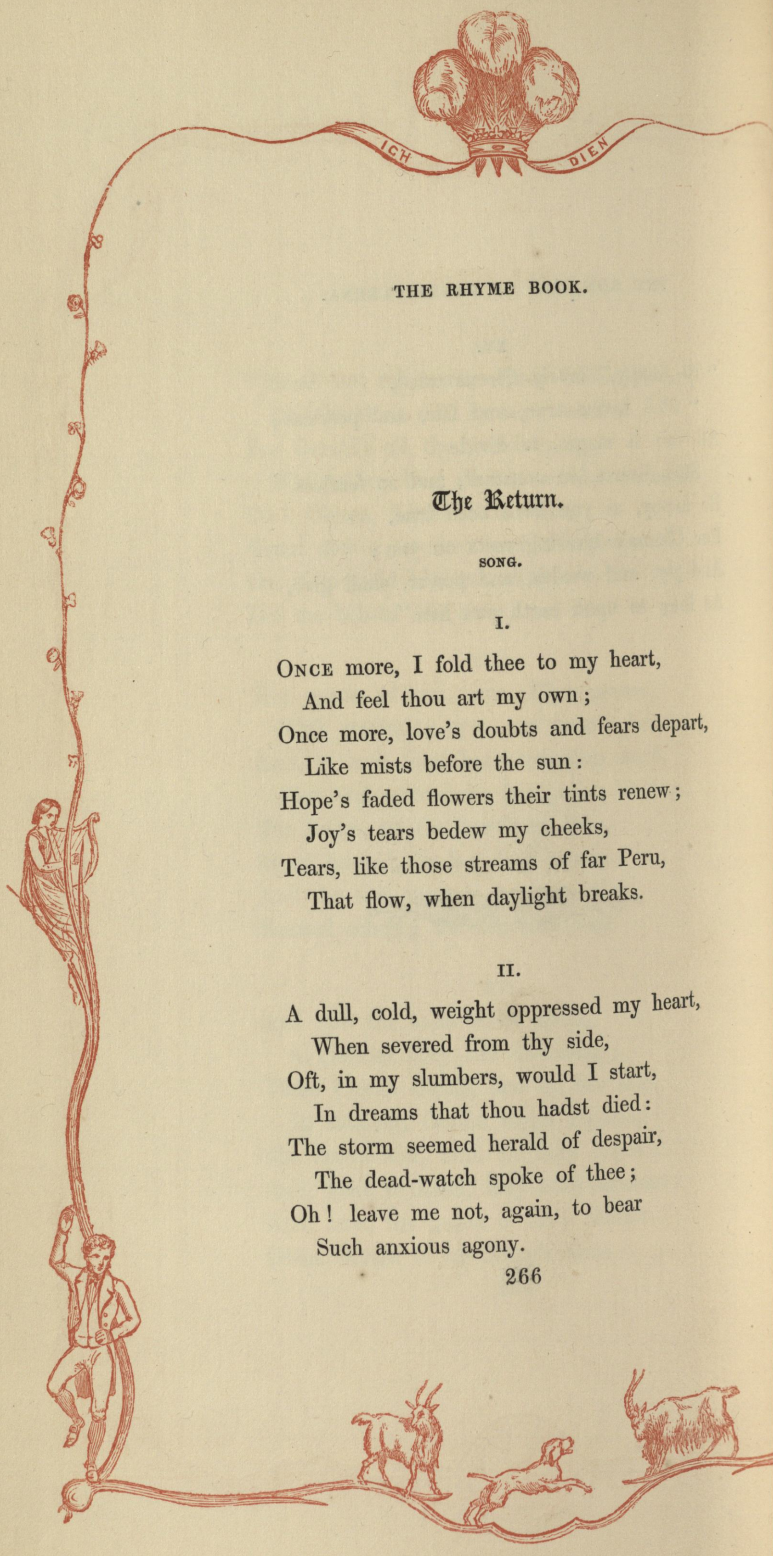
Her prayer of love, thus, Ellen poured,
With streaming eyes, and bosom heaving;
And, at each faint heart-wringing word,
Her soul seemed its fair prison leaving:
The linnet, on the hawthorn tree,
Stood hushed, by her deep misery;
And the soft summer evening gale
Seemed echoing the maiden's wail.

XIV.

And now the solid rocks divide,
A glorious fairy hall disclosing;
There Cleena stands, and by her side,
In slumber, Gerald seems reposing:
She wakes him, from his fairy trance;
And, hand in hand, they both advance;
And, now, the queen of fairy charms
Gives Gerald to his Ellen's arms.

XV.

"Be happy," lovely Cleena cried,
"Oh! lovers true, and fair, and peerless;
All vain is magic, to divide
Such hearts, so constant, and so fearless.
Be happy, as you have been true,
For Cleena's blessing rests on you;
And joy, and wealth, and power, shall give,
As long as upon earth you live."



The Return.

SONG.

I.

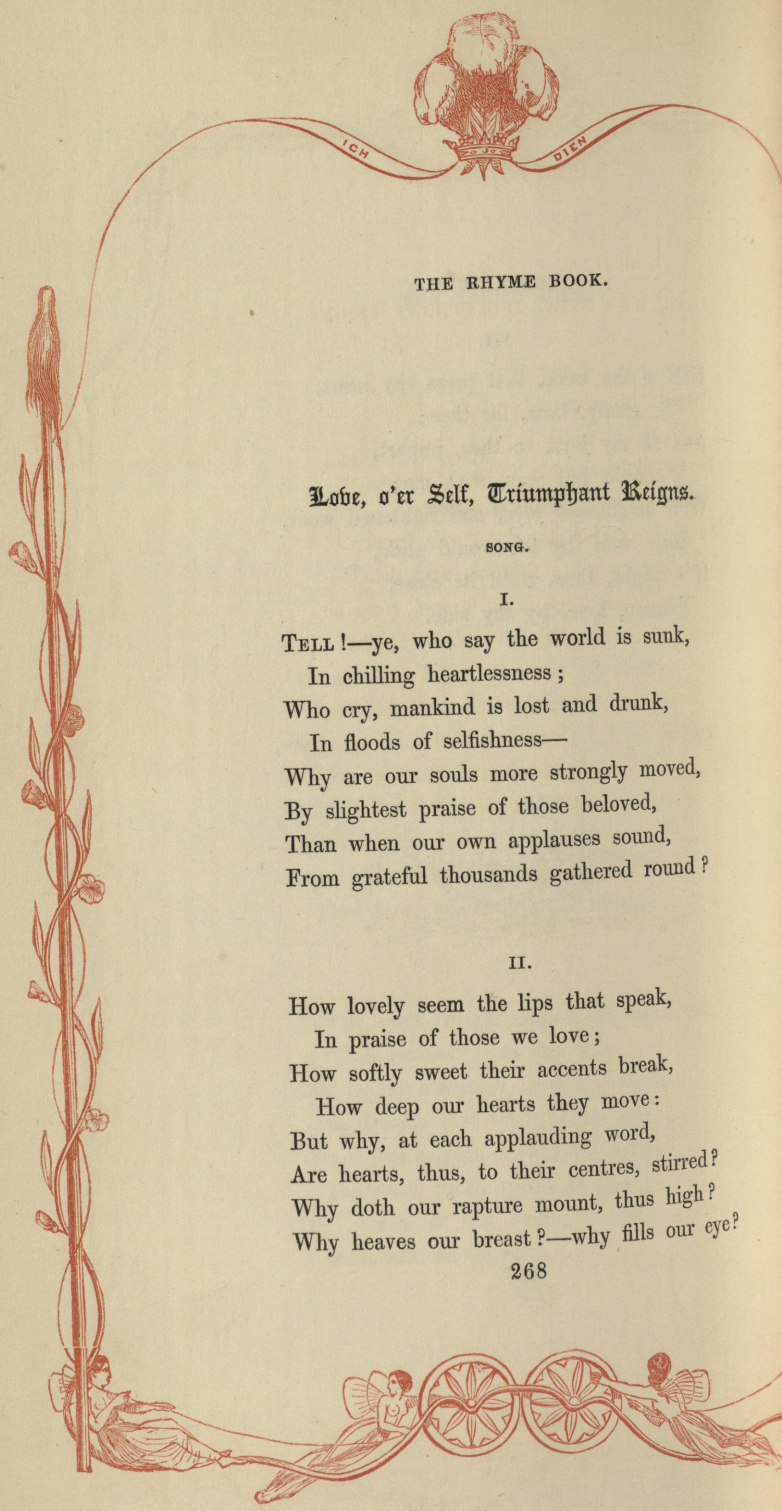
ONCE more, I fold thee to my heart,
And feel thou art my own;
Once more, love's doubts and fears depart,
Like mists before the sun:
Hope's faded flowers their tints renew;
Joy's tears bedew my cheeks,
Tears, like those streams of far Peru,
That flow, when daylight breaks.

II.

A dull, cold, weight oppressed my heart,
When severed from thy side,
Oft, in my slumbers, would I start,
In dreams that thou hadst died:
The storm seemed herald of despair,
The dead-watch spoke of thee;
Oh! leave me not, again, to bear
Such anxious agony.

III.

Half of the woes, that press thy heart,
I'll, gladly, bear, for thee;
And all my joys, to thee, impart,
If thou'lt but stay, with me;
With heightened joys, and lightened woes,
How calm thy life would glide,
If I might, thus, until its close,
Remain, love, by thy side.



Love, o'er Self, Triumphant Reigns.

SONG.

I.

Tell!—ye, who say the world is sunk,
In chilling heartlessness;
Who cry, mankind is lost and drunk,
In floods of selfishness—
Why are our souls more strongly moved,
By slightest praise of those beloved,
Than when our own applauses sound,
From grateful thousands gathered round?

II.

How lovely seem the lips that speak,
In praise of those we love;
How softly sweet their accents break,
How deep our hearts they move:
But why, at each applauding word,
Are hearts, thus, to their centres, stirred?
Why doth our rapture mount, thus high?
Why heaves our breast?—why fills our eye?

III.

These noble thoughts—this glorious love,
Where'er on earth they shine,
The worldly cynic's sneer disprove,
And show mankind divine;
They prove that the Creator's breath
Still lingers here, 'mid sin and death—
That somewhat, still, of heaven remains,
And love, o'er self, triumphant reigns.

Where the Deep Forest Gloometh.

SONGLET.

I.

WHERE the deep forest gloometh,
The sweet birds ne'er sing;
Where the drear desert loometh,
They spread not the wing;
But, where toil gaily plieth,
The corn-fields among,
The sweet warbler flieth,
And poureth his song.

II.

Where the gloom of hate lowereth,
Heart-joys never come;
And where loneliness soureth,
They make not their home;
But, where true love descendeth,
And light toil is found,
Oh! there, pleasure wendeth,
And heart-joys abound.

The Romance of the Bior.

I.

"Bring the Danish captives here,
They shall teach us to make bior—
Bior, the drink that fires the brave,
Else they'll fill a bloody grave."

II.

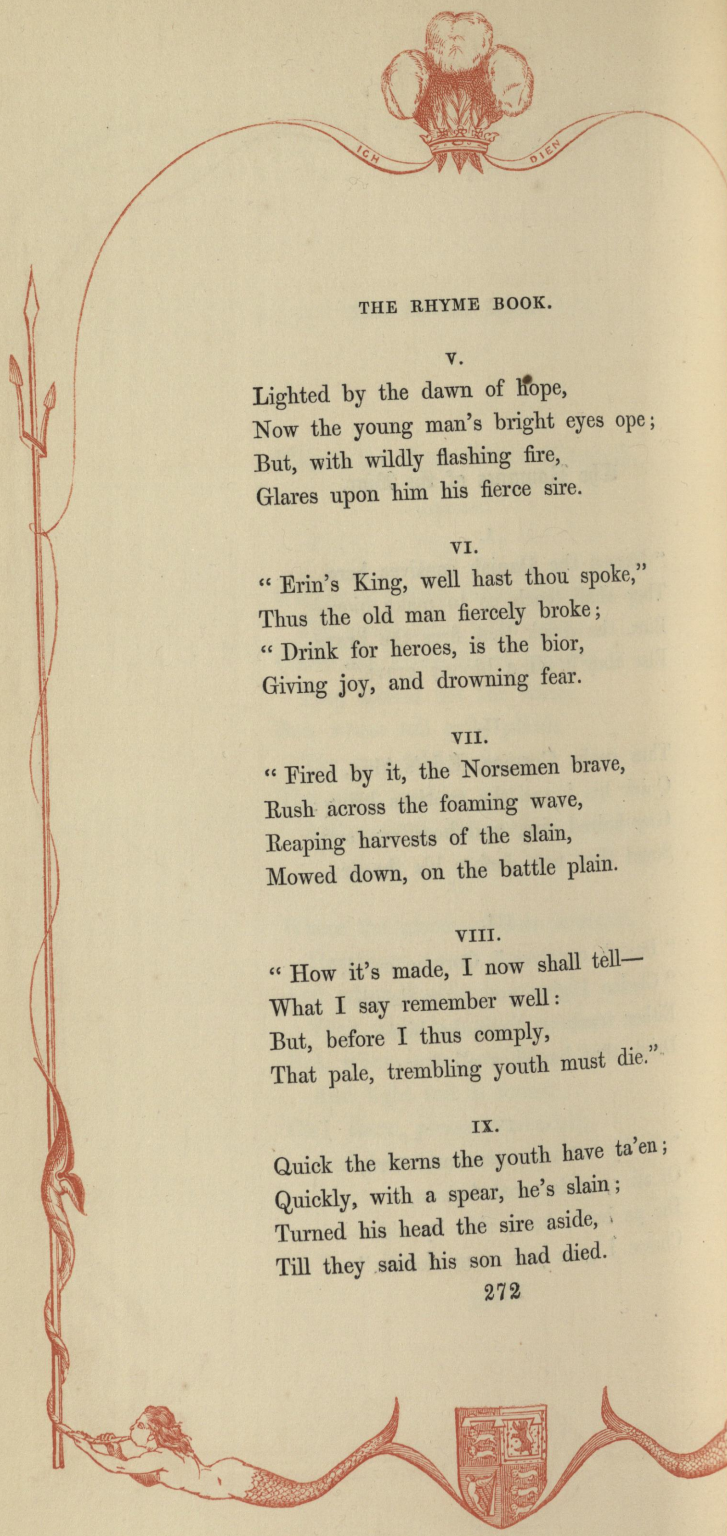
Thus spoke Cormac, Erin's king,
Quick his kerns the captives bring;
Grey-haired sire, and beardless son,
Stand they now before his throne.

III.

"Danish captives," Cormac cried,
"Choice I give you, now decide;
Either teach us to make bior—
Drink that banishes all fear;

IV.

"Or by tortures, rent and torn,
Of all mortals most forlorn,
Die ye both, here, side by side—
Choice I give you, now decide."



V.

Lighted by the dawn of hope,
Now the young man's bright eyes ope;
But, with wildly flashing fire,
Glares upon him his fierce sire.

VI.

"Erin's King, well hast thou spoke,"
Thus the old man fiercely broke;
"Drink for heroes, is the bior,
Giving joy, and drowning fear.

VII.

"Fired by it, the Norsemen brave,
Rush across the foaming wave,
Reaping harvests of the slain,
Mowed down, on the battle plain.

VIII.

"How it's made, I now shall tell—
What I say remember well:
But, before I thus comply,
That pale, trembling youth must die."

IX.

Quick the kerns the youth have ta'en;
Quickly, with a spear, he's slain;
Turned his head the sire aside,
Till they said his son had died.

X.

Then, to Cormac quick he turned,
Wildly fierce his dark eye burned—
" Thought'st thou that the Dane, through fear,
Would reveal the source of bior?

XI.

" When I thought it might be won,
From my weak and beardless son;
And that torture dire might tear,
From his heart, the source of bior;

XII.

" Bade I you to slay the boy,
Though my age's hope and joy;
Vain, oh! vain's your hope to hear,
From my lips, the source of bior.

XIII.

" When my son I did not spare,
Think you death I shall not dare?
When I bade you strike him dead,
Hope you that I'll yield to dread?

XIV.

" Bior, immortal beverage!
Valour-giver! stay of age!
Pain assuager! cure of woes!
Battle winner! dread of foes!

XV.

" Friend of Norsemen in the strife!
Nurse of Norsemen in this life!
And, when death's clouds, round them, close,
Joy-giver, from skulls of foes!

XVI.

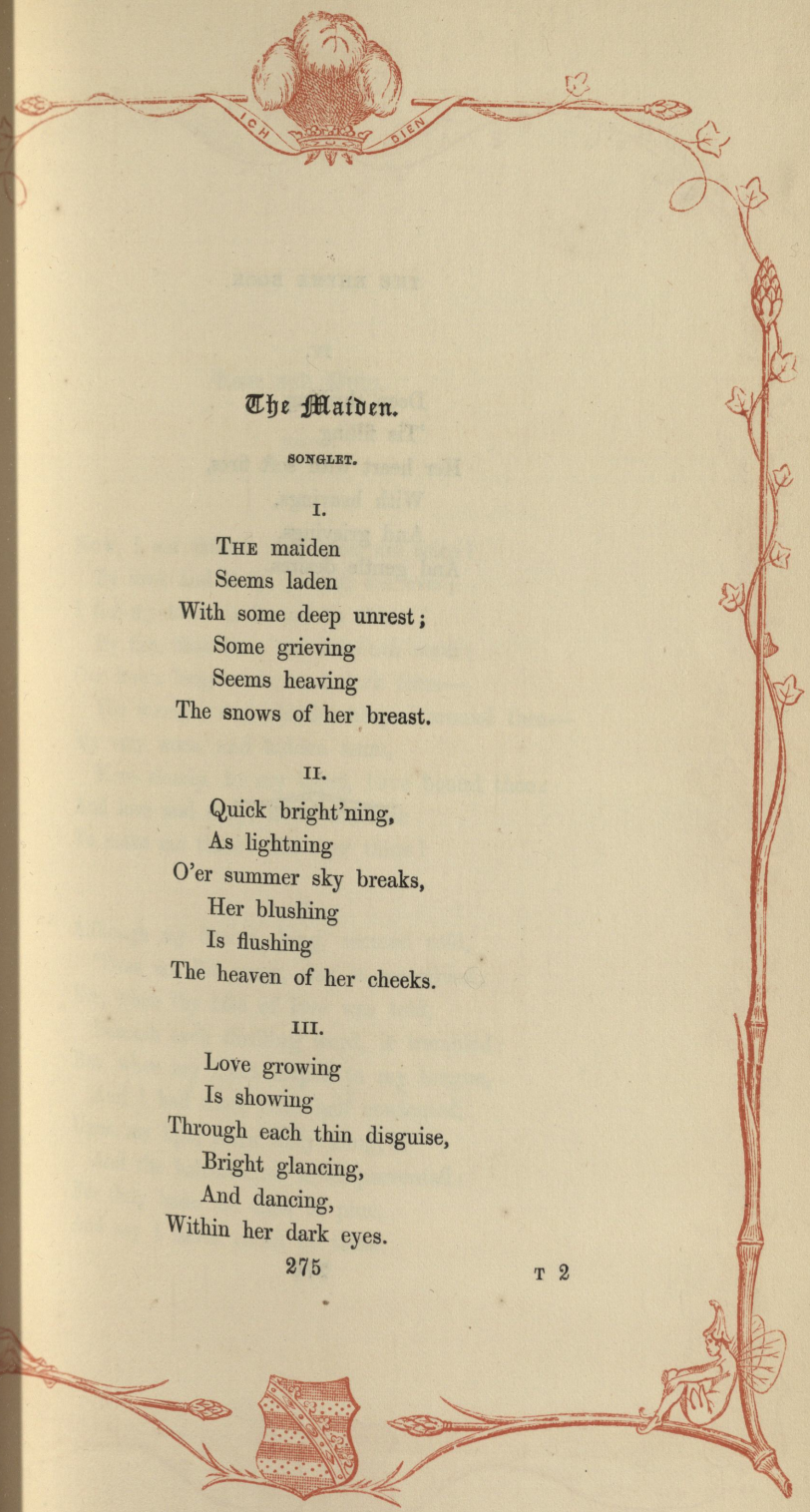
" Only by the Norse thou'rt known—
Ne'er, to stranger, wert thou shown.
Hah! hah! hah! thou pale-faced king!
Think'st thou this, from me, to wring?

XVII.

" Try thy tortures—do thy worst!
Son of Heremon accurst!
Hear the Dane, before he die,
With his last breath, thee defy!"

XVIII.

Boldly, then, his breast he bared—
Singly, all their hosts he dared—
Wildly, rang his war-cry fierce,
While their spears his bosom pierce.



The Maiden.

SONGLET.

I.

THE maiden
Seems laden
With some deep unrest;
Some grieving
Seems heaving
The snows of her breast.

II.

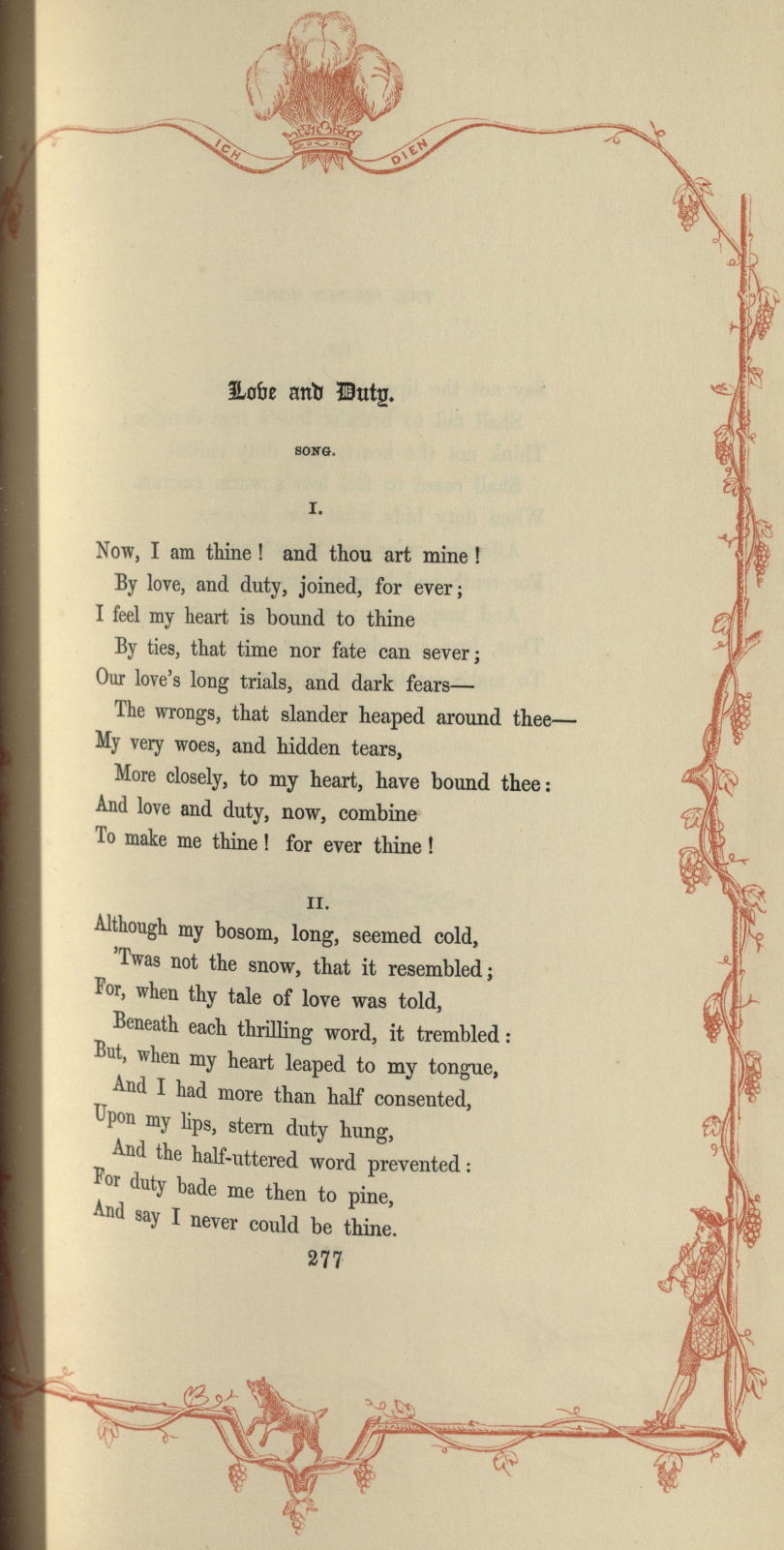
Quick bright'ning,
As lightning
O'er summer sky breaks,
Her blushing
Is flushing
The heaven of her cheeks.

III.

Love growing
Is showing
Through each thin disguise,
Bright glancing,
And dancing,
Within her dark eyes.

IV.

Deep thrilling
'Tis filling
Her heart with soft fires,
With heavings,
And grievings,
And gentle desires.



Love and Duty.

SONG.

I.

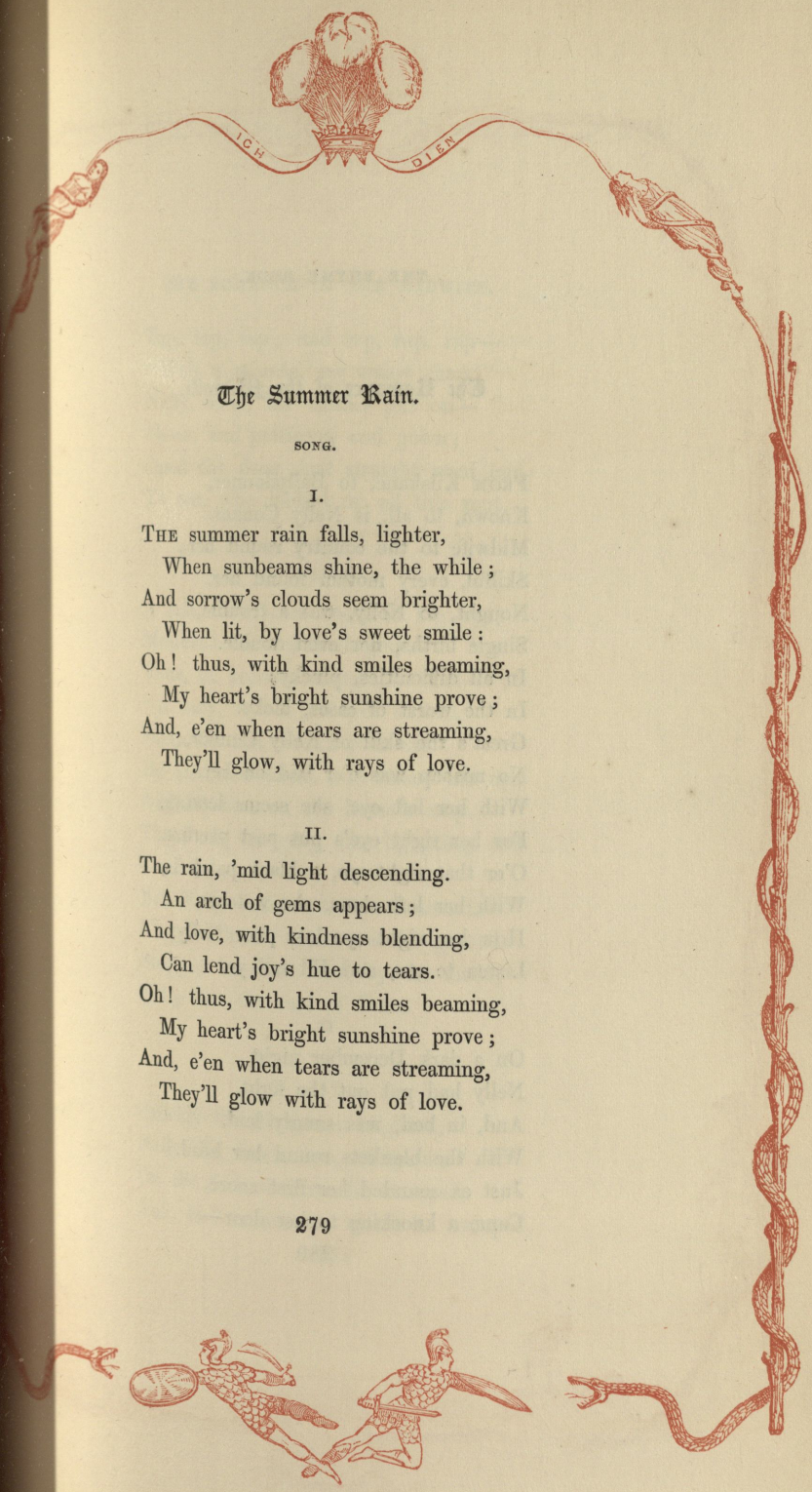
Now, I am thine! and thou art mine!
By love, and duty, joined, for ever;
I feel my heart is bound to thine
By ties, that time nor fate can sever;
Our love's long trials, and dark fears—
The wrongs, that slander heaped around thee—
My very woes, and hidden tears,
More closely, to my heart, have bound thee:
And love and duty, now, combine
To make me thine! for ever thine!

II.

Although my bosom, long, seemed cold,
'Twas not the snow, that it resembled;
For, when thy tale of love was told,
Beneath each thrilling word, it trembled:
But, when my heart leaped to my tongue,
And I had more than half consented,
Upon my lips, stern duty hung,
And the half-uttered word prevented:
For duty bade me then to pine,
And say I never could be thine.

III.

Say not the lips, that duty stilled,
  Shall fail to breathe love's true devotion;
Think not the heart, that duty chilled,
  Shall cease to feel love's warm emotion.
When duty bids what love inspires,
  Affection ne'er can know declining;
For truth and honour fan love's fires,
  And keep them, ever, brightly shining.
Thus, love and duty, now, combine
To make me thine! for ever, thine!



The Summer Rain.

SONG.

I.

THE summer rain falls, lighter,
When sunbeams shine, the while;
And sorrow's clouds seem brighter,
When lit, by love's sweet smile:
Oh! thus, with kind smiles beaming,
My heart's bright sunshine prove;
And, e'en when tears are streaming,
They'll glow, with rays of love.

II.

The rain, 'mid light descending.
An arch of gems appears;
And love, with kindness blending,
Can lend joy's hue to tears.
Oh! thus, with kind smiles beaming,
My heart's bright sunshine prove;
And, e'en when tears are streaming,
They'll glow with rays of love.

The Romance of the Midwife.

I.

From Kilskane, to Ballydonner,
Known, to all, is Nelly Conner.
Midwife to the country round her;
Skilful, every mother found her.
Nought, to Nelly, was a trouble,
Single births, nor even double.
In all difficulties, plucky;
In the worst of cases, lucky.
Great's the skill of Nelly Connor,
No mishap was e'er laid on her.
With her left eye, she seems leering,
For her right eye's put past peering.
O'er that right eye, a black patch is,
With her left alone, she watches.
How her right eye lost poor Nelly,
Listen to me, and I'll tell ye.

II.

On a dark December night,
Nelly had put out the light,
And, in bed, was snugly laid,
With the blankets round her head.
Just as sounded her first snore,
Came a knocking to her door—

Tap, tap, tap; and rap, rap, rap—
"Wait a minute, my smart chap."
Nelly, soon, her clothes put on—
Shoes, and petticoat, and gown;
Oped the door, and straight went out,
To see, who kicked up all this rout.

III.

A tall, dark man stood, in the way,
Mounted on a gallant gray.
Thus, in accents strange, he said—
"A lady, who's just put to bed,
Nelly Conner, wants your aid."
He took her hand, and raised her up,
And set her, on the horse's crup.
Then, off, the gray, like lightning, set,
Over dry, and over wet.
Yet Nelly could not hear a sound,
That his hoofs made, on the ground.
Stopped he soon, and, by the moon,
Nelly saw the fort of Doon.

IV.

Quickly the dark man alighted,
Nelly slid down, too, affrighted.
On the fort of Doon he stamped,
And, oh! wondrous, where he tramped,

Oped the earth, a staircase showing,
Strewed with carpets richly glowing.
Nelly's hand the rider took,
While, with fear, the midwife shook;
Quick, together, they descended,
And, lo! where the staircase ended,
Nelly sees a hall most splendid.

V.

Tapers thousand, there, were burning;
Dancers were their partners turning;
Polkas, waltzes, and quadrilling,
Spun along, to music thrilling.
Ladies moved there, like the Graces,
With bright eyes, and blooming faces.
Gallant gentlemen were wooing,
Some were sighing, some were sueing;
Others, richest wines, were quaffing,
Feasting, hobnobbing, and laughing.
Such a scene of joy and glory,
Ne'er was seen, or read, in story.

VI.

Nelly, through the hall, was led,
To a lovely lady's bed;
Just in time, she entered there;
Not a minute had to spare;

Now began the midwife's trouble,
Out of one to make a double;
Deftly, Nelly did her duty,
And produced a babe of beauty.

VII.

"Take this ointment," cried the rider,
Who, all through, had stood beside her;
"Give the babe, with it, a scrubbing,
Eyes, and feet, and body, rubbing;
With your right hand only, touch it;
Let no other part approach it;
If you do so, Mrs. Conner,
I assure you, on my honour,
You'll ne'er again see Ballydonner."

VIII.

Carefully, then, Nelly rubbed it;
Up and down the back, she scrubbed it;
Then the rider, in a flurry,
Went, the baby clothes to hurry:
Nell, now, felt her right eye twitching,
With a smarting and an itching.
Quick, her hand the eye was scrubbing,
Into it, the ointment rubbing;
Little Nelly then was thinking,
How the rider she was blinking:
With her apron, then, she dried it;
Well for her that no one spied it.

IX.

And now a change came, most amazing,
O'er Nelly's sight, as she stood gazing;
Everything around seemed taking
Shapes, that changed, like sleep and waking;
Each a twofold form assuming,
One with grace and beauty blooming,
T'other like a monster looming:
Panorama strange they're forming,
One side hideous, t'other charming.
On the left side, all delights her;
On the right side, all affrights her:
On the left, blooms the ideal,
On the right, glares forth the real.
"Oh!" quoth Nelly, "now I guess it,
'Tis the ointment's work, God bless it!
My right eye the truth is telling,
All their fairy spells dispelling;
Now, I'll shut the left eye wholly,
And spy, with the right eye solely."

X.

No sooner said than done, with Nelly;
Wondrous was the change, I tell ye:
The lady in the straw, so blooming,
Now, an old hag's form's assuming.
The boy as lovely, though much smaller,
Looks a hideous, cross-grained squaller;

And the rider, tall and comely,
Stands a dwarf, deformed, and homely;
From ear to ear, his mouth extended,
Malice his red eyes distended;
And, when smoothly, thus, he spoke her,
Nelly saw he longed to choke her—

XI.

"I do assure you, on my honour,
I'm very grateful, Mrs. Conner,
For the skill, and care, and knowledge,
(Greater is not in the College,)
And attention, and refinement,
You've displayed in this confinement:
Here's a trifle, for your trouble,
Next time, I shall make it double."
In her hand, the rider places,
As a fee, with strange grimaces,
Two gold pieces, each a bright one,
To the left eye, but the right one
Knew them, ivy from the hedges,
Only pared smooth, round the edges.

XII.

Through the hall, he leads Nell Conner,
But can pass no tricks, now, on her:
While her left eye's on it gazing,
All with wealth and beauty's blazing;

But, when Nell her right eye's cocking,
Then appears a change most shocking—
Instead of ladies, formed for loving,
Wrinkled beldames, there, were moving;
Instead of gallants gaily dancing,
Red-capped, hideous, dwarfs were prancing;
Ditch water from egg-shells drinking,
Eating dead cats, foul and stinking.
On the left, romance is blooming,
On the right, sad truth is looming;
This ideal, that the real;
At a glance, she, now, can see all.

XIII.

When, to earth, they made their way,
There, her left eye saw the gray;
But her right eye told her, now,
'Twas the beam of her old plough:
Quick the rider mounted up;
Quick he placed her, on the crup;
Nelly trembled, through and through,
And prayed Heaven to speed the plough.

XIV.

Quick enough they went, be sure,
Over hill, and over moor;
Bounded o'er Ariglin's streams—
Cried Nell, "the broth you are of beams."

Swift and noiseless, on, it sped,
By the road, that shortest led;
And set her down, at her abode,
Just as morning cocks had crow'd.

XV.

Millstreet fair was the next day;
Thither Nell must wend her way;
Many a bargain there to make—
Many a hand of friend to shake—
Many a certain cure to give—
Many a blessing to receive—
Many a shanahus to hold—
Many a patient there to scold—
Many a scandal there to hear—
Many a new-made bride to cheer:
For while Nell, through Millstreet, sweeps,
Still an eye to trade she keeps.

XVI.

Now, as Nell, through Millstreet's moving,
Still, her right eye's skill she's proving:
Wondrous skill that eye is showing,
Hour by hour, it grows more knowing:
From each rogue the veil 'tis lifting,
Showing every trick and shifting;
Neighbours, there, most kindly greeting,
Nelly sees were bent on cheating;

Lovers breathing vows, like honey,
Nell now finds—in love with money;
Farmers, there, praised sheep they'd gotten,
Which her right eye showed were rotten:
Every minute Nell grows wiser;
Rogues avaunt! you can't surprise her.

XVII.

When Nell came up to the fair,
Her friend the rider she saw there:
To no eye, there, was he shown,
Save to Nell's right eye alone:
Red-haired, humpbacked, dwarf he seems,
Deep intent on roguish schemes;
The primest cows, away, he'd lead,
Charmed stones leaving, in their stead,
That would seem, like cows, till morn,
Then, to their old shapes, return:
Nell watched him well, with her right eye;
And all his tricks she could descry.

XVIII.

She followed him, within a tent,
Where, on mischief, he was bent:
There a comely lass he spied,
With her sweetheart, by her side:
A thraneen, up her nose, he squeezed;
Twice, at this, the maiden sneezed;

Once, and twice, the elf did grin;
Now, he thought the prize to win;
For, so much her sweetheart said,
Ne'er to bless her thought the maid;
Now his mouth he opens wide,
When Nell Conner loudly cried,
" The Blessed Virgin and her Son
'Twixt you and ill, my Colleen Bawn."
Then his teeth the fairy gnashed;
Quick at Nelly Conner dashed;
Shrieking, with his finger pointed,
To the eye, that was annointed;
At it, with his stick, let fly,
And struck out poor Nell's right eye.

XIX.

Nelly now a black patch wears;
Through her left eye only peers;
But her right eye's fame is known,
From Kilskane to Garryowen;
And when rogues are coming nigh,
People, still, through Munster cry,
" ANY MONEY FOR NELL'S EYE !"

Cheer up.

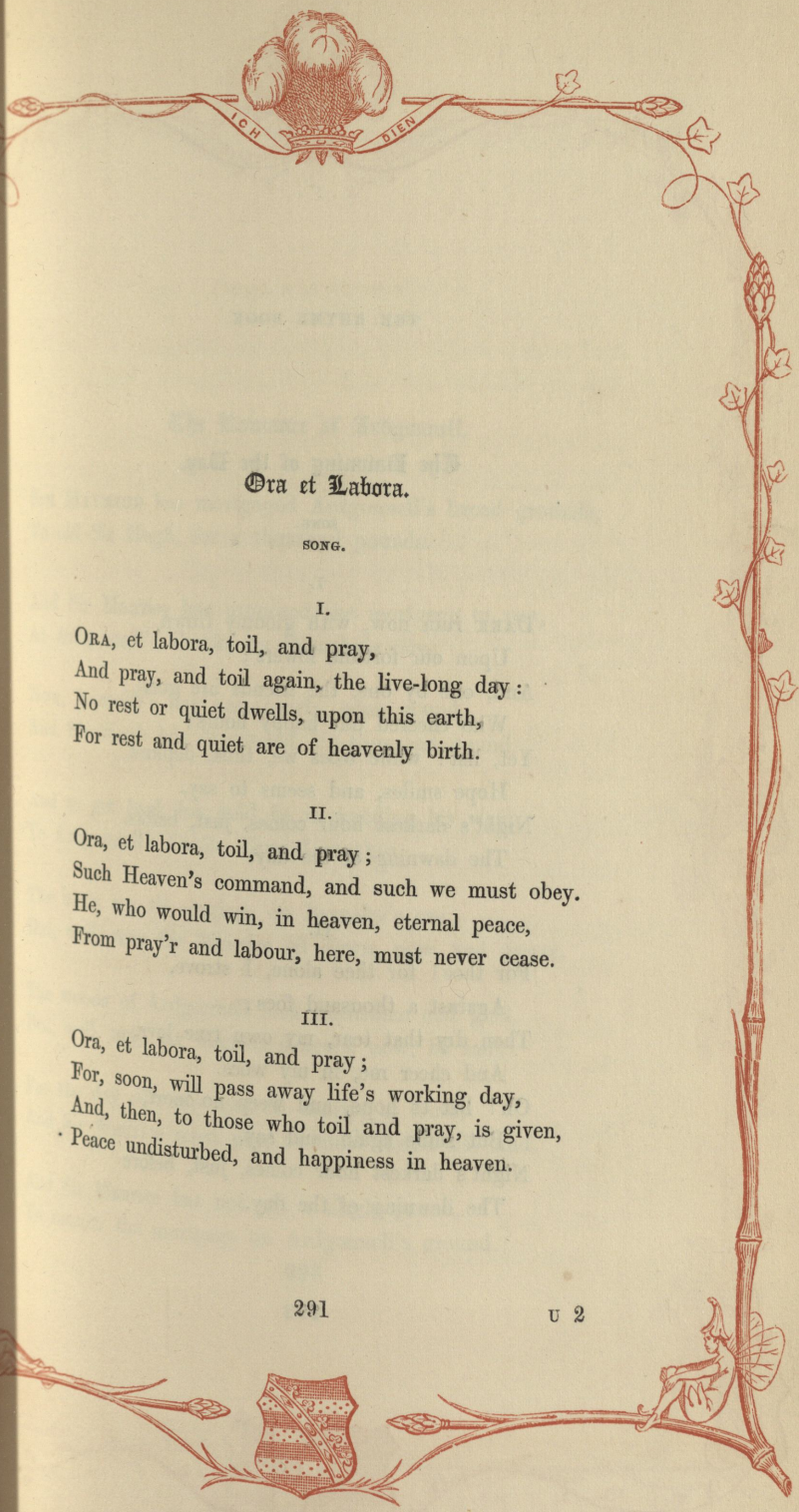
SONGLET.

I.

Look up! look up!
Though drunk, with sorrow's bitter cup,
Oh! speak to me;
Beneath woe's stroke, I scorn to cower,
And only fear, in this dark hour,
For thee! for thee!

II.

Cheer up! cheer up!
Dash, from thine eye, the glistening drop;
Woe ne'er should move
A loving heart, like thine, when prest,
Thus closely, to the faithful breast,
That owns its love.



Ora et Labora.

SONG.

I.

Ora, et labora, toil, and pray,
And pray, and toil again, the live-long day:
No rest or quiet dwells, upon this earth,
For rest and quiet are of heavenly birth.

II.

Ora, et labora, toil, and pray;
Such Heaven's command, and such we must obey.
He, who would win, in heaven, eternal peace,
From pray'r and labour, here, must never cease.

III.

Ora, et labora, toil, and pray;
For, soon, will pass away life's working day,
And, then, to those who toil and pray, is given,
Peace undisturbed, and happiness in heaven.

The Dawning of the Day.

SONG.

I.

Dark ruin now, with gloomy frown,
Upon our fortune lowers;
And, one by one, the friends are gone,
Who cheered our happy hours:
Yet, list! while woes we, thus, deplore,
Hope smiles, and seems to say,
Night's darkest hour comes, just, before
The dawning of the day.

II.

For thee! for thee alone, I strove,
Against a thousand foes;
Then dry that tear, my own true love,
And cheer me, in my woes.
Oh! list to hope, and weep no more,
But smile again, and say,
Night's darkest hour comes, just, before
The dawning of the day.



The Romance of Ardgonnell.

Sir Maurice has mortgaged Ardgonnell's broad grounds,
To old Sir Hugh, for a thousand pounds.

And Sir Maurice has promised the mortgage to pay,
At Ardgonnell's Castle, on Barnaby's day.

Now, Barnaby's day has, nearly, come round,
And Sir Hugh has demanded his thousand pound.

And to get back his gold he is wending his way,
To Ardgonnell's Castle, from Lisnaskea.

The birds are all singing, on Barnaby's eve,
But, well, may Sir Maurice sit down, now, and grieve.

The woods of Ardgonnell look blithsome and glad,
But, well, may Sir Maurice's heart, now, be sad.

For the day of repayment is, nearly, at hand,
And Sir Maurice must pay, or must forfeit his land.

And Sir Maurice has not got a single pound,
To ransom the mortgage on Ardgonnell's ground.

And to-morrow the day of foreclosure will come,
And Sir Maurice must pay, or depart from his home.

He looked on his castle, he looked on his grounds;
And he cried, "Must I leave for a thousand pounds?

"Accursed be the usurer, heartless and old;
My fair lands I lose for a handful of gold.

"Oh! would that Sir Hugh were laid low, in his grave,
And the mortgage-deed sunk, in the fathomless wave."

Thus cried out Sir Maurice, in grief and in fear,
But the tempter stood near, and spoke low in his ear.

"Thy lands thou shalt keep were Sir Hugh in his grave,
And the mortgage-deed sunk in the fathomless wave."

And Sir Maurice grew cold, with a shuddering fear,
When the tempter, first, whispered these words, in his ear.

He sprang on his horse, and he dashed, through the wood,
To drive, from his bosom, these dark thoughts of blood.

But the tempter has mounted, behind on the horse,
And he whispers, again, in the midst of the course—

"Thy lands thou mayst keep, were Sir Hugh, in his grave,
And the mortgage-deed sunk, in the fathomless wave."

Onward, like lightning, Sir Maurice still rode,
To drive, from his bosom, these dark thoughts of blood.

Onward he rode, until evening rays show
The woods, and the clear lake, of fair Lisnaroe.

There, he met old Sir Hugh, all alone, on his way,
With the bond, in his hand, he, to-morrow, must pay.

In the heart of Sir Maurice, fierce anger awoke,
And louder and plainer the tempter, then, spoke—

"Thy lands thou shalt keep were Sir Hugh in his grave,
And the mortgage-deed sunk in the lake's crystal wave."

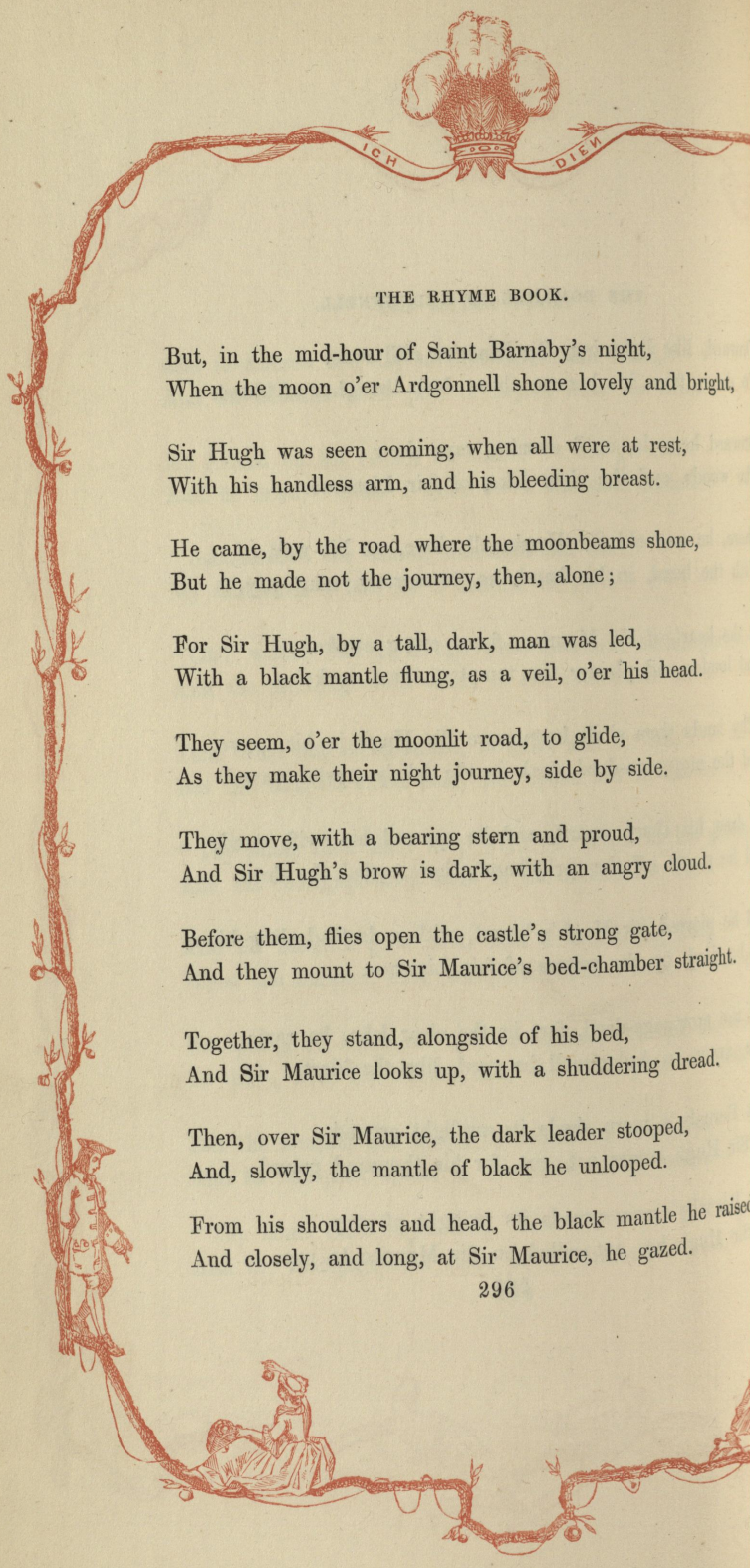
He drew his sharp sword, and he spurred his swift steed,
And he smote off the right-hand, that carried the deed.

And he pierced Sir Hugh's breast, with a death-dealing blow,
Till he died, by the waters of fair Lisnaroe.

And the mortgage-deed, far, in the clear lake, he cast;
Then, away, to Ardgonnell he sped, like the blast.

Saint Barnaby's morn sheds its sunlight around,
But Sir Hugh comes not, yet, for his thousand pound.

Saint Barnaby's eve spreads its twilight of gray,
But Sir Hugh has not called on Sir Maurice to pay.



But, in the mid-hour of Saint Barnaby's night,
When the moon o'er Ardgonnell shone lovely and bright,

Sir Hugh was seen coming, when all were at rest,
With his handless arm, and his bleeding breast.

He came, by the road where the moonbeams shone,
But he made not the journey, then, alone;

For Sir Hugh, by a tall, dark, man was led,
With a black mantle flung, as a veil, o'er his head.

They seem, o'er the moonlit road, to glide,
As they make their night journey, side by side.

They move, with a bearing stern and proud,
And Sir Hugh's brow is dark, with an angry cloud.

Before them, flies open the castle's strong gate,
And they mount to Sir Maurice's bed-chamber straight.

Together, they stand, alongside of his bed,
And Sir Maurice looks up, with a shuddering dread.

Then, over Sir Maurice, the dark leader stooped,
And, slowly, the mantle of black he unlooped.

From his shoulders and head, the black mantle he raised
And closely, and long, at Sir Maurice, he gazed.

And he let Sir Maurice, in wild horror, trace
The features and hue of his ghastly face.

Then he flung the mantle, again, o'er his head,
And he led Sir Hugh, away, from the bed.

Together, they glided, across the floor,
And, together, they passed, through the chamber door.

But Sir Maurice, in horror and wild affright,
Shrieked, loudly, and madly, through Barnaby's night.

Weirdlike, and ceaseless, rose shriek upon shriek,
While madness glared, wildly, from eye, and from cheek.

He shrieked on, in madness, until night was sped;
And, when morning light came, Sir Maurice was dead.

The race of Sir Maurice has long passed away;
And the bat and the owl, in his castle, hold sway.

But, still, comes Sir Hugh on Saint Barnaby's night,
When the moon o'er Ardgonnell shines lovely and bright.

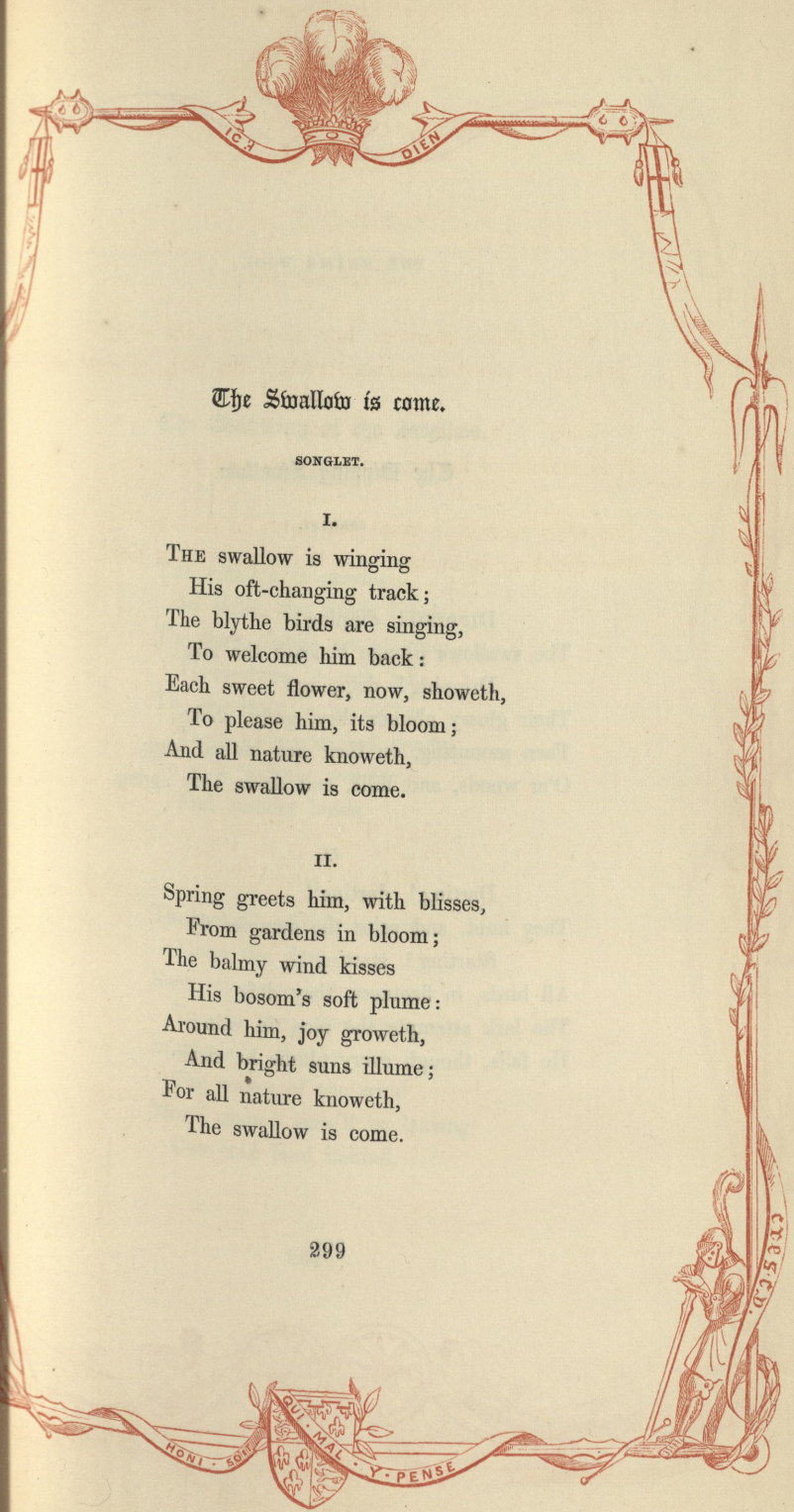
He comes, when the world around are at rest,
With his handless arm, and his bleeding breast.

And, still, his dark leader beside him moves on,
And around his weird head his black mantle is thrown.

To Sir Maurice's chamber they mount, by the stair,
And the shrieks ring, again, through the still, midnight air.

Weirdlike they come on the passer's ear,
Wild shrieks of horror, and anguish, and fear.

But when morning's roses bud forth in the sky,
The shrieking is hushed, and the night-walkers fly.



The Swallow is come.

SONGLET.

I.

THE swallow is winging
His oft-changing track;
The blythe birds are singing,
To welcome him back:
Each sweet flower, now, showeth,
To please him, its bloom;
And all nature knoweth,
The swallow is come.

II.

Spring greets him, with blisses,
From gardens in bloom;
The balmy wind kisses
His bosom's soft plume:
Around him, joy groweth,
And bright suns illume;
For all nature knoweth,
The swallow is come.

The Dipping Swallow.

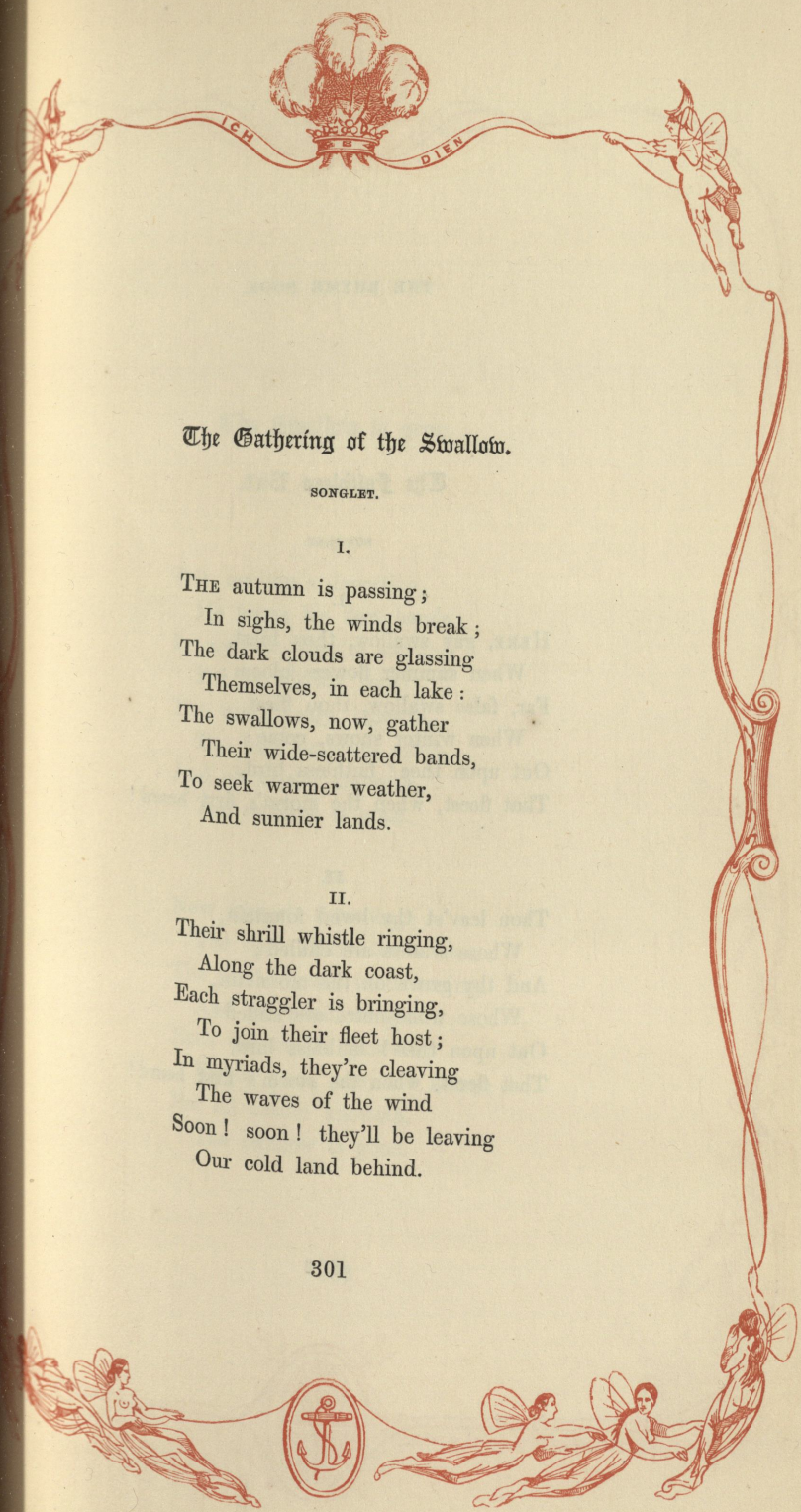
SONGLET.

I.

Dipping! dipping!
The swallows plunge beneath the lake:
Dripping! dripping!
Their glossy plumes they, gaily, shake;
Then mounting, on their new-bathed wing,
O'er woods, and hills, and dales, they spring.

II.

Darting! darting!
They hunt, and seize the summer fly:
Starting! starting!
All birds, in fleetness, they defy;
The lark attempts the race, in vain;
He fails, though every plume he strain.



The Gathering of the Swallow.

SONGLET.

I.

THE autumn is passing;
In sighs, the winds break;
The dark clouds are glassing
Themselves, in each lake:
The swallows, now, gather
Their wide-scattered bands,
To seek warmer weather,
And sunnier lands.

II.

Their shrill whistle ringing,
Along the dark coast,
Each straggler is bringing,
To join their fleet host;
In myriads, they're cleaving
The waves of the wind
Soon! soon! they'll be leaving
Our cold land behind.

The Faithless Bird.

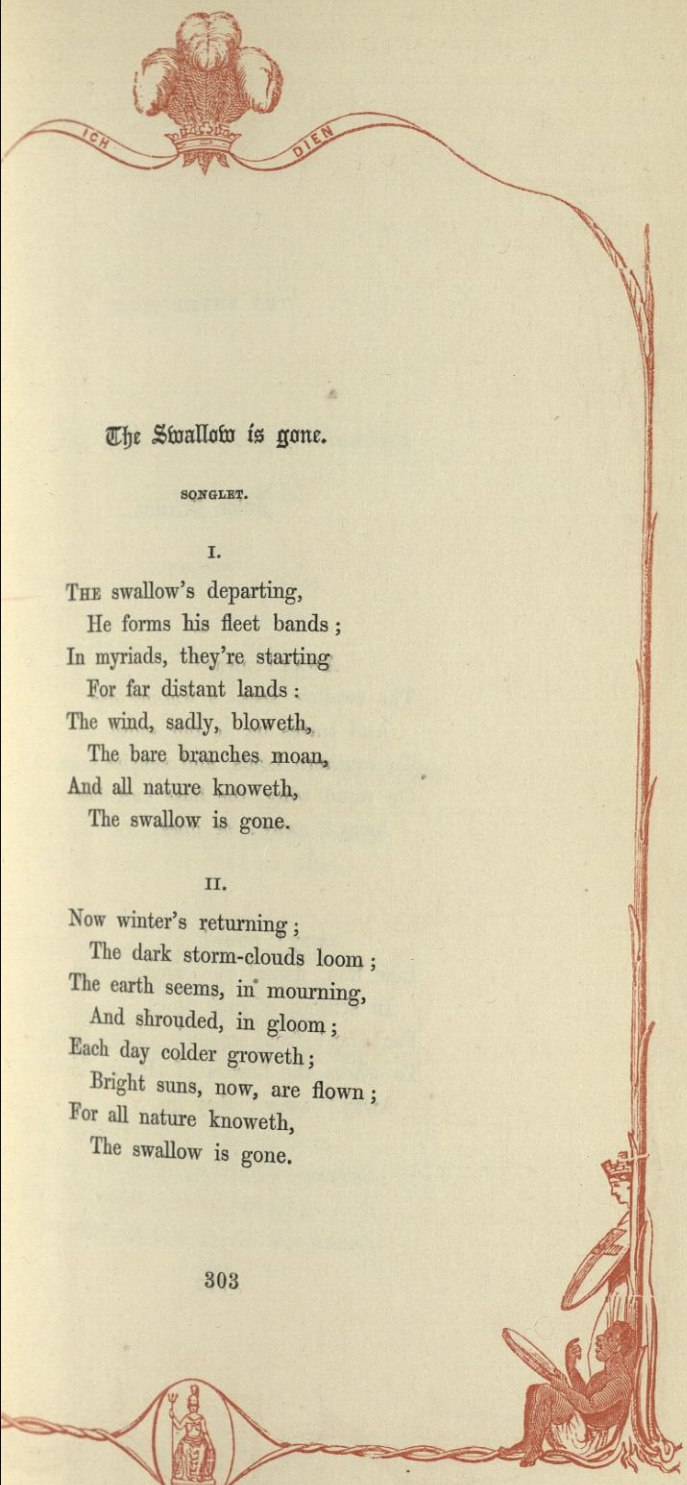
SONGLET.

I.

Here, gay swallow, thou hiest,
When summer flowers bloom;
Far, false swallow, thou fliest,
When winter snows, come:
Out upon thee! faithless bird,
That fleest, when the storm's first heard!

II.

Thou leav'st thy loved fountain,
Whose waters are chilled;
And thy grove on the mountain,
Whose wood-notes are stilled!
Out upon thee! faithless bird,
That fleest, when the storm's first heard!



The Swallow is gone.

SONGLET.

I.

The swallow's departing,
He forms his fleet bands;
In myriads, they're starting
For far distant lands:
The wind, sadly, bloweth,
The bare branches moan,
And all nature knoweth,
The swallow is gone.

II.

Now winter's returning;
The dark storm-clouds loom;
The earth seems, in mourning,
And shrouded, in gloom;
Each day colder groweth;
Bright suns, now, are flown;
For all nature knoweth,
The swallow is gone.

False Friends.

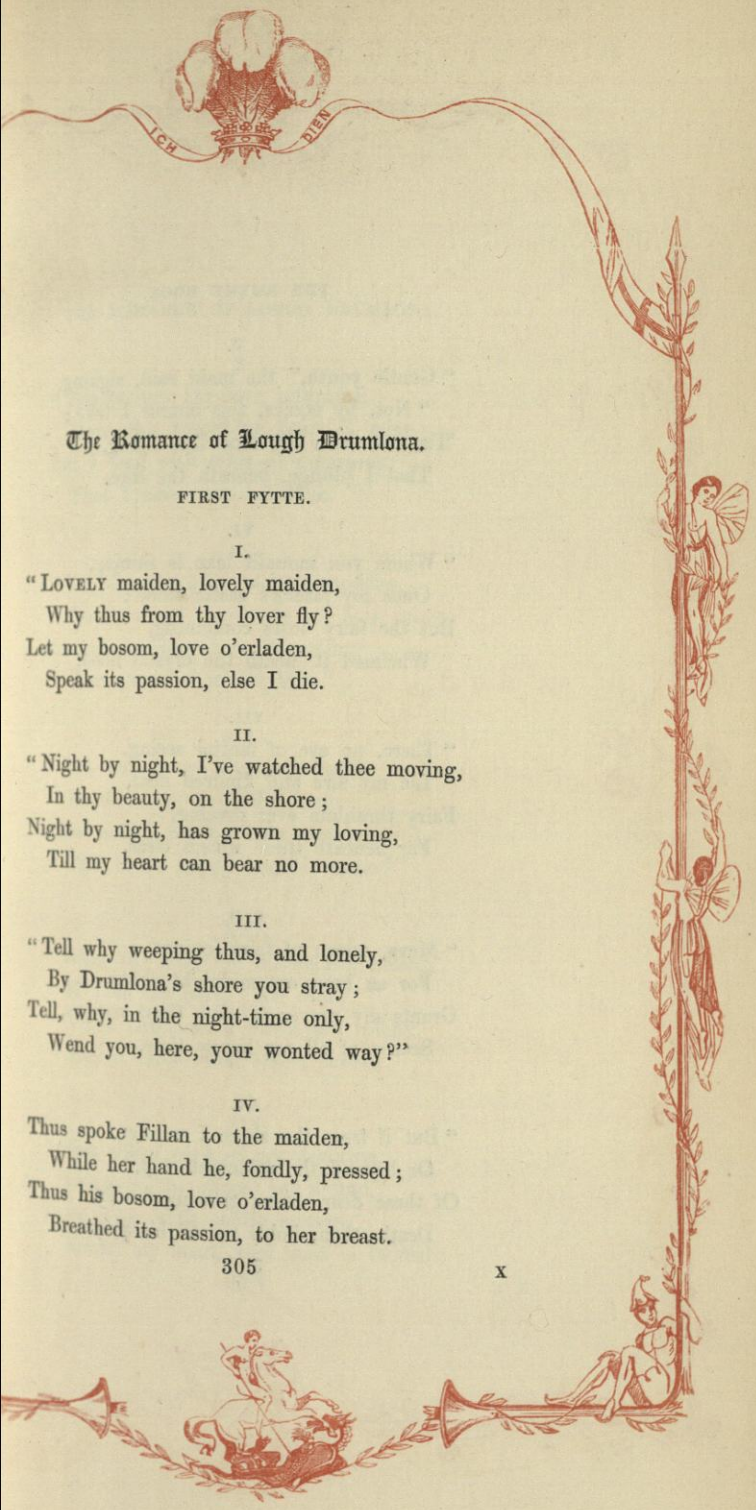
SONGLET.

I.

Away! away!
The swallow seeks a warmer day,
And leaves us, in our snows:
To southern lands, and sunnier skies,
On rapid wing, the false bird flies—
Away! away! he goes.

II.

Away! away!
Like him, depart our comrades gay,
In seasons of dark woe:
Far! far! from sorrow's wintry gloom,
To where the flowers of pleasure bloom—
Away! away! they go.



The Romance of Lough Drumlona.

FIRST FYTTE.

I.

"Lovely maiden, lovely maiden,
Why thus from thy lover fly?
Let my bosom, love o'erladen,
Speak its passion, else I die.

II.

"Night by night, I've watched thee moving,
In thy beauty, on the shore;
Night by night, has grown my loving,
Till my heart can bear no more.

III.

"Tell why weeping thus, and lonely,
By Drumlona's shore you stray;
Tell, why, in the night-time only,
Wend you, here, your wonted way?"

IV.

Thus spoke Fillan to the maiden,
While her hand he, fondly, pressed;
Thus his bosom, love o'erladen,
Breathed its passion, to her breast.

V.

"Gentle youth," the maid said, sighing,
"Not, by choice, this course I take;
'Tis not, from thy kind face flying,
That I plunge, beneath the lake.

VI.

"Where yon moonlit lake is shining,
Once my father's castle stood;
But the fairy hosts combining,
Whelmed it 'neath the crystal flood.

VII.

"There, no eye of mortal seeing,
Lie my sire and kindred dear,
Fairy thraldom ever dreeing,
Far beneath these waters clear.

VIII.

"Meva, queen of fairy legions,
For an hour ere midnight chime,
Grants my prayer to view these regions,
Scenes of all my happy time.

IX.

"But if from the shore I wander,
Or beyond the midnight stay,
Of these dear scenes growing fonder,
Death, then, holds me as his prey.

X.

"Fondly now thy love returning,
Beats this throbbing heart of mine;
But I feel, with tears of mourning,
That I never can be thine.

XI.

"Yet, for one hour nightly meeting,
Love's sweet transports we may prove;
At each meeting here, repeating
Every vow of tender love."

XII.

"Yet, not always thou appearest,
Maiden from thy fairy home;
How shall I remind thee, dearest,
That love's happy hour is come?"

XIII.

"When the hour ere midnight's tolling,
If I be not here," she said,
"Where Drumlona's waves are rolling,
Seek a snow-white silken thread.

XIV.

"That silken cord of my devotion,
Lying on the shore, you'll find,
Draw it up with gentle motion,
Round my heart, that cord is twined.

XV.

"And as up the cord you're bringing,
Through Drumlona's crystal tide,
You shall see me, swiftly, springing,
From its waters, to your side.

XVI.

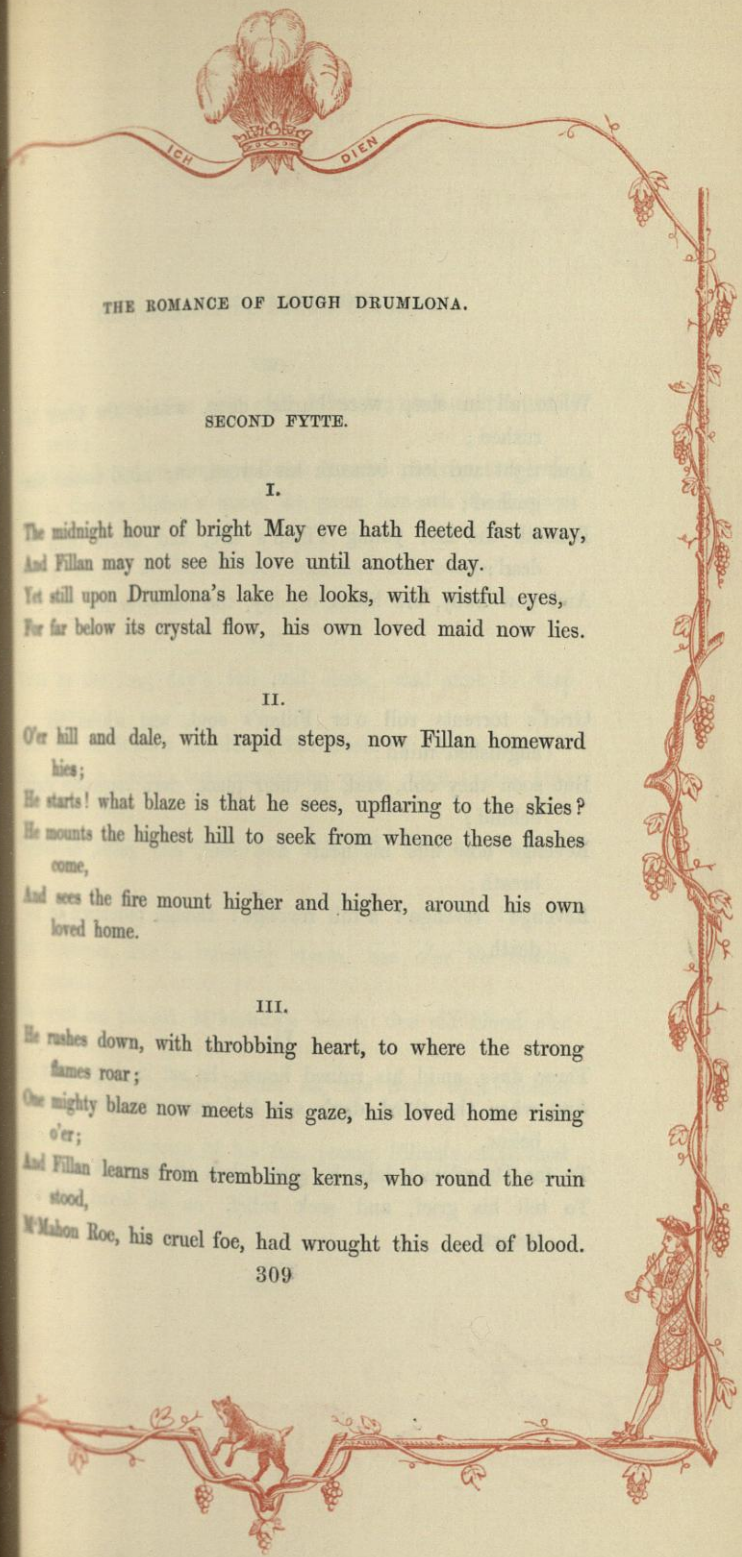
"Let no blood your hand be staining,
When the snow-white cord you clasp;
Let no guilt your soul be chaining,
Else I die beneath your grasp."

XVII.

Then upon his bosom sinking,
Fillan clasps the lovely maid;
With deep rapture, fondly, drinking
Every word of love she said.

XVIII.

Night by night, amid the glooming,
Fillan draws the silken cord;
And, from fair Drumlona coming,
Sees the form of his beloved.



SECOND FYTTE.

I.

The midnight hour of bright May eve hath fleeted fast away,
And Fillan may not see his love until another day.
Yet still upon Drumlona's lake he looks, with wistful eyes,
For far below its crystal flow, his own loved maid now lies.

II.

O'er hill and dale, with rapid steps, now Fillan homeward hies;
He starts! what blaze is that he sees, upflaring to the skies?
He mounts the highest hill to seek from whence these flashes come,
And sees the fire mount higher and higher, around his own loved home.

III.

He rushes down, with throbbing heart, to where the strong flames roar;
One mighty blaze now meets his gaze, his loved home rising o'er;
And Fillan learns from trembling kerns, who round the ruin stood,
M'Mahon Roe, his cruel foe, had wrought this deed of blood.

IV.

When all in sleep were buried deep, within the tower he rushed;
And right and left, beneath his sword, the blood around him gushed;
Beneath the fire, young Fillan's sire, and sisters twain lie dead;
And now away, ere break of day, the murderer has fled.

V.

Grief's torrents roll o'er Fillan's soul, and whelm his anguished mind;
But soon they ebb, and, in their place, dark vengeance stays behind;
Revenge now fills his heart and soul, and gasps, in every breath;
Revenge! revenge! a full revenge! though purchased by his death.

VI.

Three days, amid his ruined house, he sat in deepest woe;
And when the third day's sun had sunk, the western waves below,
To far Drumlona's lake he goes when all are sunk in rest,
To tell his grief, and seek relief, on his loved maiden's breast.

VII.

Lit by the moon, o'er hill and dale, his footsteps quickly move;
And, in his breast, a struggle lives, betwixt revenge and love;
But as, through Maher's wood, he goes, beneath its shadows deep,
He sees his foe, M'Mahon Roe, unarmed and asleep.

VIII.

Tired by the long day's toil and chase, and sunk in deep repose,
There lies his father's murderer, the cause of all his woes;
His sword is bared, but conscience cries, "Oh! stay that craven blow,
A shameful deed it is to slay an unarmed, sleeping foe."

IX.

But vengeance, like a bursting storm, has o'er his bosom rushed;
His sword has pierced M'Mahon's heart, the red blood o'er him gushed;
His hand, and arm, and bosom all, are dyed with clotted gore,
And with the life-stream of his foe, young Fillan's crimsoned o'er.

THIRD FYTTE.

I.

Now away to Drumlona he's hieing,
While moonbeams lighten the plain;
The blood on his right-hand is lying,
But he thinks not about the stain.

II.

His thoughts are all on his loved maiden,
Beneath Drumlona's fair lake;
Oh! soon shall his breast, sorrow laden,
Sweet comfort from love and her take.

III.

Quick he seizes the silken cord, lying
Upon Drumlona's smooth strand;
Soon! soon! shall his loved maid be flying,
To meet him from far fairy-land.

IV.

His blood-crimsoned hand the cord seizes,
And lifts it up, from the lake;
But, as Fillan's red hand the cord raises,
Deep moanings upon his ear break.

V.

And now, 'neath the moonlight bright beaming,
Drumlona seems red with gore;
And deep crimson stains are seen gleaming,
Like red veins, its clear bosom o'er.

VI.

And Fillan now hears, faintly stealing,
The voice of his own loved maid,
Her doom, to her lover, revealing,
And thus, feebly gasping, she said:—

VII.

"Oh! loved one I'm dying,
Destroyed by thy hand;
My spirit is flying,
To death's gloomy land;
Thy hand, crimson gory,
Thy soul filled, with wrath,
Declare my dark story
Of ruin and death.

VIII.

"The chain of devotion,
By murder disdained,
The heart's fond devotion,
By foul guilt profaned,

Bring ruin the deepest,
That anguish can tell;
Too late, now, thou weepest,
Lost loved one, farewell.

IX.

"But, e'en while I'm sinking,
'Neath death's gloomy powers,
Joy comes, while I'm thinking
Of love's happy hours;
As nearer, and nearer,
I draw to the tomb,
Still dearer and dearer,
Fond thoughts of thee come."

X.

No more he can bear, but swift flinging
Himself in the moonlit wave,
His soul, through death's portals, is winging,
To join his dear maid, in the grave.

Bright Star of Eve.

SONG.

I.

Bright star of eve arise! arise!
And glad my longing sight;
Chase the last sunbeam, from the skies,
And lead in lovely night:
Bid the cool dew revive our flowers,
And moonlight gild the vale;
And, in our jasmine-scented bowers,
Awake the nightingale.

II.

Bright star of eve arise! arise!
Amid the golden west;
Bring to the maiden's longing eyes,
The youth, that she loves best:
Guide safely, with thy silver beam,
Their footsteps in the grove,
And lend enchantment to their dream,
Of happiness and love.

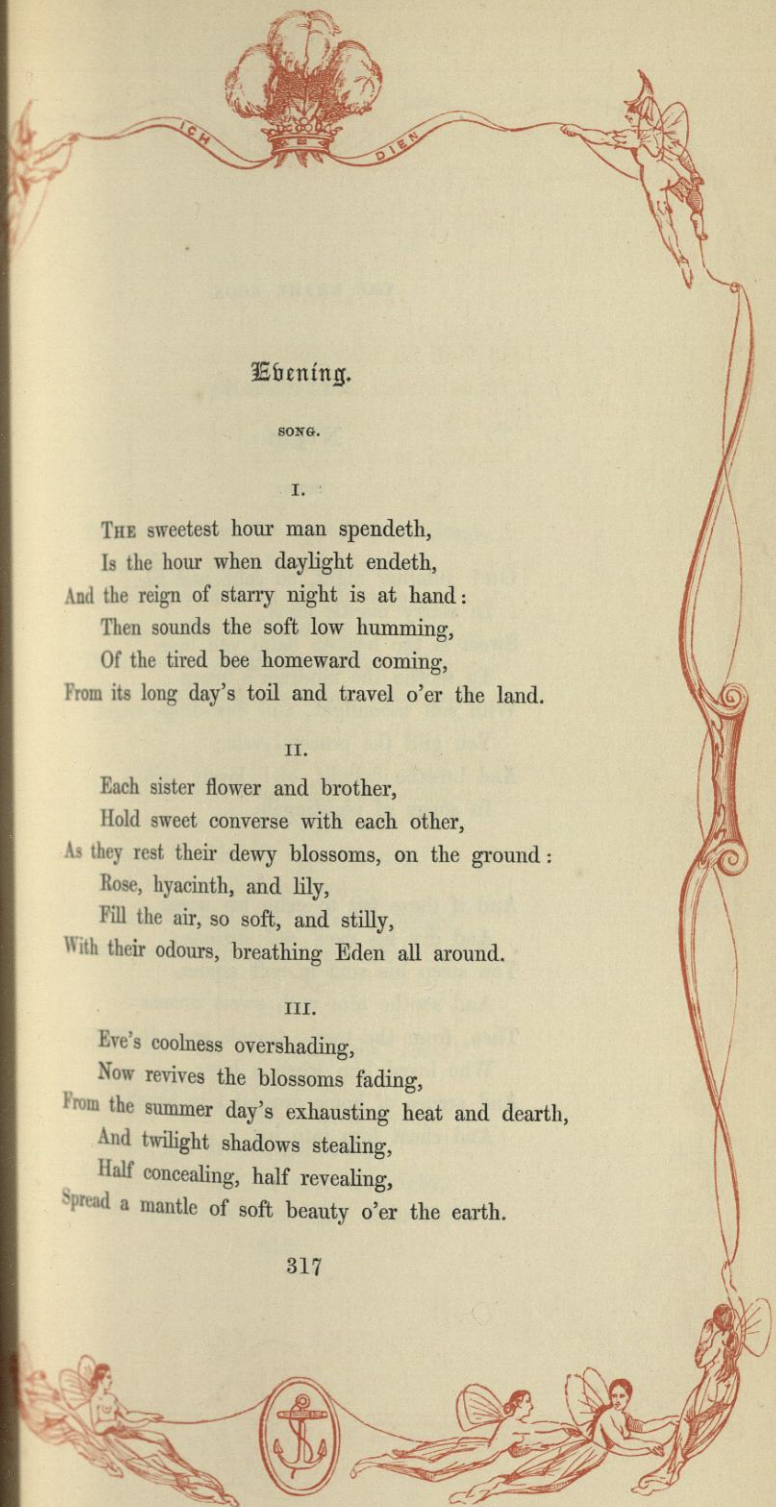
III.

Bright star of eve arise! arise!
Unyoke the weary steer;
And, as the ploughman homeward, hies,
His twilight journey cheer:

Lead forth his little ones half way,
To meet their sire's embrace;
And with thy softest, loveliest ray,
Light up each happy face.

IV.

Bright star of eve arise! arise!
Shine through the cloudless air;
And point toward heaven the peasant's eyes,
In humble heartfelt prayer:
Pour sweetly o'er the kneeling group,
Thy rays of silver light;
And fill their hearts with peace and love,
Amid the shades of night.



Evening.

SONG.

I.

THE sweetest hour man spendeth,
Is the hour when daylight endeth,
And the reign of starry night is at hand:
Then sounds the soft low humming,
Of the tired bee homeward coming,
From its long day's toil and travel o'er the land.

II.

Each sister flower and brother,
Hold sweet converse with each other,
As they rest their dewy blossoms, on the ground:
Rose, hyacinth, and lily,
Fill the air, so soft, and stilly,
With their odours, breathing Eden all around.

III.

Eve's coolness overshading,
Now revives the blossoms fading,
From the summer day's exhausting heat and dearth,
And twilight shadows stealing,
Half concealing, half revealing,
Spread a mantle of soft beauty o'er the earth.

Night.

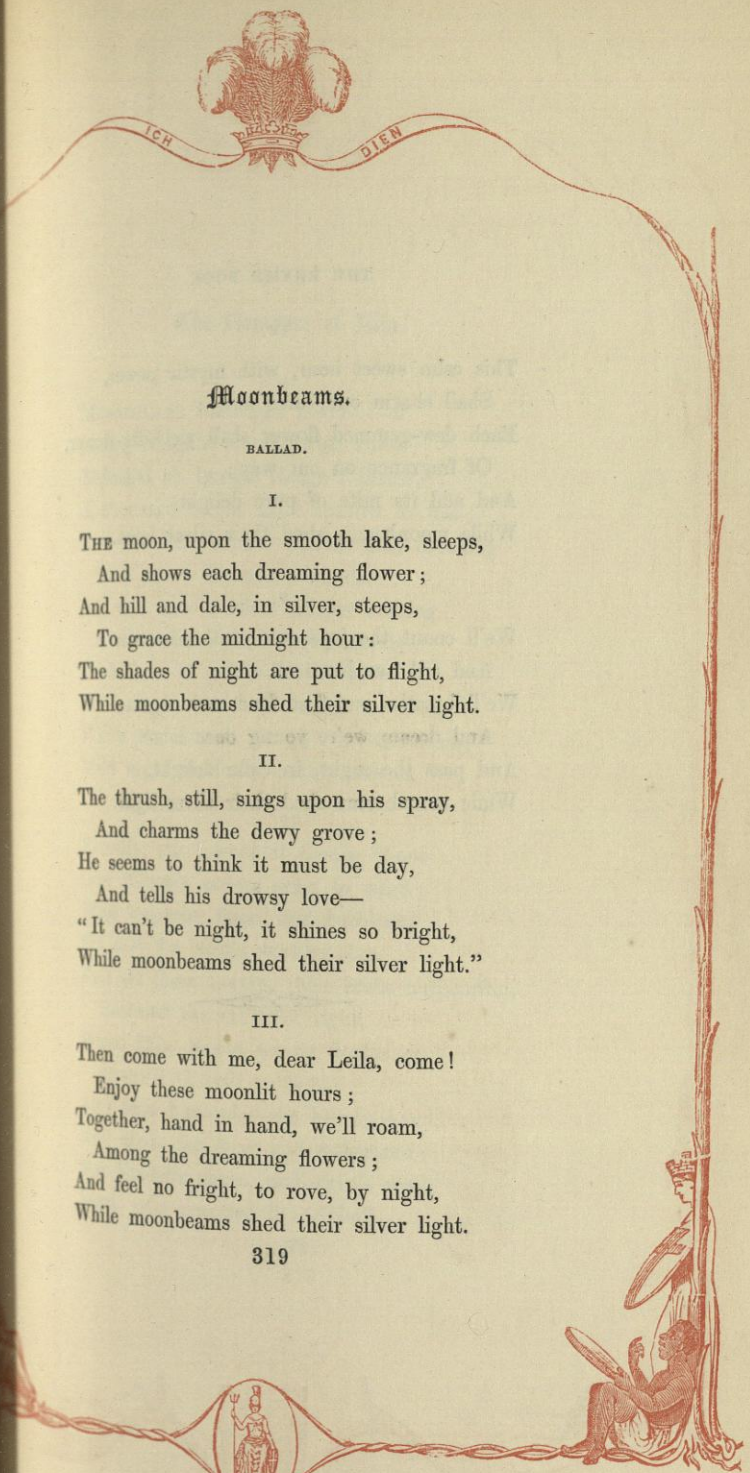
SONG.

I.

Oh! summer night, so calm and fair,
In starry mantle drest,
Sweet is the healing balm you bear,
To soothe the mourner's breast;
With soft moonlight, and dew-drops bright,
You gild the peaceful vale;
And breathe delight, oh! lovely night,
In songs of nightingale.

II.

And if these fail to calm his woes,
And dry his eyes' sad streams;
You steep his soul in soft repose,
And soothe him with sweet dreams:
Then, from the tomb, friends seem to come,
Who loved him when a boy;
And scenes of home around him bloom,
And cheat him into joy.



Moonbeams.

BALLAD.

I.

The moon, upon the smooth lake, sleeps,
And shows each dreaming flower;
And hill and dale, in silver, steeps,
To grace the midnight hour:
The shades of night are put to flight,
While moonbeams shed their silver light.

II.

The thrush, still, sings upon his spray,
And charms the dewy grove;
He seems to think it must be day,
And tells his drowsy love—
"It can't be night, it shines so bright,
While moonbeams shed their silver light."

III.

Then come with me, dear Leila, come!
Enjoy these moonlit hours;
Together, hand in hand, we'll roam,
Among the dreaming flowers;
And feel no fright, to rove, by night,
While moonbeams shed their silver light.

IV.

This calm sweet hour, with mystic power,
Shall charm our cares away;
Each dew-gemmed flower shall yield its dower,
Of fragrance on our way;
And add its mite of pure delight,
While moonbeams shed their silver light.

V.

We'll count the joys our youth has seen
And tell our loves all o'er;
We'll breathe our first fond vows again;
And dream we're young once more;
And pass the night, in calm delight,
While moonbeams shed their silver light.

The Romance of Ella.

I.

Midsummer midnight hovers o'er
Lough Neagh's forest-girded shore;
Reflected on Lough Neagh's breast,
A thousand bright stars seemed to rest;
And the soft summer moonbeams, breaking
O'er green Tirowen's woods,
Are one smooth silver mirror making
Of broad Lough Neagh's floods:
Each form of gentle loveliness
The moonlit landscape seems to bless,
While o'er Lough Neagh's crystal deeps,
Mild night in dusky beauty sleeps.

II.

Proudly, the towers of Castle Shane
O'er Neagh's waters seem to reign;
With loophole, fosse, and barbican,
Fit nest for Nial's warlike clan.
Full oft these towers, their hosts outpouring,
Restored the cause of right,
When Erin, Saxon wrong deploring,
Aroused O'Neill to fight;
And bade him raise the bloody hand,
And strike for fame and fatherland;
For honour's cause, and Erin's weal,
Were ne'er deserted by O'Neill.

III.

These war-stained towers now seem to sleep
Above Lough Neagh's waveless deep;
The shadow of their time-worn walls
On Neagh's moonlit mirror falls;
Beauty and peace now seem combining
To grace that iron nest,
Like fearless loveliness reclining,
Upon a warrior's breast:
No sound of war, or clang of arms,
Affrights kind nature's gentle charms,
But midnight now, in softest guise,
Reigns over tower, and lake, and skies.

IV.

But say, what boat, o'er Neagh, glides?
What lovely maid that light boat guides?
Rich is her robe of bridal white—
Tall is her form, and wondrous slight:
Her slight form, through the moonlight glancing,
No shadow seems to make;
Her light boat, o'er the waters dancing,
Disturbs not the still lake:
So pale the maid, so frail the boat,
So dim the sails, that o'er it float,
A dream-built shallop seems to glide,
A maiden, born of dreams, to guide.

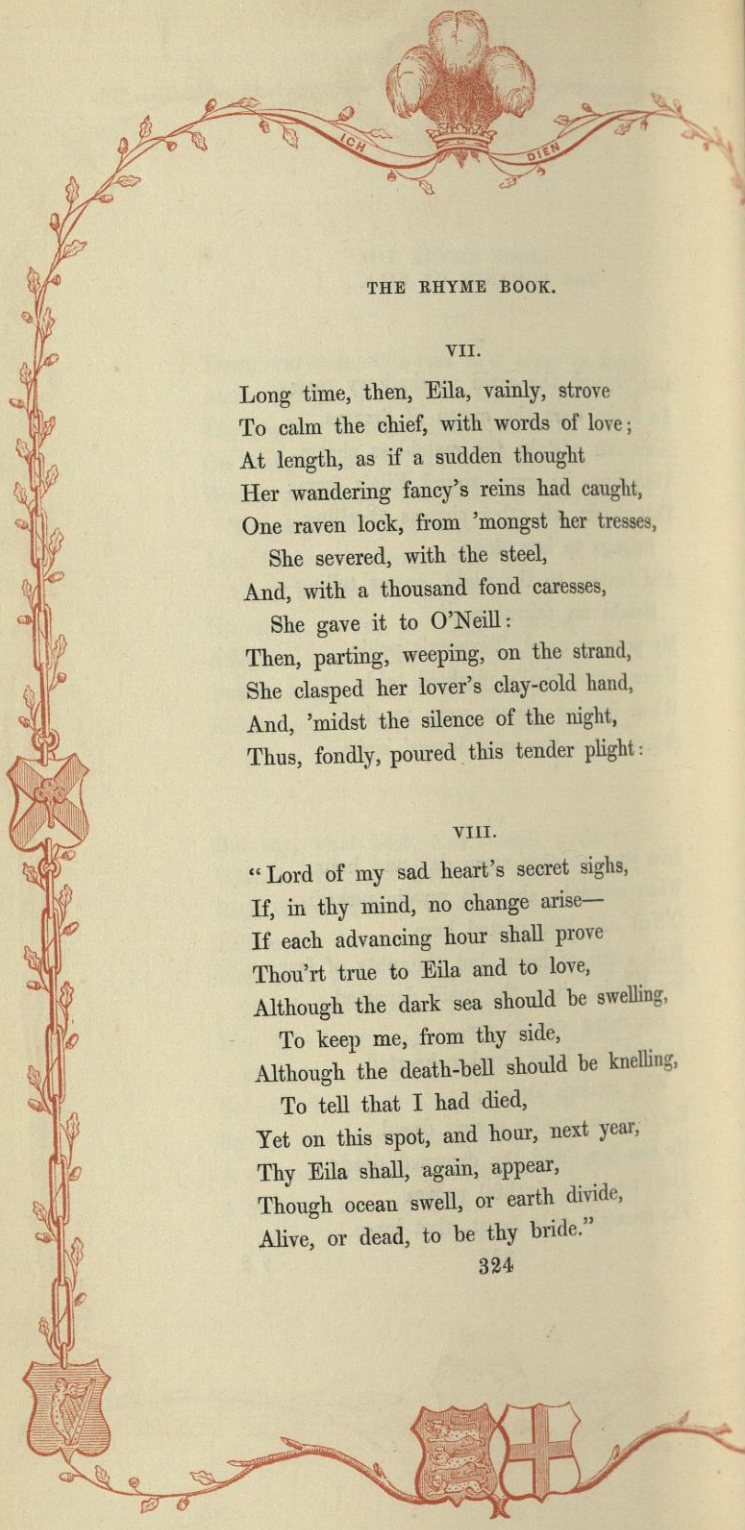


V.

But, though the maid as shadowy seems,
As if she were the queen of dreams,
None can mistake the matchless charm,
That flings its grace round Eila's form;
That charm, all other charms excelling,
Belongs to her alone;
And beauty, to the night, seems telling—
Behold my fairest one!
My peerless maid, Tirowen's pride,
Unconquered Nial's plighted bride,
Whose flowing tresses seem to rise,
Stirred, by a thousand lovers' sighs.

VI.

Last year, on this same day and hour,
When midnight shed its mystic power,
O'Neill and Eila parted here,
With words of hope, but thoughts of fear.
For Britain, then, the maid departed,
Her dying sire to see,
And left her lover, broken-hearted,
With anxious agony;
For, still, in wildly raving dread,
He sees her, 'mid the drowned dead:
Alas! too sadly faithful proves
The foresight of a heart, that loves.

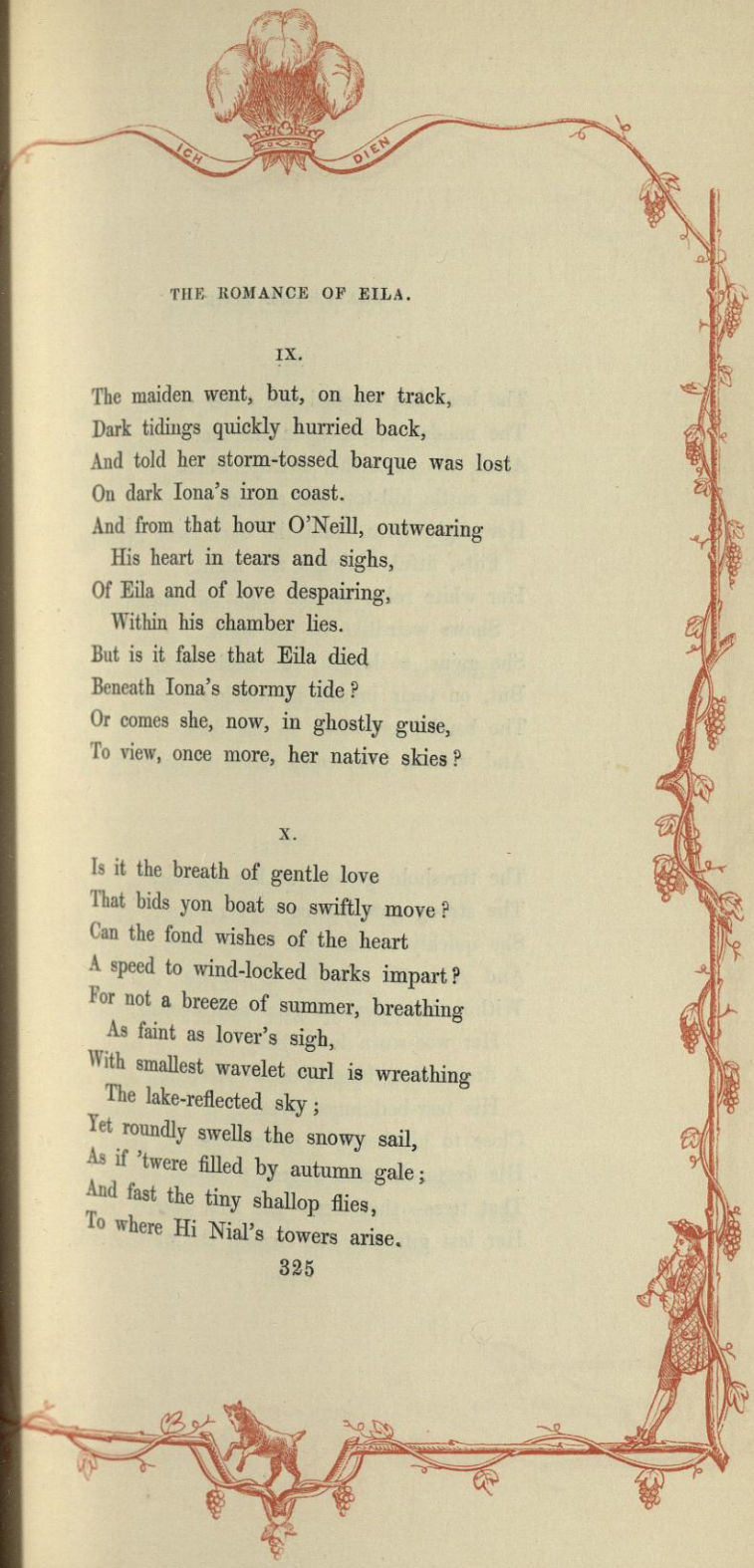


VII.

Long time, then, Eila, vainly, strove
To calm the chief, with words of love;
At length, as if a sudden thought
Her wandering fancy's reins had caught,
One raven lock, from 'mongst her tresses,
She severed, with the steel,
And, with a thousand fond caresses,
She gave it to O'Neill:
Then, parting, weeping, on the strand,
She clasped her lover's clay-cold hand,
And, 'midst the silence of the night,
Thus, fondly, poured this tender plight:

VIII.

"Lord of my sad heart's secret sighs,
If, in thy mind, no change arise—
If each advancing hour shall prove
Thou'rt true to Eila and to love,
Although the dark sea should be swelling,
To keep me, from thy side,
Although the death-bell should be knelling,
To tell that I had died,
Yet on this spot, and hour, next year,
Thy Eila shall, again, appear,
Though ocean swell, or earth divide,
Alive, or dead, to be thy bride."

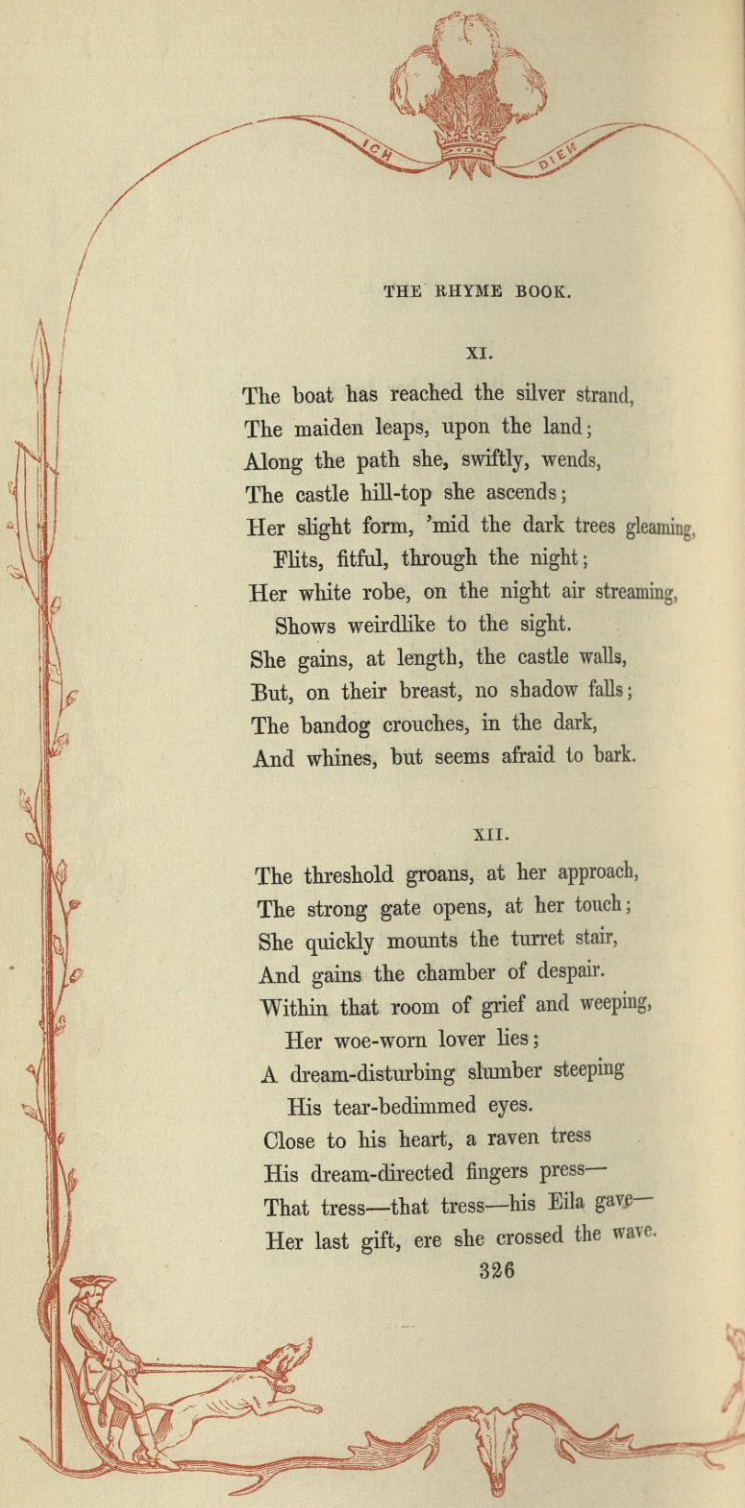


IX.

The maiden went, but, on her track,
Dark tidings quickly hurried back,
And told her storm-tossed barque was lost
On dark Iona's iron coast.
And from that hour O'Neill, outwearing
His heart in tears and sighs,
Of Eila and of love despairing,
Within his chamber lies.
But is it false that Eila died
Beneath Iona's stormy tide?
Or comes she, now, in ghostly guise,
To view, once more, her native skies?

X.

Is it the breath of gentle love
That bids yon boat so swiftly move?
Can the fond wishes of the heart
A speed to wind-locked barks impart?
For not a breeze of summer, breathing
As faint as lover's sigh,
With smallest wavelet curl is wreathing
The lake-reflected sky;
Yet roundly swells the snowy sail,
As if 'twere filled by autumn gale;
And fast the tiny shallop flies,
To where Hi Nial's towers arise.



XI.

The boat has reached the silver strand,
The maiden leaps, upon the land;
Along the path she, swiftly, wends,
The castle hill-top she ascends;
Her slight form, 'mid the dark trees gleaming,
Flits, fitful, through the night;
Her white robe, on the night air streaming,
Shows weirdlike to the sight.
She gains, at length, the castle walls,
But, on their breast, no shadow falls;
The bandog crouches, in the dark,
And whines, but seems afraid to bark.

XII.

The threshold groans, at her approach,
The strong gate opens, at her touch;
She quickly mounts the turret stair,
And gains the chamber of despair.
Within that room of grief and weeping,
Her woe-worn lover lies;
A dream-disturbing slumber steeping
His tear-bedimmed eyes.
Close to his heart, a raven tress
His dream-directed fingers press—
That tress—that tress—his Eila gave—
Her last gift, ere she crossed the wave.

XIII.

She bent her, o'er the sleeping chief,
And, fondly, marked the signs of grief;
She saw his lip, with pain compressed—
She heard the sigh upheave his breast—
She watched the big tears, slowly stealing,
  Adown his cheek, in streams,
The sorrow of his soul revealing,
  That slept not, in his dreams.
She stoops—she lists—he speaks! he speaks!
What sound, upon the stillness breaks,
And proves his heart-love, still, the same?
'Tis Eila's name! 'tis Eila's name!

XIV.

Faint, as the parting rainbow's dyes,
A blush seems on her cheek to rise;
Within her eyes, a paly light
Attests her spirit's deep delight;
A thrill her shadowy form is shaking,
  Almost to viewless air;
As light winds, o'er the waters breaking,
  Dissolve the shadows there!
At length she calms—upon her breast,
To still its throbs, her hands are pressed;
While, through her lips, like moonbeams white,
Her faint voice trembles on the night.

XV.

"Heart of my heart, arise! arise!
Midsummer midnight rules the skies;
'Tis, now, our plighted bridal hour,
And I am here, despite death's power.
'Tis true the ocean, wildly raving,
Careers above my breast;
And dark sea-weeds are coldly waving
Around the lips you prest:
But love is mightier than death,
And dies not, with the dying breath;
And I am here, because I love—
My plight to keep—thy truth to prove."

XVI.

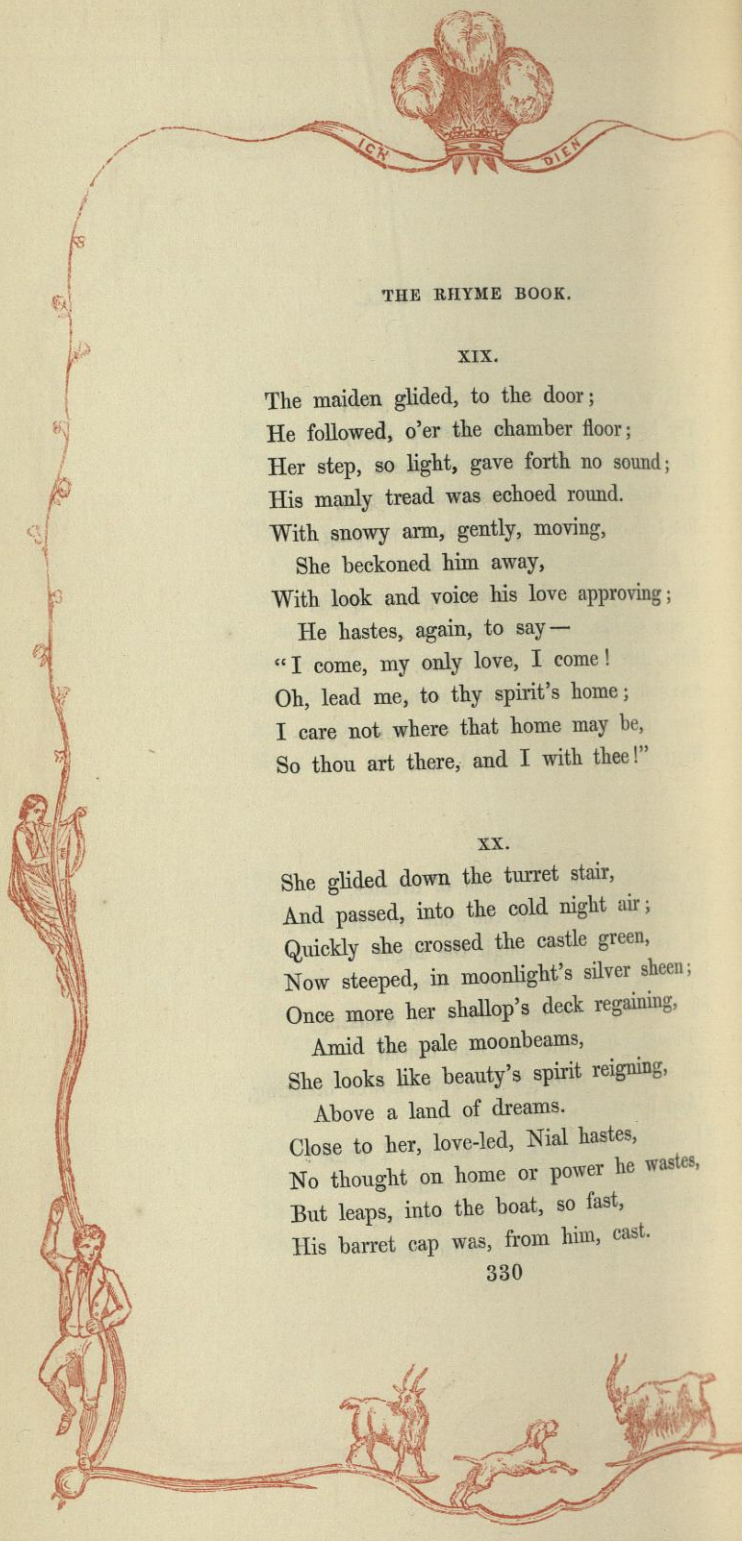
The plight a stainless love hath breathed,
The ties a stainless love hath wreathed,
If undissolved by falsehood's breath,
Defiance bid to time or death.
Around the sad surviving lover,
While faithful he remains,
Still, will the severed spirit hover,
Compelled by love's strong chains:
And, if the earth-bound soul can fling
The soil of earth, from its pure wing,
That hour redeems their love's fond plight—
That hour their pure souls reunite.

XVII.

"If, as in this sweet hour, last year,
Thy heart be free from dastard fear;
If, still, thy unbought love remain
Undimmed by time, unsoiled by stain,
Rise! Nial, from thy couch of weeping,
And take thy faithful bride—
Rise and behold, her love-plight keeping,
She stands, now, by thy side.
Arise, and with thy Eila come,
And join her, in her spirit home;
Dash the dark slumbers, from thine eyes—
Heart of my heart! arise! arise!"

XVIII.

He started, from his couch of dreams,
And stood forth, 'mid the pale moonbeams;
He saw his Eila, through the night
In flowing robes of bridal white.
Joy beamed, from his dark eyes, awaking,
Though, still, the sad tear flowed;
Like sunshine, through the soft shower breaking,
And lighting up the cloud:
"I come!" he cried, "I come! I come!
Oh! lead me, to thy spirit home—
I care not where that home may be,
So thou art there, and I with thee."



XIX.

The maiden glided, to the door;
He followed, o'er the chamber floor;
Her step, so light, gave forth no sound;
His manly tread was echoed round.
With snowy arm, gently, moving,
She beckoned him away,
With look and voice his love approving;
He hastes, again, to say—
"I come, my only love, I come!
Oh, lead me, to thy spirit's home;
I care not where that home may be,
So thou art there, and I with thee!"

XX.

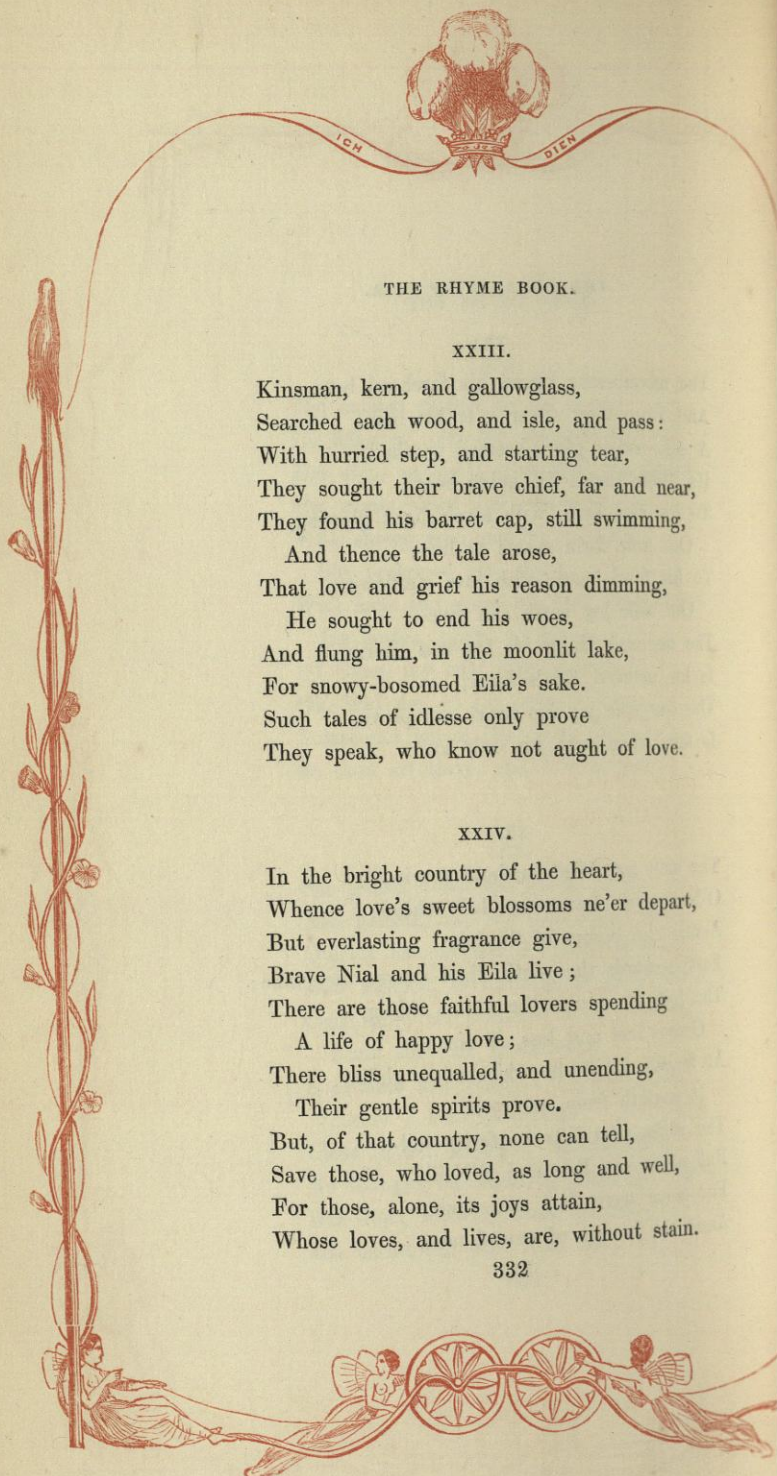
She glided down the turret stair,
And passed, into the cold night air;
Quickly she crossed the castle green,
Now steeped, in moonlight's silver sheen;
Once more her shallop's deck regaining,
Amid the pale moonbeams,
She looks like beauty's spirit reigning,
Above a land of dreams.
Close to her, love-led, Nial hastes,
No thought on home or power he wastes,
But leaps, into the boat, so fast,
His barret cap was, from him, cast.

XXI.

The moonbeams kissed his forehead bare,
And flung their silver, o'er his hair;
A soft, sweet glory seemed to shed
Its lustre round his noble head;
To his rapt eyes, with love's light glowing,
One sole form seems to live;
To his fond heart, with love o'erflowing,
One sole joy earth can give—
The one sole thing his eye can charm,
Is his beloved Eila's form;
The one sole joy his heart can prove,
Is felt, when with his only love.

XXII.

The sails are filled, without a wind;
O'Neill's fair towers are left behind;
Across the bosom of the lake,
Fast, towards the south, their course they take;
The light boat o'er the waters riding,
Grows less and less, in size;
At length, amid the white mists gliding,
It passeth from our eyes.
The white mist lifts its fleecy veil—
But where are Eila and O'Neill?
For never were they seen again,
Amid the haunts of mortal men.

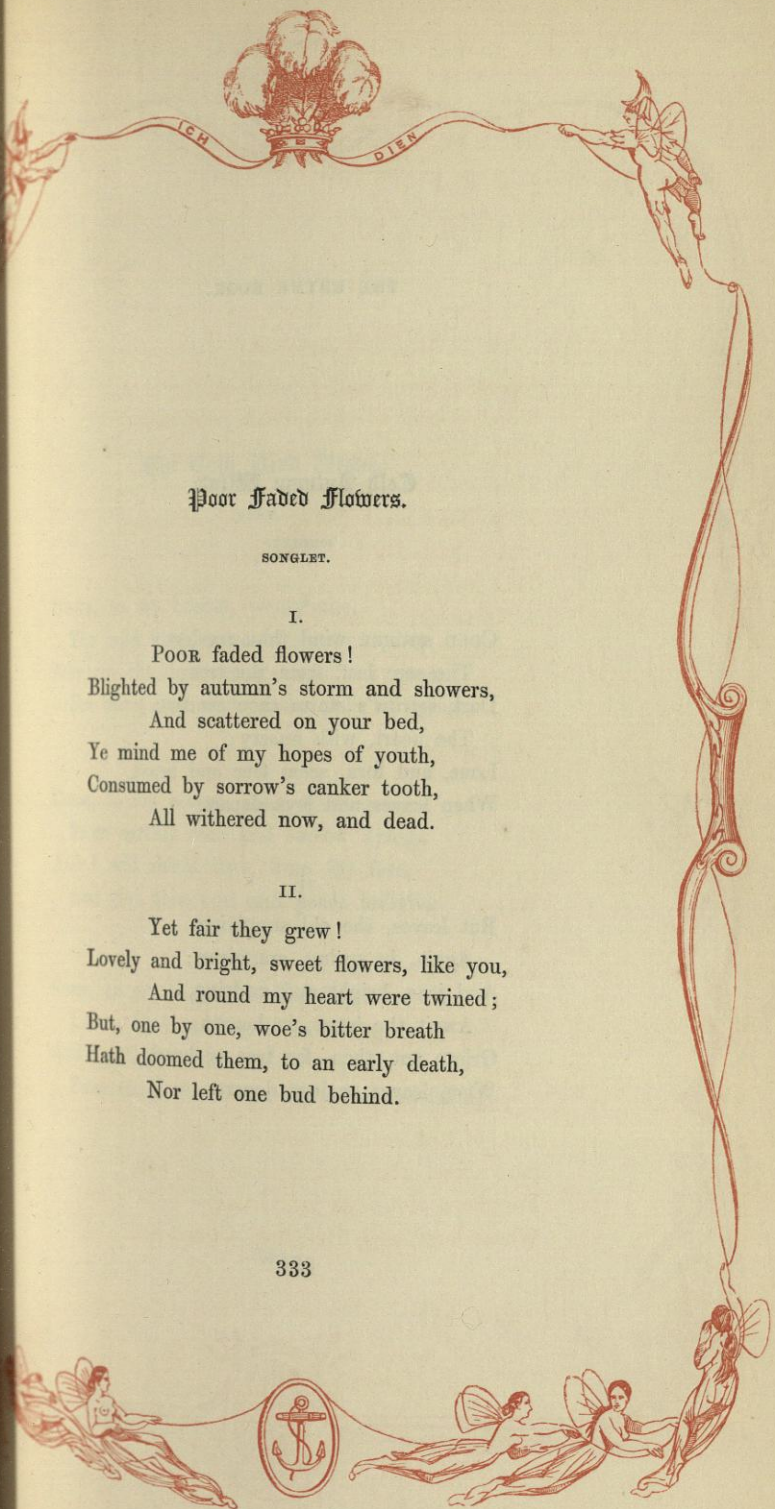


XXIII.

Kinsman, kern, and gallowglass,
Searched each wood, and isle, and pass:
With hurried step, and starting tear,
They sought their brave chief, far and near,
They found his barret cap, still swimming,
And thence the tale arose,
That love and grief his reason dimming,
He sought to end his woes,
And flung him, in the moonlit lake,
For snowy-bosomed Eila's sake.
Such tales of idlesse only prove
They speak, who know not aught of love.

XXIV.

In the bright country of the heart,
Whence love's sweet blossoms ne'er depart,
But everlasting fragrance give,
Brave Nial and his Eila live;
There are those faithful lovers spending
A life of happy love;
There bliss unequalled, and unending,
Their gentle spirits prove.
But, of that country, none can tell,
Save those, who loved, as long and well,
For those, alone, its joys attain,
Whose loves, and lives, are, without stain.



Poor Faded Flowers.

SONGLET.

I.

Poor faded flowers!
Blighted by autumn's storm and showers,
And scattered on your bed,
Ye mind me of my hopes of youth,
Consumed by sorrow's canker tooth,
All withered now, and dead.

II.

Yet fair they grew!
Lovely and bright, sweet flowers, like you,
And round my heart were twined;
But, one by one, woe's bitter breath
Hath doomed them, to an early death,
Nor left one bud behind.

Cold Autumn Wind.

SONGLET.

I.

Cold autumn wind thou sendest,
The sere leaf, from the tree;
Dark sorrow's storm thou rendest,
The heart, with misery;
Lone, and lorn, seem tree and heart,
When leaves and joys depart.

II.

But leaves, the old supplying,
Again, in spring, are given;
And joys, bright and undying,
Await the heart, in heaven:
Grieve not, then, for tree or heart,
When leaves or joys depart.



The Cold Kind Grave.

SONG.

I.

Come, to my bosom, weary one,
The cold kind grave is hourly crying;
Fear not the death-pang—soon 'tis gone,
For short and slight's the pain of dying.

II.

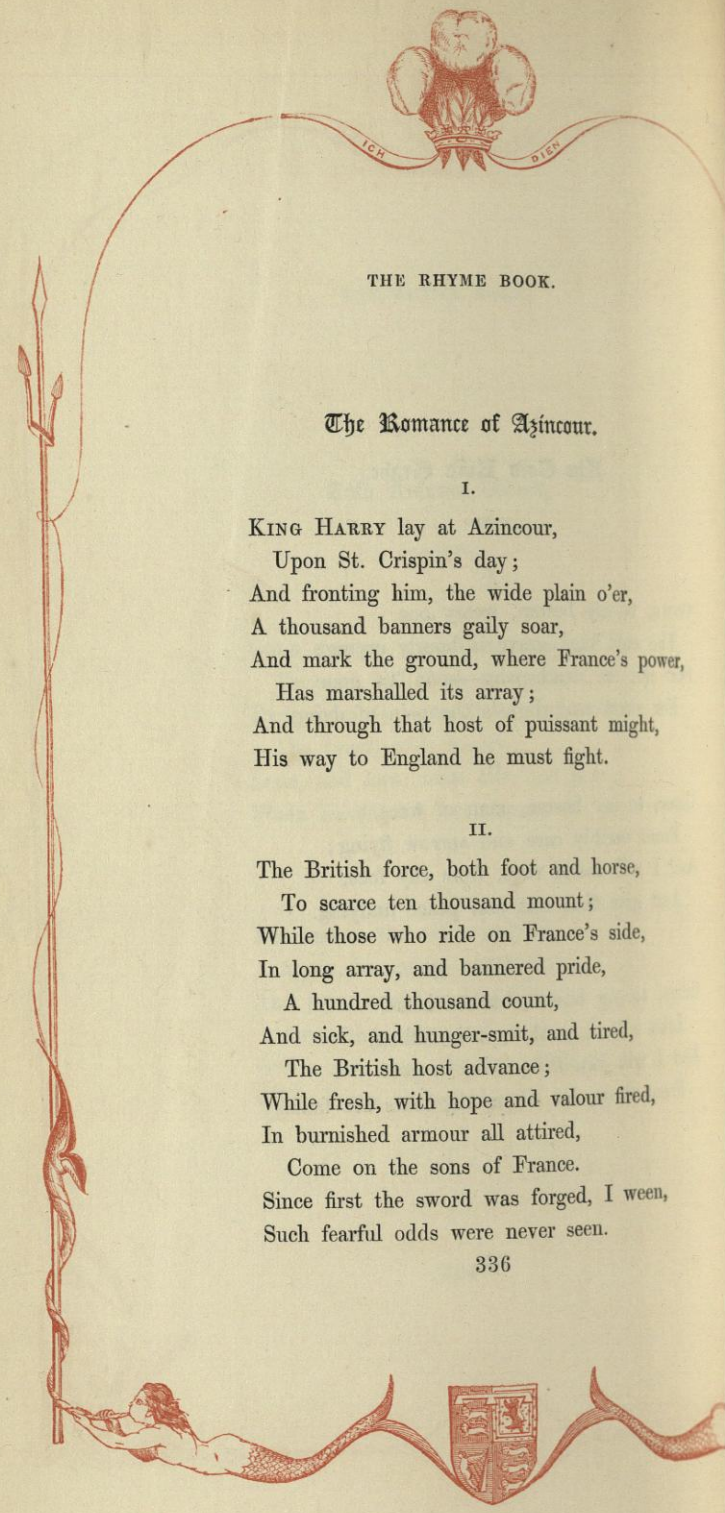
Come, to my bosom, man of woes,
From earthly care and sorrow flying;
And I will shield thee, from thy foes,
And give thee rest and peace undying.

III.

Come, to my bosom, broken heart,
Like a kind mother, it is calling,
And I will join thee, ne'er to part
From those, for whom thy tears are falling.







The Romance of Azincour.

I.

KING HARRY lay at Azincour,
Upon St. Crispin's day;
And fronting him, the wide plain o'er,
A thousand banners gaily soar,
And mark the ground, where France's power,
Has marshalled its array;
And through that host of puissant might,
His way to England he must fight.

II.

The British force, both foot and horse,
To scarce ten thousand mount;
While those who ride on France's side,
In long array, and bannered pride,
A hundred thousand count,
And sick, and hunger-smit, and tired,
The British host advance;
While fresh, with hope and valour fired,
In burnished armour all attired,
Come on the sons of France.
Since first the sword was forged, I ween,
Such fearful odds were never seen.

III.

All that in prudent foresight lay,
To make small force with greater cope,
To banish fear and cherish hope,
King Harry did that day.
Upon a slope his army stood,
Each wing defended by a wood,
So that the foe, in lengthening rank,
Might not his small array outflank.
In front, a strong-set palisade,
With iron spikes was firmly laid,
To check the war-horse, in his course,
And stem the onslaught's rushing force.
Nought left the king, in fortune's power,
That prudent foresight could secure.

IV.

On either side, within each wood,
Two hundred archers, ambushed, stood,
Defended, by a yawning fosse,
Too deep for mail-clad men to cross;
Three hundred yards before his line,
He sees their crouching steel caps shine;
Prepared, behind each fosse, to pour
Upon the foe, their iron shower.
Right well King Harry didst thou lay
Thy plans for fight on Crispin's day.

V.

All prisoners, in his power who lay,
Dismissed King Harry on that day;
Bound by parole, again, to yield,
If he should win that battle-field:
Thus every man of his array,
Was free to fight on Crispin's day,
And put forth all his strength and power,
Against the foe at Azincour.

VI.

And now, while each tired soldier sleeps,
His careful watch King Harry keeps;
Before the fateful morning breaks,
Among the tents his way he takes;
He walks all through the British lines,
While still the silver moonlight shines;
And marks the state of his array,
And ponders on the coming day.

VII.

Fast running from the tents of France,
  A stalwarth yeoman hies;
And, as he nears the British host,
  He sees the king, and cries—
"God save King Harry from his foes,
  His yeoman true I stand;
A prisoner ta'en, I long have lain,
  Within the Frenchman's hand;

But when I heard the fight was near,
At risk of death I've come,
To strike one blow against the foe,
For Harry, and for home."

VIII.

"Now Gramercy, my yeoman brave,"
The warrior king replied,
"For this a belted knight thou'lt stand,
To-morrow by my side;
But haste thee now to let me know,
How act, and hope, and think, the foe."

IX.

"The Frenchmen hope," the yeoman cried,
"That day may quickly break;
They think that all the British host
Their prisoners they shall make;
They act as if King Harry's self,
And all his British lords,
Lay bound already in their power,
The captives of their swords:
A car to draw thee prisoner in,
All painted o'er, and gilt,
And bring thee down, through Paris town,
The Dauphin has got built:

They waste the night, with cards, and dice,
With wine, and wassail gay;
And for King Harry and his lords,
The merry gamblers play;
Full twenty times, King Harry's self,
At dice, was won and lost;
And one vast, drunken revel rules,
Throughout the Gallic host:
The great Duke D'Alençon has sworn,
To meet thee in the field,
And lay thee dead, beneath his sword,
Or make thee prisoner yield:
They ransoms fix, and count their gains,
As if they'd won the fight;
And thus, in boast, and drunken play,
They're spending all the night."

X.

Then cried the king, "Good thanks, my friend,
For this good tale I owe;
Well pleased am I to hear thee speak
These tidings of the foe:
So ever may they spend the night,
Before the day we meet in fight."

XI.

Now the first rosebud of the morn
Was blushing in the skies;
And England's valiant chiefs and lords,
From their short slumbers, rise;

And loud their stalwarth falchions ring,
As quick they gather round the king.

XII.

Bedford and Gloster, royal dukes,
King Harry's brothers fair;
And Exeter, and Clarence wise,
And gallant York was there;
Oxford, and Suffolk, earls of might,
And noble Salisbury;
Fanhope, and Beaumont good in fight,
And brave Lord Willoughby;
Earl Marshall was not slow to join,
With dauntless Westmorland;
And now, around the warrior king,
His valiant nobles stand.

XIII.

"Good morning all my gallant friends,"
King Harry, cheerly, said;
"This war will make e'en laggards rise,
Right early from their bed;
Behold how cloudless, and how bright,
The sun now gilds the field of fight."

XIV.

"God save King Harry from his foes,"
Cried gallant Westmorland;
"Of all those stalwarth Englishmen,
At home, who idle stand,
I would we had ten thousand here,
To lift for England's King the spear."

XV.

Then cried King Harry, "Oh! for shame,
More troops for battle do not name:
If we must needs be vanquished men,
And hide, with shame, our face,
Oh! cousin Westmorland we're then,
Too many, for disgrace.
But, if we cleave the foemen down,
And gain the victory,
To share the fame, to wear the crown,
We'll all too many be!
Nor would I, with one more, divide,
The laurel crown, the victor's pride!"

XVI.

Now hasting from the British lines,
His white hair floating down,
Comes brave Sir Thomas Erpingham,
A knight of high renown;
And bending low his snow-white head,
The knight thus to King Harry said:—

XVII.

"Long live King Harry! I have done,
His bidding through the host;
To each man offered twenty crowns,
With safeguard to the coast—
To each man, who desired to go,
And did not wish to fight the foe."

XVIII.

"Well done, brave knight," King Harry said:
"What store of crowns must, now, be paid."

XIX.

"No Briton here," the knight replied,
"Will, from this battle, turn;
Life, purchased, by such infamy,
All, all, indignant, spurn.
Ere, from thy side, a man will fly,
A thousand deaths each man will die;
Each fearless, grasps his stalwarth sword,
And bids King Harry give the word!"

XX.

Now o'er the plain of Azincour,
Mountjoy, the herald, hies;
To the King's presence soon he comes,
And thus, for France, he cries:—

XXI.

"Harry of England! see advance
A hundred thousand men for France;
Then yield you prisoner, with your host,
Ere the last hour of grace be lost.
For how can stand your thousands ten,
Against a hundred thousand men?
But, if you still refuse to yield,
And madly dare this hopeless field,
For your own ransom, now, compound,
Before the battle-trumpet sound;
And bid your soldiers kneel and pray,
For mercy, at the judgment day;
For hope, nor chance of life remain,
When ten meet one, on battle plain."

XXII.

"Behold, Mountjoy," King Harry cried,
And stretched forth both his hands,
"These limbs shall Harry's ransom be,
Instead of gold or lands.
If ta'en, a prisoner I will lie—
A prisoner rot—a prisoner die;
In dungeon, all my days, I'll live,
Before a ransom I will give.
This day we dare the dreadful strife,
That strikes for liberty and life.
Right well you counsel us to pray,
For mercy at the judgment day:

But we shall pray to heaven beside,
That we o'er prostrate France may ride,
Though we be only one to ten—
Though hunger-smit and weary men;
And thus, to coming ages, show,
What British hearts and hands can do."

XXIII.

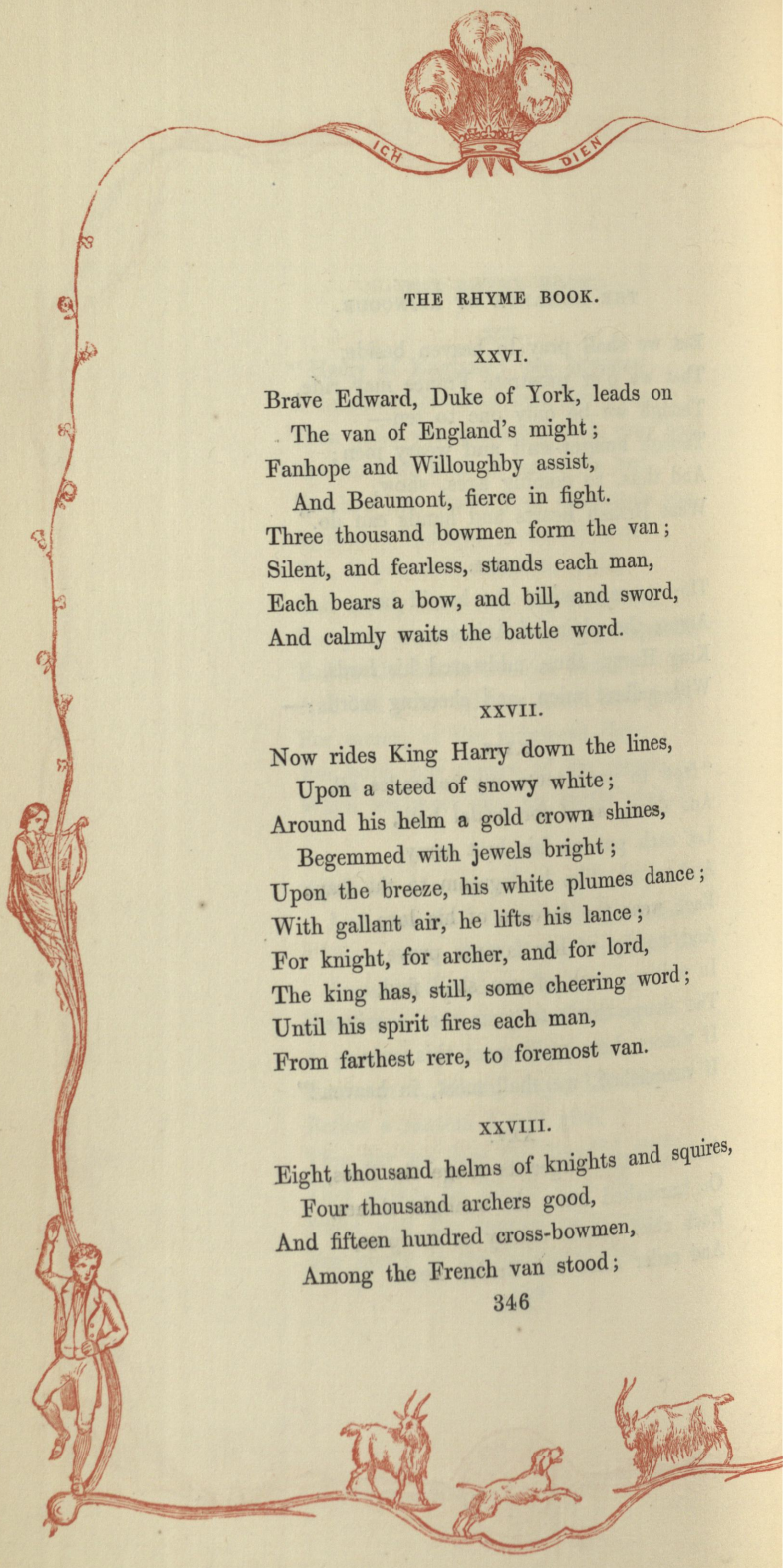
This message while the herald bore,
Across the plain of Azincour,
King Harry, thus, addressed his lords,
With gallant mien, and cheering words:—

XXIV.

"Now to your tents, my comrades all,
And dress, as if for bridal hall;
Let each put on his best array,
And march, like bridegroom to the fray;
Each wear the favours of his love,
And worthy of her favours prove;
In writing, each of you shall find,
The charge that's to your care consigned;
If victors, here we'll meet this even—
If vanquished, we shall meet, in heaven!"

XXV.

And now the sergeants range the lines,
On burnished arms the sunlight shines,
Each chief stands calmly at his post,
And order rules the British host.



XXVI.

Brave Edward, Duke of York, leads on
The van of England's might;
Fanhope and Willoughby assist,
And Beaumont, fierce in fight.
Three thousand bowmen form the van;
Silent, and fearless, stands each man,
Each bears a bow, and bill, and sword,
And calmly waits the battle word.

XXVII.

Now rides King Harry down the lines,
Upon a steed of snowy white;
Around his helm a gold crown shines,
Begemmed with jewels bright;
Upon the breeze, his white plumes dance;
With gallant air, he lifts his lance;
For knight, for archer, and for lord,
The king has, still, some cheering word;
Until his spirit fires each man,
From farthest rere, to foremost van.

XXVIII.

Eight thousand helms of knights and squires,
Four thousand archers good,
And fifteen hundred cross-bowmen,
Among the French van stood;

All led by brave Lord De La Bret,
High Constable of France;
With him the Duke of Orleans,
And Bourbon's Duke advance.
The Marshal Bouciqualt, in front,
With Eu and Richmond ride;
There, too, the Admiral of France,
Is seen, in martial pride.
The Master of the cross-bows flings
His standard, on the wind;
Glory, to those who foremost charge,
Disgrace, to those behind!

XXIX.

On each side of the van of France,
A stout wing marched along;
The brave Count Vendome led the right,
Full sixteen hundred strong;
Eight hundred chosen men-at-arms,
Made up the left wing's strength;
Sir Guiscard Dauphin led them on,
And shook his lance of length.
With him rode Louis of Bourbon,
And Clugnet of Brabant;
And many a name well known to fame,
And breathed in many a song.

XXX.

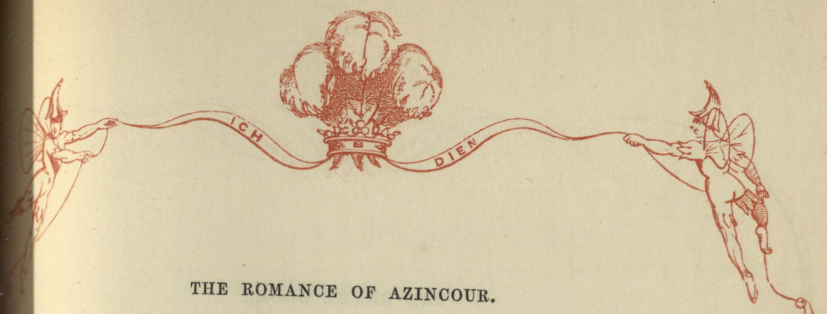
To break the English bowman's shot,
The Frenchman's bane and dread,
Rode William De Saveuses, in front,
Eight hundred men he led;
Philip, and Ferrie, De Maillie,
And Allain De Caspanes,
With him, were seen, and formed a screen,
In front of all the van.

XXXI.

The brave Lord Constable looked round,
In pride of conscious might,
And bade the charging trumpet sound,
The signal for the fight;
And, as the dread sound echoed wide,
Thus to his chivalry he cried—

XXXII.

"Onward! onward! onward!
Ye newly-dubbed young knights!
Onward! onward! onward!
Ye men of hundred fights!
Onward! onward! onward!
Couch well the stalwarth lance;
Onward! onward! onward!
For glory and for France!"



XXXIII.

Like a vast sea of burnished steel,
Now moves the van of France;
As foam-crests, o'er the billows rise,
Their leaders' white plumes dance:
Each gallant band, in serried line,
Beneath its banners march;
Their countless standards, like a sky,
That sea of war o'erarch.
Five hundred newly-dubbed young knights,
In front now bravely hie;
Each sworn to lay a corpse that day,
Or gain the victory;
Alas! too well, that vow was kept,
In death's cold arms, ere night, each slept.

XXXIV.

The brave Sir Thomas Erpingham,
With age and honours gray,
Stood far in front, as was his wont,
Upon that bloody day;
And when he saw the French flanks touch
The woods wherein the archers crouch,
His warder, high, he flung in air,
And cried, "Nestroque! beware! beware!"
And, at this signal, far and near,
Through England's host, loud rose the cheer.

XXXV.

And, at this sign, the ambushed men
  Rushed forth, from either wood;
Their bows they bent, and quickly sent,
  Their broad shafts, like a flood;
On either flank their arrows pour,
From right, and left, o'er Azincour;
And, when the galled wings sought to cross,
They could not pass the yawning force;
Disorder through the French wings spread,
With groans of dying and of dead;
But, onward, moved the vanward's ranks,
Regardless of their bleeding flanks.

XXXVI.

"Now, bowmen true, bend well the yew,
  And let your arrows fly;
But ere you feel for feathered steel,
Low on the earth, as suppliants, kneel,
  And pray the Lord on high,
That, of his goodness and his power,
He aid you now at Azincour."

XXXVII.

Thus cried King Harry to the van,
And, at this word, down knelt each man;
His lips, to earth, each humbly pressed,
And breathed a prayer, from contrite breast;

Then, to their feet, all quickly sprang,
Loud, through the field, their bowstrings rang;
And close and white, as showers of snow,
Their arrows rain, upon the foe.

XXXVIII.

Three thousand shafts rose, on the blast,
Three thousand more, now, follow fast;
A third fierce shower of iron flies,
A fourth, now, pierces the blue skies;
Twelve thousand British arrows sped:
Five thousand gallant French lie dead.

XXXIX.

Fair France's noblest, bravest flower
Fell dead beneath that iron shower;
The Lords De Crequi, and De Croy,
De Launoy, and Brimeu,
De Rainneval Maillie, and De Poix,
D'Aliegre, and De Heu,
D'Inchy, De Neufville, and Moreul,
De Mannes, and De Guestelle,
Rocheguyon, Clarsy, and Baleul,
Amid the foremost fell.

XL.

Then cried Sir William De Saveuses,
"His post in fight let none refuse;
To us, my friends, has fallen the lot,
To screen the van from British shot;

Now charge with me, and couch the lance—
God and St. Denis! strike for France!"

XLI.

While these brave words Sir William spoke,
Another shower of arrows broke;
Pierced through the eye, the hero fell,
Beside the dead De Lescuelle:
Shower upon shower of shafts now flies,
Beneath their force, his brave band lies;
A hill of dead, all dyed in gore,
Upon the plain of Azincour.

XLII.

Above that hill of slain, swift mounting,
Lightly of their losses counting,
With trumpet sound, and standards flying,
Rush the French, o'er dead, and dying;
Britons valiant, and God-fearing,
Nerve ye! for the onslaught's nearing!

XLIII.

"Up bills! down bows! the Frenchmen close,
In battle, hand to hand;
Down bows! up bills! the first that kills,
A belted knight shall stand."
Quick, quick, the bows aside are laid,
And bright bills glitter in their stead.

XLIV.

As the swollen river gushes,
Amid the tilled plain;
As the winter storm rushes,
Across the vexed main.
Thus the war-tide, now, clashes,
As swift they advance;
Thus onward, now, dashes
The vanguard of France.

XLV.

Right on the palisade, they crash,
Against its fence, the chargers dash;
Deep in their breasts, the steel spikes rush;
In torrents, now, their blood-streams gush;
Wounded, and stopt, and terror-smit,
They heed not, now, the spur or bit.
The hinder ranks together crammed,
In narrow space are pressed and jammed,
Too close, to wield or sword or lance;
And powerless, stand the van of France.

XLVI.

Now 'midst the French, the British bills
A bloody game did play;
While, man on man, the Gallic van,
In wild disorder lay.

Beneath their force, both man and horse,
  Fell dead, upon the field.
Seldom they fail to pierce the mail,
  Or make the rivets yield;
And as they sink, deep in each chink,
The warrior's blood, in streams, they drink;
Thousands on thousands dead they laid,
Before that iron palisade.

XLVII.

There fell the Admiral of France,
  Brave Jacques De Chatillon;
The Master of the cross-bows, too,
  A chief of great renown;
And, by their side, there, bravely died,
  The Lords de Bouffremont,
St. Symon, Beauvoir, and St. Cler,
  Thiennes, and D'Auffremont.
But why should I these few names tell,
When heroes, there, by thousands fell?

XLVIII.

Then noble York to Suffolk cried—
  "My friend, let you and I,
Now charge the French host, side by side,
  And fall or make them fly;
For when we thus fight one to ten,
We needs must fight, like desperate men."

XLIX.

"Well speak'st thou, friend," Earl Suffolk cried,
"I take thee at thy word."
His blade he grasped, and kissed the cross
The hilt formed with the sword;
Then, like a whirlwind, onward dashed,
Where slaughter raged, and armour clashed.

L.

Suffolk and York, right glorious work
Ye made upon that day;
As, right and left, your way you cleft,
Like giants through the fray;
And reaped, o'er Azincour's red plain,
A gory harvest of the slain.

LI.

The Master of the Household there,
Sir Guiscard Dauphin, died,
In combat with the noble York,
Whom rashly he defied;
By the same hand fell Lord De Moy,
And brave De Bethencourt,
D'Aumont, and famous De Quesnoy,
And youthful Bousincourt;
Each vainly tried to overcome
The chief, who fought for fame and home.

LII.

Yet still the foremost in the fight,
Suffolk deals death on left and right;
Beneath his sword fell stout St. Pierre,
De Crayon, Lord of Beau Vergier,
Sir Collart De St. Etienne,
And the young Lord of fair Phiennes.
Strewed by his sword along the plain,
They swelled the mountains of the slain.

LIII.

And now the brave Lord Constable,
This onslaught fierce to stay,
Girt by a valiant company,
Comes rushing through the fray;
Like a gray, war-worn tower he seemed;
High o'er his head his broadsword gleamed;
On Suffolk's head the sword descends,
Fierce, as the storm the oak that rends;
Through helm and brain the strong blade sinks,
And the brave Earl's life-blood drinks.
There died bold Suffolk, England's flower,
Amid the van of Azincour.

LIV.

Now 'gainst the Constable York rushed,
By valour and by vengeance flushed;
He plunged his sword deep in his breast,
The hilt against his bosom pressed;

But as he drew his broadsword back,
De Coucy's lance has pierced his neck;
His life-stream through the wide wound poured,
His nerveless hand now drops his sword;
Wounded to death and bathed in gore,
Stands dauntless York on Azincour.

LV.

But when the van of France beheld
Their Constable lie slain,
Wonder and terror shook their bands,
Now broken o'er the plain;
Backward their broken force was borne,
Of its most famous leaders shorn;
While valiant Beaumont onward led
The British van o'er heaps of dead.

LVI.

Then dying York crawled feebly o'er
Where Suffolk lay in death;
And thus his last words feebly gasped,
While ebbed his parting breath—
"Tarry brave Suffolk, cousin dear,
One moment longer, tarry here;
My soul shall, then, with thine, ascend,
To heaven, in company, dear friend!

Abreast, together, we shall fly,
As, in this battle, thou and I
Together, kept in chivalry."
Then, round his neck, his arms he threw,
And kissed his pale and wounded brow;
And laid him down, his friend beside,
And died, where valiant Suffolk died.

LVII.

And now, while Beaumont onward drives,
The van of Brabant's force arrives.
By order of their king, all night,
Their duke has marched, to share the fight:
And now his foremost warriors shine,
Between the first and second line.
Girt with a few brave knights he ran,
In hopes to save the broken van.
With youth and love of glory flushed,
Duke Anthony then boldly rushed,
  The British lines anear;
And as his standard was not raised,
A banner from a trumpet seized,
  And placed it, on a spear;
And bade his squire that spear sustain,
As Brabant's standard, o'er the plain:
Then charged, in hopes the van to save,
But found from Fanhope's sword a grave.

LVIII.

Now broken, and flying,
The French van rolls back;
With the blood of the dying,
It marks its red track:
While the British pursuing,
Like fierce bloodhounds pour,
With slaughtered French strewing
The wide Azincour.

LIX.

The mainward, ho! the mainward comes!
Above it floats a cloud of plumes;
So mighty is the mainward host,
None would suppose a man yet lost;
Their charge a thousand trumpets sound;
Their tramp, like thunder, shakes the ground
Loud swells their cry, as they advance,
Denis Mountjoy! for France! for France!

LX.

The Duke of Alençon commands;
The Duke of Bar, beside him, stands;
The Counts of Nevers, and Vaudemont,
De Salines, Grand Pre, and Blaumont,
And brave De Roussy, loved of fame,
With standards flying, onward came.

LXI.

And now the British main advance,
To meet the mainward host of France:
Calmly, the British march along,
In well-ranged line, five thousand strong:
King Harry, o'er the main, presides,
Beside him, young Duke Humphrey rides:
Oxford and Marshall, earls of might,
Hold chief command, on left and right;
And when they reached the conquering van,
Quick ran the cheer from man to man,
Loud pealing, as they onward go,
St. George for merry England, ho!

LXII.

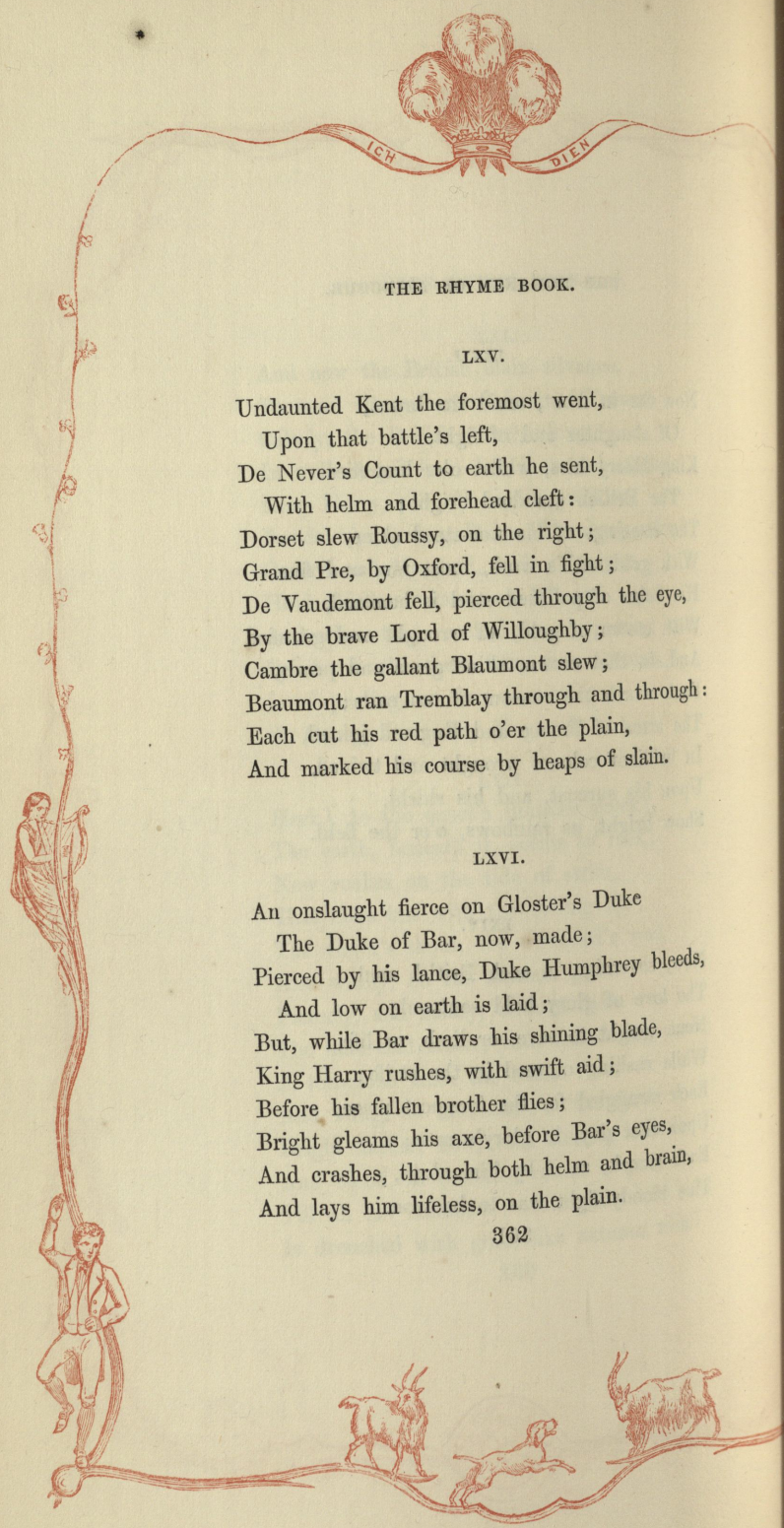
Hark! to the onset's thunder shock;
The earth, beneath it, seems to rock;
Now rushes on the tide of strife,
That ebbs but with the ebbing life;
The victor's shout, the wounded's wail,
Rise wildly, on the autumn gale.
Fiercely, and madly, onward dash
The mail-clad chiefs, with thundering clash;
A toil-cloud from the battle rose,
And hung, in 'mid air, o'er the foes;
Bright flashes, now, each shining sword;
And blood, in torrents, round is poured,
Till all fair Azincour's wide plain
Is drenched with gore, like autumn rain.

LXIII.

Now far in front, amid the brunt,
Of slaughter and of fight,
King Harry hies, whilst o'er him flies
The British standard bright;
The housings of his war-steed shine,
With goldsmith's work, most rare and fine
His helm of polished steel is hemmed,
With crown of gold, all wrought and gemmed
And, in that crown, shine gems and pearls,
Each worth the ransom of ten earls;
The arms of France and England joined,
In brilliant colours wrought and twined,
Upon his surcoat, and his shield,
Show bright, as rainbows, o'er the field.

LXIV.

Now, sovereign in each British soul,
The love of glory held controul;
None sought to save, or limb, or life,
While rushing onward in the strife;
Each struggled for the foremost place,
Upon that day, in glory's race;
Each struck, as if by him alone,
This bloody fight was to be won.



LXV.

Undaunted Kent the foremost went,
Upon that battle's left,
De Never's Count to earth he sent,
With helm and forehead cleft:
Dorset slew Roussy, on the right;
Grand Pre, by Oxford, fell in fight;
De Vaudemont fell, pierced through the eye,
By the brave Lord of Willoughby;
Cambre the gallant Blaumont slew;
Beaumont ran Tremblay through and through:
Each cut his red path o'er the plain,
And marked his course by heaps of slain.

LXVI.

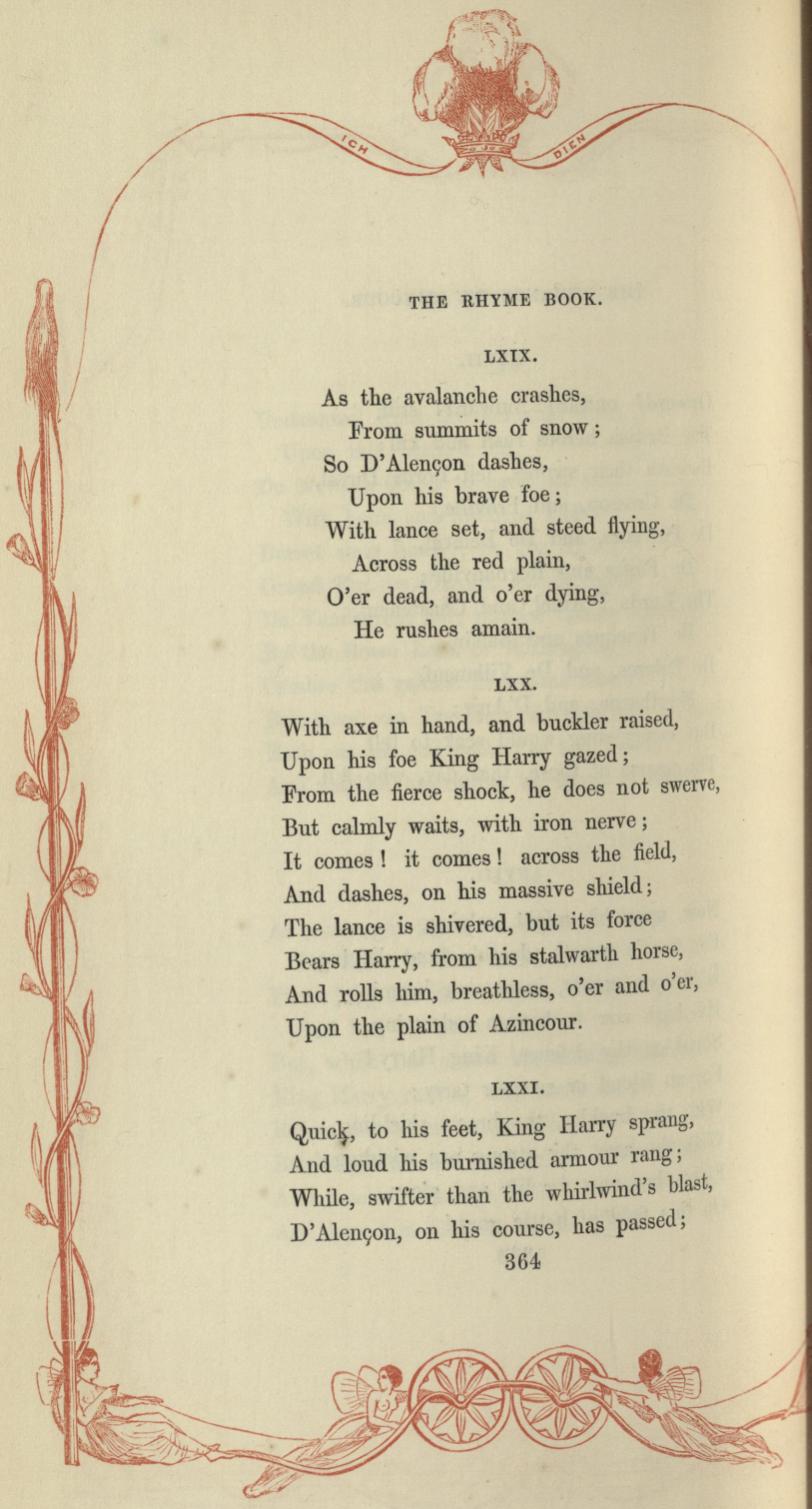
An onslaught fierce on Gloster's Duke
The Duke of Bar, now, made;
Pierced by his lance, Duke Humphrey bleeds,
And low on earth is laid;
But, while Bar draws his shining blade,
King Harry rushes, with swift aid;
Before his fallen brother flies;
Bright gleams his axe, before Bar's eyes,
And crashes, through both helm and brain,
And lays him lifeless, on the plain.

LXVII.

Onward! onward! onward! still,
The British heroes rush and kill;
Beneath their swords, fell Lords Duval,
De Cresson, and Proville,
De Puiveurs, and De Belaval,
De Fiefes and Regnauville;
The Lords D'Aniel, and Chasteneuf,
De Teneques and Baisir,
De Pulcres, and De Villaneuf,
Montbazon, and D'Anir;
But vainly song would seek to tell
The names of those, that day, who fell.

LXVIII.

Now, upon his might, relying,
For fame's wreath, death's front defying,
D'Alençon comes, in armour beaming,
His high vow to heaven redeeming.
Stand on thy defence, King Harry!
For no friend or succour tarry;
With thy buckler, thy breast shielding,
With thy arm, thy strong axe wielding;
Fight thee now for life and glory,
On this field of battle gory!



LXIX.

As the avalanche crashes,
From summits of snow;
So D'Alençon dashes,
Upon his brave foe;
With lance set, and steed flying,
Across the red plain,
O'er dead, and o'er dying,
He rushes amain.

LXX.

With axe in hand, and buckler raised,
Upon his foe King Harry gazed;
From the fierce shock, he does not swerve,
But calmly waits, with iron nerve;
It comes! it comes! across the field,
And dashes, on his massive shield;
The lance is shivered, but its force
Bears Harry, from his stalwarth horse,
And rolls him, breathless, o'er and o'er,
Upon the plain of Azincour.

LXXI.

Quick, to his feet, King Harry sprang,
And loud his burnished armour rang;
While, swifter than the whirlwind's blast,
D'Alençon, on his course, has passed;

And, when he wheeled his steed around,
And reached, again, the battle ground,
King Harry stood, with axe upreared,
For battle strife, once more, prepared.

LXXII.

D'Alençon flung away the rein,
And sprang, upon the battle plain;
His weighty sword both hands, now wield,
And use it, both as sword, and shield;
Crash upon crash, his blows come down,
On Harry's shield, and helm, and crown;
His crown is shattered, on his head,
His plume of white, on earth is laid;
And now both hands the falchion swing,
With mighty force, above the king;
"Death to the island robber, death,"
D'Alençon cries, with hissing breath;
His sword descends, but Harry stoops,
Through empty air, the falchion swoops—
"For England now," King Harry cries,
Like lightning flash, his bright axe flies;
Upon D'Alençon's helm it lights,
With giant force, the helm it smites—
It crashes, through the steel amain—
It splits the skull, and cleaves the brain;

D'Alençon falls, as falls the oak
Beneath the stalwarth woodman's stroke,
With broad arms stretched upon the plain,
Never to bloom, or rise again!

LXXIII.

Now France's mighty mainward host
Sways, like a sea, by whirlwind tost;
Their chiefs are, all, now, ta'en, or slain;
Disorder rules them o'er the plain;
Their shattered lines are, now, borne back,
Before King Harry's fierce attack;
They waver—break—then turn, and flee,
Before the British chivalry.
Then, by the English lance and sword,
The blood of France, in torrents, poured;
As, in wild rout, their host was driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven;
Until, like one vast sea of gore,
Appeared the plain of Azincour.

LXXIV.

Still onwards, o'er the bloody field,
With foaming steed, and flaming shield,
King Harry hunts the flying host,
In reckless, wild, disorder lost.

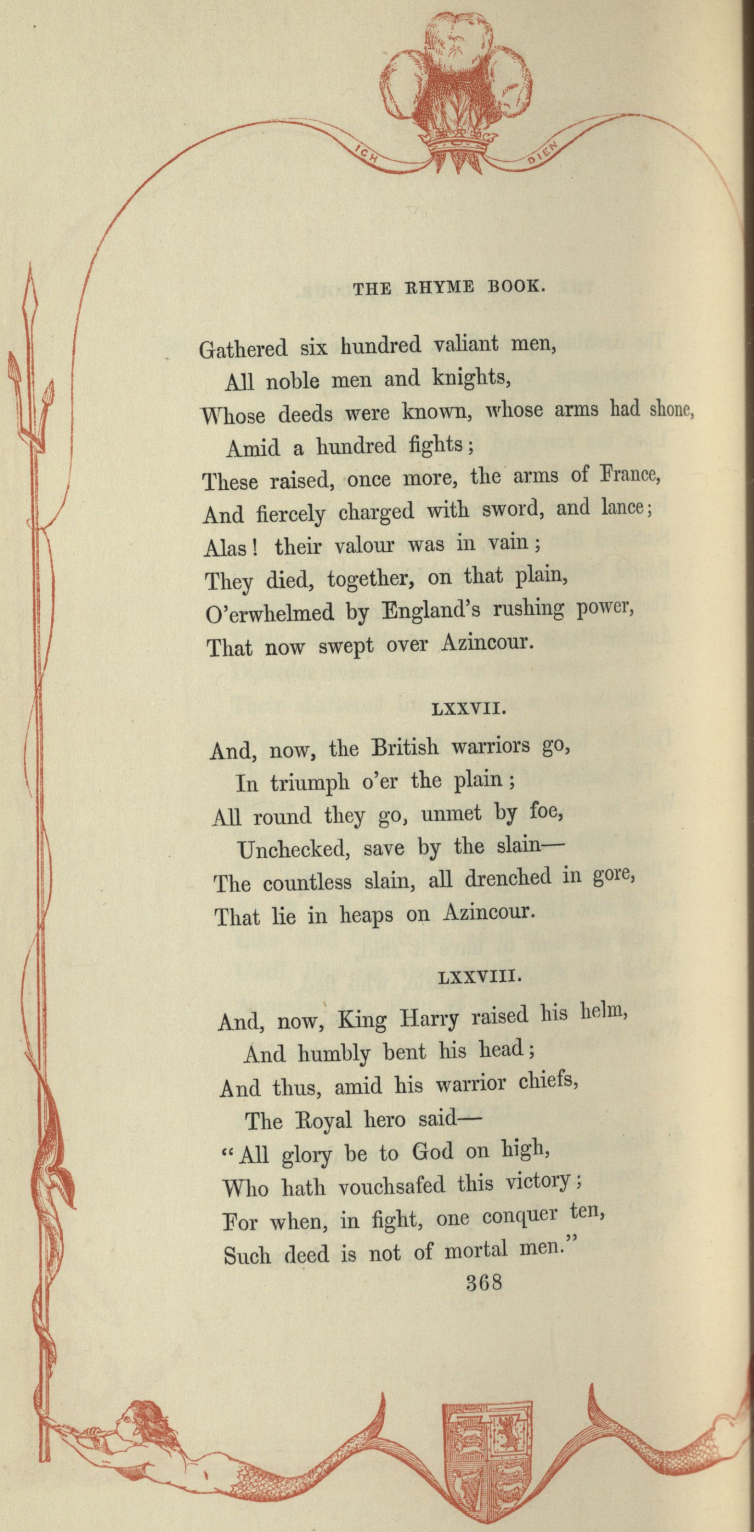
The Archbishop of Sens, now, died,
O'erwhelmed, beneath the rushing tide,
That dashed itself, with giant force,
Upon the rereward foot and horse.
The rereward, by the flying main,
Is now borne backward o'er the plain;
Scattered like sheep, the rereward go;
Routed, without a single blow,
They fling away their arms, and fly,
And yield this wondrous victory.

LXXV.

Then the brave Count of Marle addressed
The leaders of the rere,
When he saw all his forces fled,
And spoke with starting tear;
"Brave Fauconberg, and comrades all,
Let us now charge, and bravely fall;
I could not bear to have it said,
'Behold the Count of Marle, who fled,
Without a blow, from the red plain,
Where France's noblest chiefs were slain.'"

LXXVI.

At these brave words, stout Fauconberg,
A count of high renown,
And Lords De Louvroy and Du Chin,
Whose fame, through France, was known,



Gathered six hundred valiant men,
All noble men and knights,
Whose deeds were known, whose arms had shone,
Amid a hundred fights;
These raised, once more, the arms of France,
And fiercely charged with sword, and lance;
Alas! their valour was in vain;
They died, together, on that plain,
O'erwhelmed by England's rushing power,
That now swept over Azincour.

LXXVII.

And, now, the British warriors go,
In triumph o'er the plain;
All round they go, unmet by foe,
Unchecked, save by the slain—
The countless slain, all drenched in gore,
That lie in heaps on Azincour.

LXXVIII.

And, now, King Harry raised his helm,
And humbly bent his head;
And thus, amid his warrior chiefs,
The Royal hero said—
"All glory be to God on high,
Who hath vouchsafed this victory;
For when, in fight, one conquer ten,
Such deed is not of mortal men."

LXXIX.

Bourbon and Orleans, mighty dukes,
And Marshal Bouciqualt,
Were prisoners by the British held,
At Azincour's assault;
The Counts of Vendome, and of Eu,
Of Richemont, and of Harcourt too,
Were captives made that day;
Of barons, knights, and gentlemen,
Above seven thousand more were ta'en,
In that most glorious fray;
Of France's chivalry, the flower,
Were ta'en, or slain, at Azincour.

LXXX.

One hundred twenty-six were slain,
Of peers, and princes high,
Who standards in that battle bore,
And led their chivalry;
Of nobles, gentlemen, and knights,
Who died for France, in those fierce fights,
Eight thousand and four hundred lay,
The victims of that bloody fray;
But of the common French, who fell,
On Azincour's red plain,
None tried to count, or cared to tell,
Such mountains lay the slain;

They died, as die the humble brave,
Unthanked, unknown, and grudged a grave.

LXXXI.

The Count De Dampmartin escaped,
Of all the counts alone;
With him fled Lord De La Riviere,
Of lords the only one:
Clugnet De Brabant feared to fall,
And Louis De Bourdon,
Galliot D'Engennes, and John De Galles;
No Frenchman else was known,
Of noble name, or lineage high,
Who did not rather choose to die,
Than, like a dastard, turn, and fly.

LXXXII.

On England's side, that day there died,
Of noble British peers,
Brave York, and Suffolk, England's pride,
Both mourned with many tears;
Sir Richard Rickely, stalwarth knight,
Was slain amid the mainward fight;
And of the squires, bold Davy Gam;
None other fell of note or name;
And of the common sort, there died
But twenty-five on Britain's side;
Such fight was never known before,
Or since that day, as Azincour.

LXXXIII.

And, to this day, when we would say,
Of battles stoutly won;
And praise the men, who in fierce fray,
Have deeds of wonder done;
We say our times they far excel,
And equal those of yore,
And fight as well, as those that fell,
At glorious Azincour.

LXXXIV.

And, if the time should ever come,
When we must join the fray,
And fight for altar and for home,
Oh! then let Britons pray,
That we may stand, like that brave band,
Who Harry's standard bore,
And prove as bold, as those of old,
Who fought at Azincour.

Chide not the Tear.

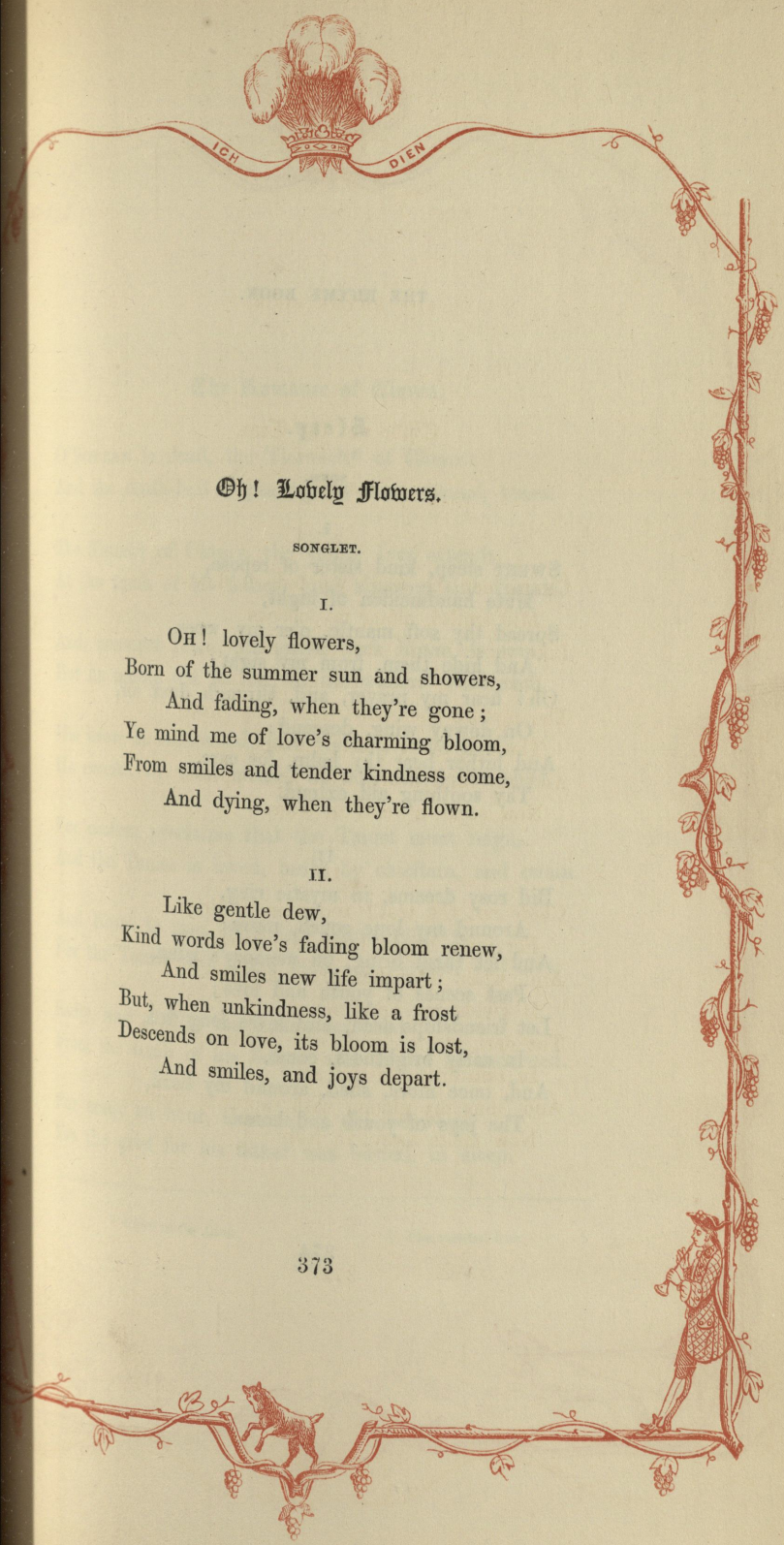
SONG.

I.

CHIDE not the tear! joy bids it flow,
'Mid smiles, along my cheeks;
Like those bright streamlets of Peru,
That gush, when daylight breaks.
The rapture that hath seized my breast,
Through every pulse, careers,
And my fond heart, with joy, opprest,
Now seeks a vent, in tears.

II.

Chide not the tear! too soon, it dries;
For joy's bright hours are brief;
And, while it gushes, from my eyes,
It yields my heart relief.
The dark storm-cloud, with lightning filled,
In rain-drops disappears;
And, thus my gloom, with raptures, thrilled,
Now melts away, in tears.



Oh! Lovely Flowers.

SONGLET.

I.

Oh! lovely flowers,
Born of the summer sun and showers,
And fading, when they're gone;
Ye mind me of love's charming bloom,
From smiles and tender kindness come,
And dying, when they're flown.

II.

Like gentle dew,
Kind words love's fading bloom renew,
And smiles new life impart;
But, when unkindness, like a frost
Descends on love, its bloom is lost,
And smiles, and joys depart.

Sleep.

SONG.

I.

Sweet sleep, kind sister of repose,
Mute handmaiden of night,
Spread thy soft mantle, o'er my woes,
And hide them, from my sight:
Oh! hear my prayer, and, through dusk air,
On downy wing, descend:
And hither bear thy balm, for care,
Thy soothing aid extend.

II.

Bid rosy dreams, in mystic ring,
Around my lone couch, move:
And let them bring, on memory's wing,
Past scenes of youth and love;
Let friendships dead, and loves long fled,
In early brightness, come,
And, once more, shed, around my head,
The joys of youth and home.

The Romance of Clones.

O'Boylan is dead, the Tiarnach* of Clones;
And the death-bell is pealing its slow, dismal, tones.

The Tanist† of Clones, the young Iver attends,
At the tomb of his father, 'mid kinsmen and friends.

And, amongst them, his uncle, dark Rossa, is seen,
But he seems not to list, to the wailers' wild keen.

His brow is contracted, but 'tis not, from grief;
He counts, by what means, he may rise to be chief.

For custom proclaims that the Tanist must reign,
And the Tanist is loved, both, by chieftain, and swain.

And Rossa to rise, must the Tanist remove,
For the Tanist will reign, both, by custom, and love.

Sadly, and slowly, the Tanist returned
From the tomb of his father, and deeply he mourned.

For many an hour, that night, did he weep,
Ere the grief for his father was buried, in sleep.

---

* Chief of the Clan.

† The elected heir.

And, when he, at length, had sunk, into repose,
Dark Rossa, his uncle, at midnight, arose,

And bound the young Tanist, while buried in sleep,
And flung him, fast chained, in a dungeon-cell deep.

With a fork of hot iron, he burnt out his eyes,
And the young Iver, sightless, and hopeless, now, lies;

And he spread a false tale, through the country around,
That the Tanist of Clones, in Loughoona, was drowned.

A month has been given, to mourning, and grief,
And Clan Boylan, now, gather, to choose a new chief.

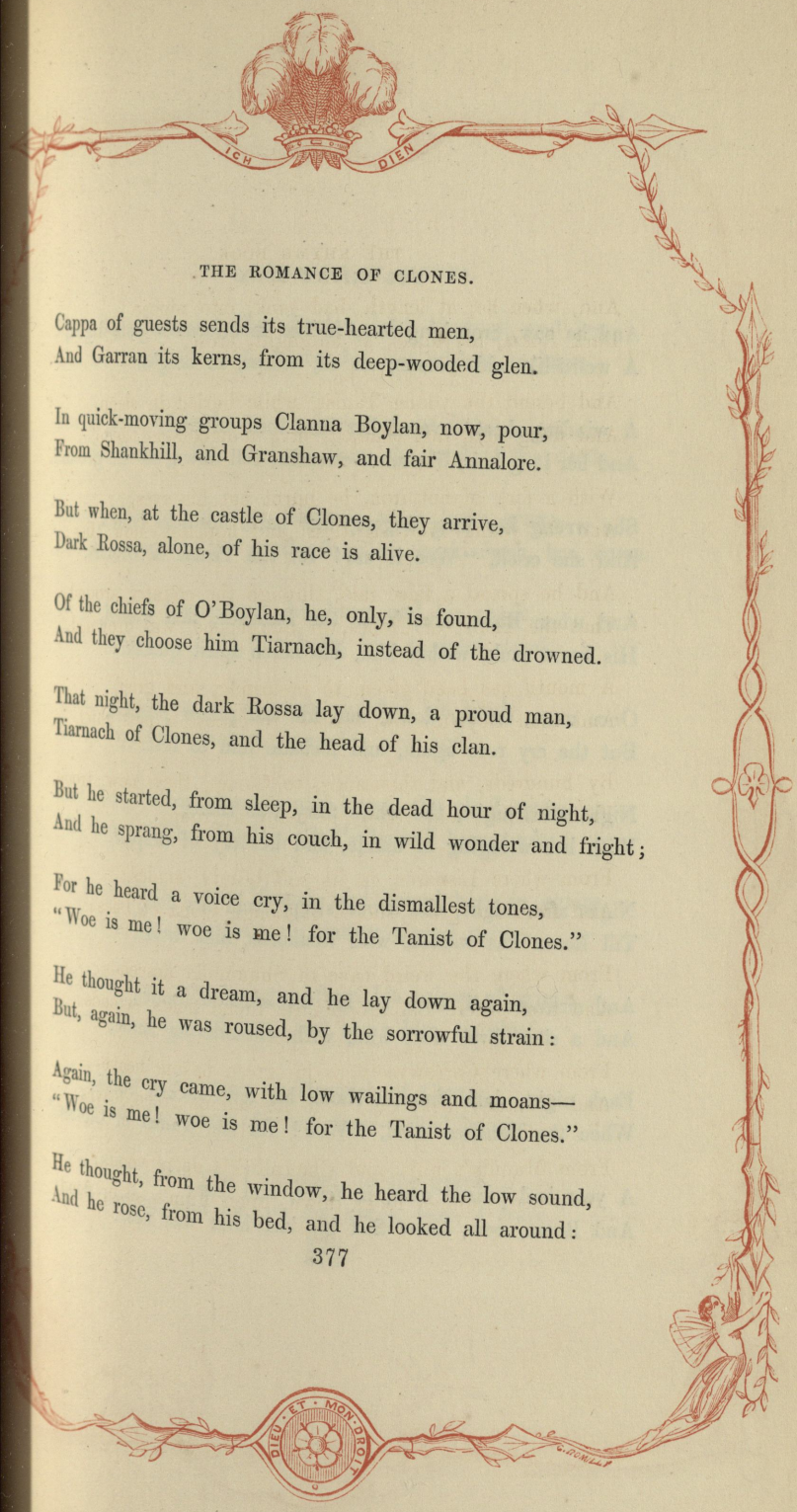
By hundreds, and thousands, to Clones, they, now, troop,
From hillside, and valley, in many a group.

From where Lisnaroe, in its soft beauty, smiles;
And from the green shores of Lough Oona of Isles:

From where the weird cave of Shanmulla descends;
And from where Ballintoppin its broad fields extends:

From where Carrowveetragh its green bosom heaves;
And Cloncarn looks out, from its veil of green leaves:

From Munilly's hills, and Clancallick's deep woods;
And where Cumber looks down, upon Finn's silver floods.



THE ROMANCE OF CLONES.

Cappa of guests sends its true-hearted men,
And Garran its kerns, from its deep-wooded glen.

In quick-moving groups Clanna Boylan, now, pour,
From Shankhill, and Granshaw, and fair Annalore.

But when, at the castle of Clones, they arrive,
Dark Rossa, alone, of his race is alive.

Of the chiefs of O'Boylan, he, only, is found,
And they choose him Tiarnach, instead of the drowned.

That night, the dark Rossa lay down, a proud man,
Tiarnach of Clones, and the head of his clan.

But he started, from sleep, in the dead hour of night,
And he sprang, from his couch, in wild wonder and fright;

For he heard a voice cry, in the dismallest tones,
"Woe is me! woe is me! for the Tanist of Clones."

He thought it a dream, and he lay down again,
But, again, he was roused, by the sorrowful strain:

Again, the cry came, with low wailings and moans—
"Woe is me! woe is me! for the Tanist of Clones."

He thought, from the window, he heard the low sound,
And he rose, from his bed, and he looked all around:

And he saw, crouching low, in the moonbeam's pale light,
A weird-like old woman, an ell, scarce, in height.

A winding-sheet covered her lean form around,
And her long hair, like snow-wreaths, fell down, to the ground.

She wrung her long fingers, like bare, fleshless bones,
And she cried, "Woe is me! for the Tanist of Clones."

And when Rossa saw, 'twas the Banshee, that wailed,
His heart sank, within him, his fierce spirit quailed:

Once more, he lay down, and his sad pillow pressed,
But the cry rose again, and forbade him to rest.

Night after night, the white fairy was there,
With her wringing of hands, and her cry of despair.

Night after night, she drove sleep, from his bed,
Till Rossa was wasted, with weakness, and dread.

And sickness fell, sore, on his fear-smitten frame;
And a slow fever wore him, with smouldering flame.

Each night, dark remorse shook his fever-racked bones,
When the Banshee cried, "Woe! for the Tanist of Clones."

A year had passed over, in fever, and fear;
And Rossa, now, knew that his last hour was near.

Then he summoned Clan Boylan, both kinsman, and kern,
And he urged them, to haste, his last wishes, to learn.

Young Iver he bade, to his presence, be led,
And he looked, like a ghost, from the land of the dead.

Snow-white, in one year, had his raven locks grown,
And the rose hue of youth, from his sunk cheek, had flown.

So pale, and transparent, his brow and his cheek.
That the vein show'd o'er both, like a violet streak.

Then dark Rossa, in anguish, uplifted his head,
As he lay, fever-shaken, upon his sick bed.

And thus, to his kinsmen and kerns, the chief spoke—
"Ye men of Clan Boylan, God's laws I have broke;

"I have blinded your Tanist, and bound him, in chains,
And cast him, in prison, in darkness, and pains:

"Behold him, now brought, from his prison of grief:
Know him, and hail him, and serve him, as chief:

"I lay down the rank of Tiarnach of Clones,
I seek but the grave, for my fever-racked bones;

"I'm dying, but ere I descend, to the grave,
God's pardon, and his, on my knees, here, I crave."

Then, loud, rose the stout Clanna Boylan's hurrah,
"Iver, Tiarnach of Clones, Slaint go Bragh!"

O'er hill, and o'er dale, the loud shout echoed, wide,
And ere it was silenced, dark Rossa had died.

Then Iver felt, slowly, his way, to the bed,
And, he clasped, in his hand, the cold hand of the dead.

And he cried, "Oh! ye men of Clan Boylan attend,
Behold of life's journey and follies the end;

"Like bubbles on life's stream, we float for an hour,
Then we die, and on earth, we are heard of no more.

"I knelt, night by night, on my cold, dungeon floor,
And I prayed, to the God of the friendless and poor,

"To give me one ray of his heavenly light,
As a guide, in the place of my lost mortal sight;

"And, while I thus prayed, in my cell of despair,
Soft music seemed floating, upon the night air;

"And a voice, like an angel's, thus spoke, to my heart,
In words, which, from memory, ne'er can depart—

"'SPEND EVERY MOMENT OF LIFE, THAT IS GIVEN,
IN PREPARING, TO MEET THE LAST JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN.'

"And now, if your aid, Clanna Boylan, you give,
I would spend the few hours, that I, yet, have to live,

"In building a house, whence God's chosen may raise,
For ever, to heaven the anthem of praise."

And Clan Boylan, in tears, thus replied, to their chief—
"We shall do as thou wishest, oh! sainted by grief."

Then, they drew, from the sides of Slievebay, the hewn stones,
And they built a great church and an abbey, in Clones.

There, Iver collected, from far, and from near,
The saints, who, to God, and his church, were most dear.

And they chose him their chief, and, at their great desire,
The abbot of Clones was made, Erin's grand prior.

The first mass was offered, for dark Rossa's rest,
And the sightless young Iver, as abbot, was drest.

And he stretched forth his hands, from the altar's high place,
And he blessed every man of Clan Boylan's loved race.

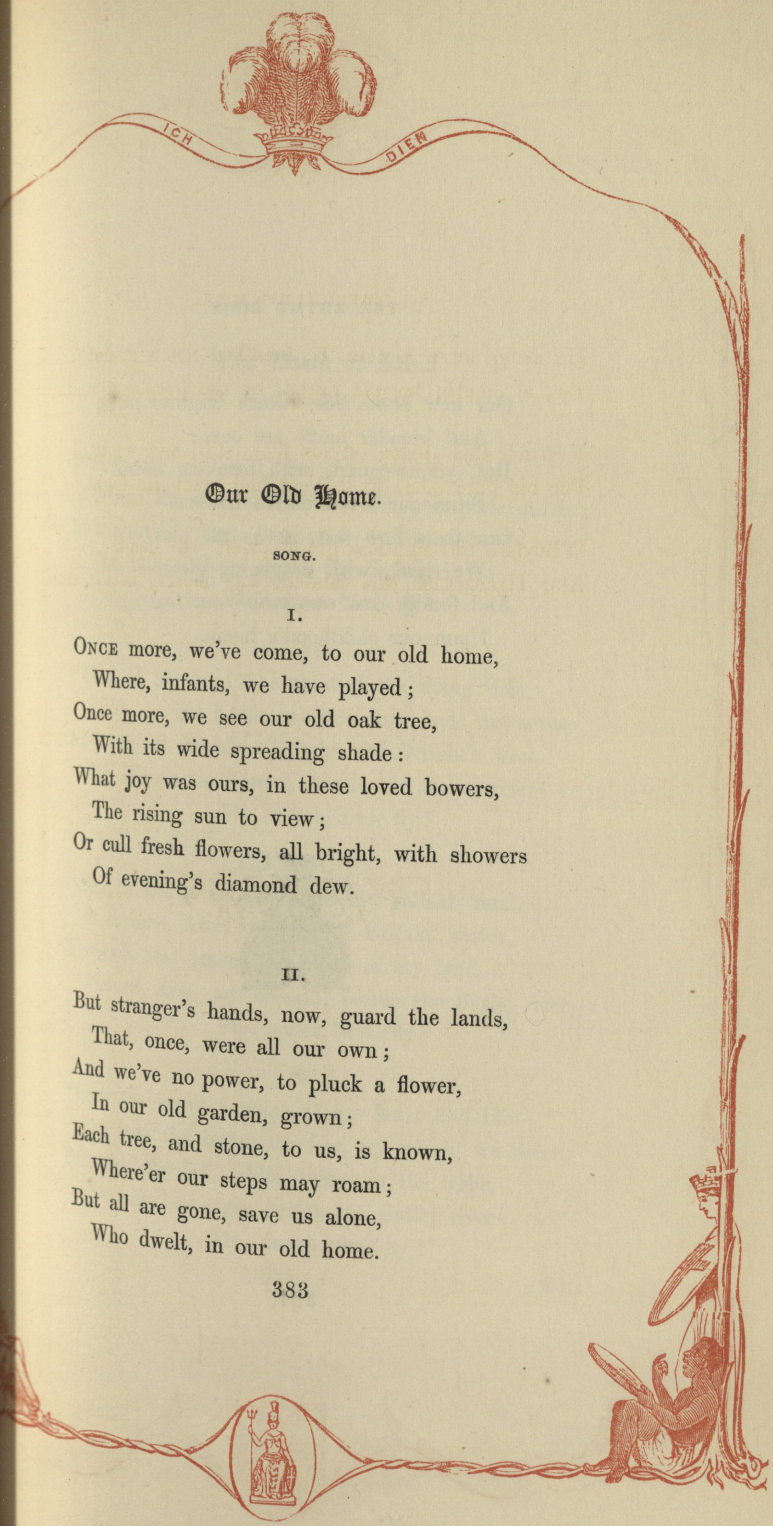
And he prayed that God's mercy, for ever, should shower,
On Clones, on its people, its abbey, and tower.

And, when the grand prior his people had blessed,
He leaned his white head, on the altar, to rest:

He made not a motion, he breathed not a sound,
Till, at length, he was raised, by the people around:

Fast fell their tears, on his face, still, and white,
For his pure soul, to heaven, had taken its flight.

O'Boylan, the sightless grand prior, was dead,
And Tighearnach, the sainted, was chosen, in his stead.



Our Old Home.

SONG.

I.

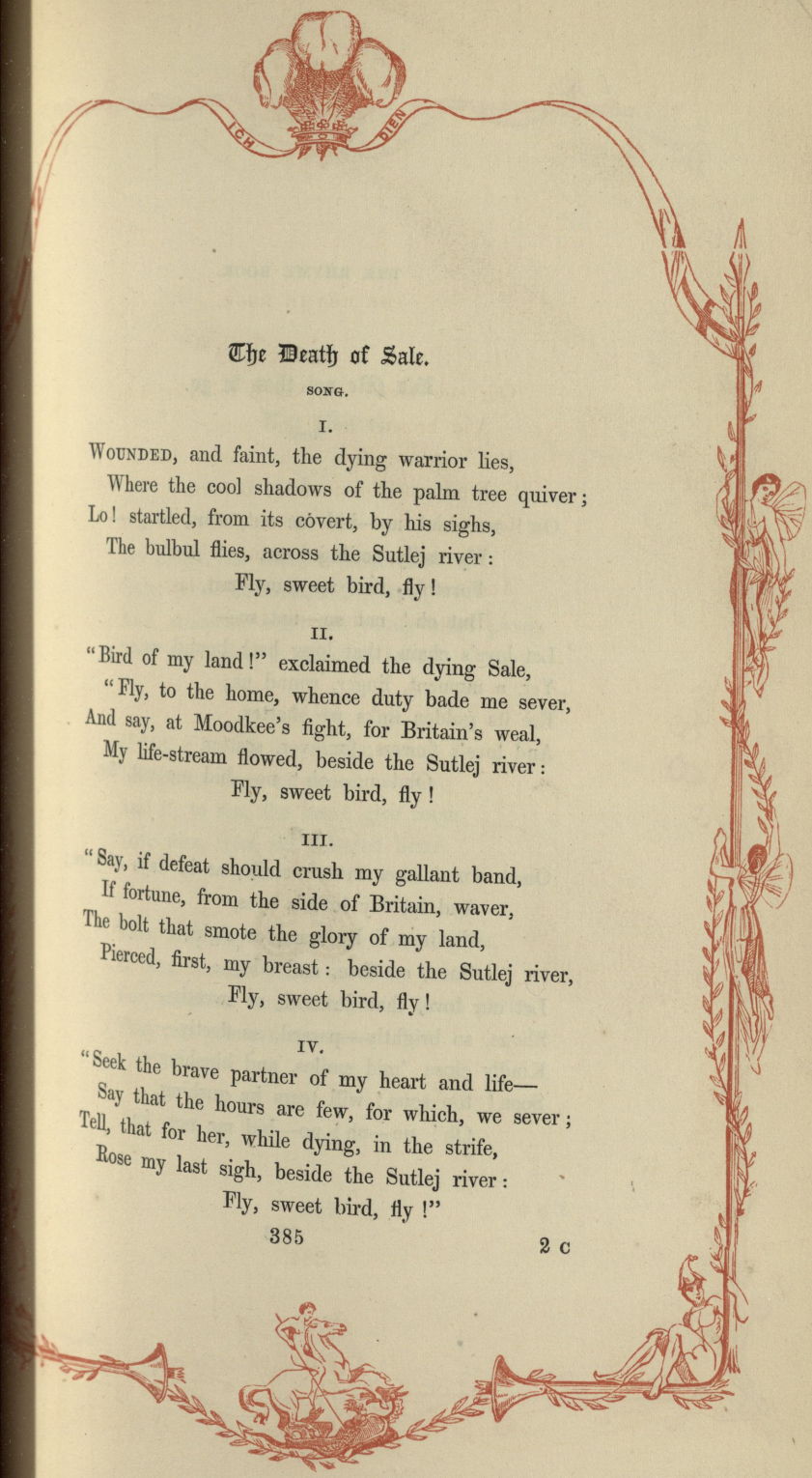
ONCE more, we've come, to our old home,
Where, infants, we have played;
Once more, we see our old oak tree,
With its wide spreading shade:
What joy was ours, in these loved bowers,
The rising sun to view;
Or cull fresh flowers, all bright, with showers
Of evening's diamond dew.

II.

But stranger's hands, now, guard the lands,
That, once, were all our own;
And we've no power, to pluck a flower,
In our old garden, grown;
Each tree, and stone, to us, is known,
Where'er our steps may roam;
But all are gone, save us alone,
Who dwelt, in our old home.

III.

Our new home lies, 'neath brighter skies,
And broader lands are ours;
But, yet, we part, with breaking heart,
From our loved native bowers:
Our tears flow fast, as on the past
We think, with deepening gloom;
And fondly cast one look—our last—
Upon our childhood's home.



The Death of Sale.

SONG.

I.

Wounded, and faint, the dying warrior lies,
Where the cool shadows of the palm tree quiver;
Lo! startled, from its cóvert, by his sighs,
The bulbul flies, across the Sutlej river:
Fly, sweet bird, fly!

II.

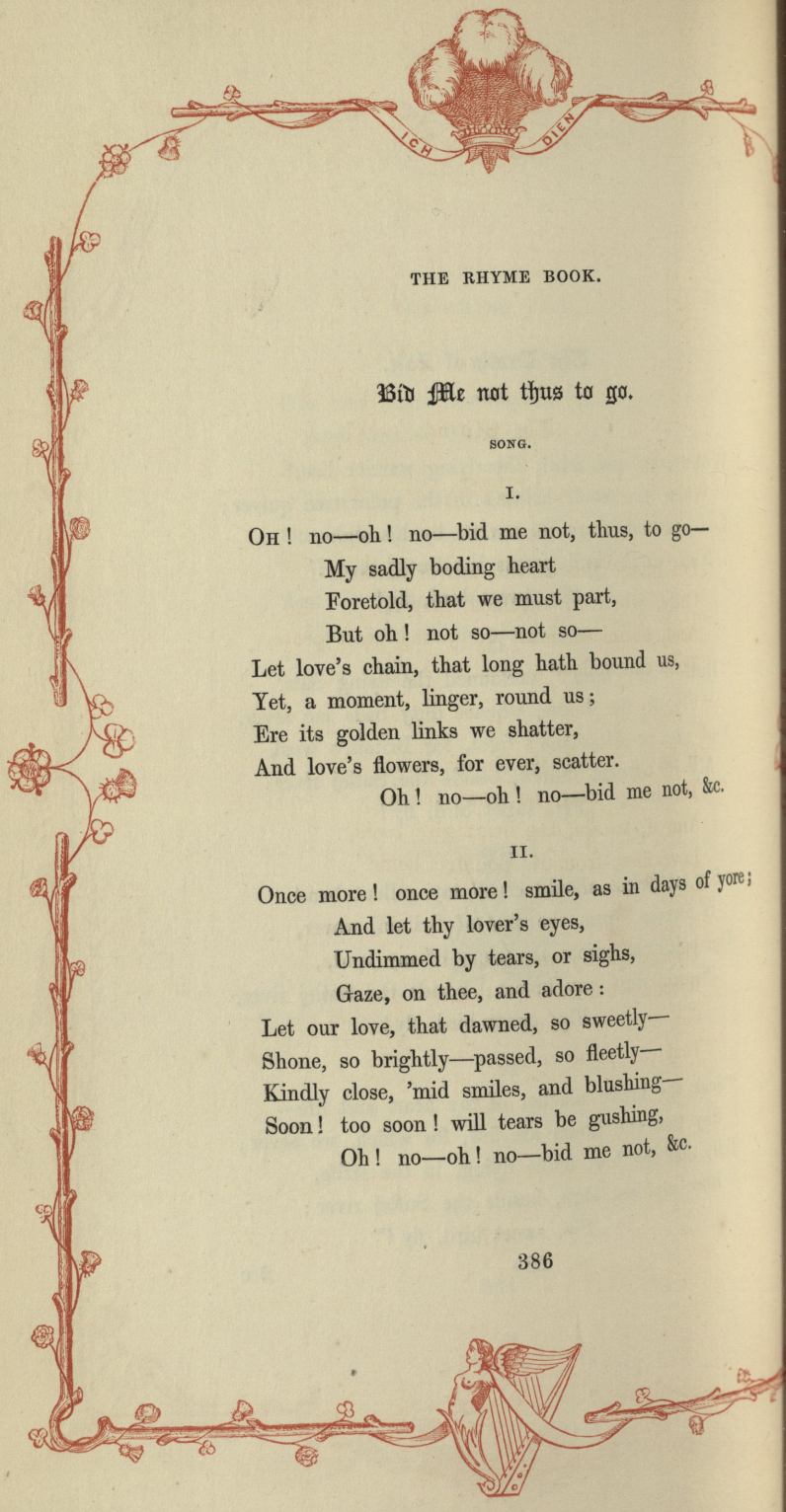
"Bird of my land!" exclaimed the dying Sale,
"Fly, to the home, whence duty bade me sever,
And say, at Moodkee's fight, for Britain's weal,
My life-stream flowed, beside the Sutlej river:
Fly, sweet bird, fly!

III.

"Say, if defeat should crush my gallant band,
If fortune, from the side of Britain, waver,
The bolt that smote the glory of my land,
Pierced, first, my breast: beside the Sutlej river,
Fly, sweet bird, fly!

IV.

"Seek the brave partner of my heart and life—
Say that the hours are few, for which, we sever;
Tell, that for her, while dying, in the strife,
Rose my last sigh, beside the Sutlej river:
Fly, sweet bird, fly!"



Bid Me not thus to go.

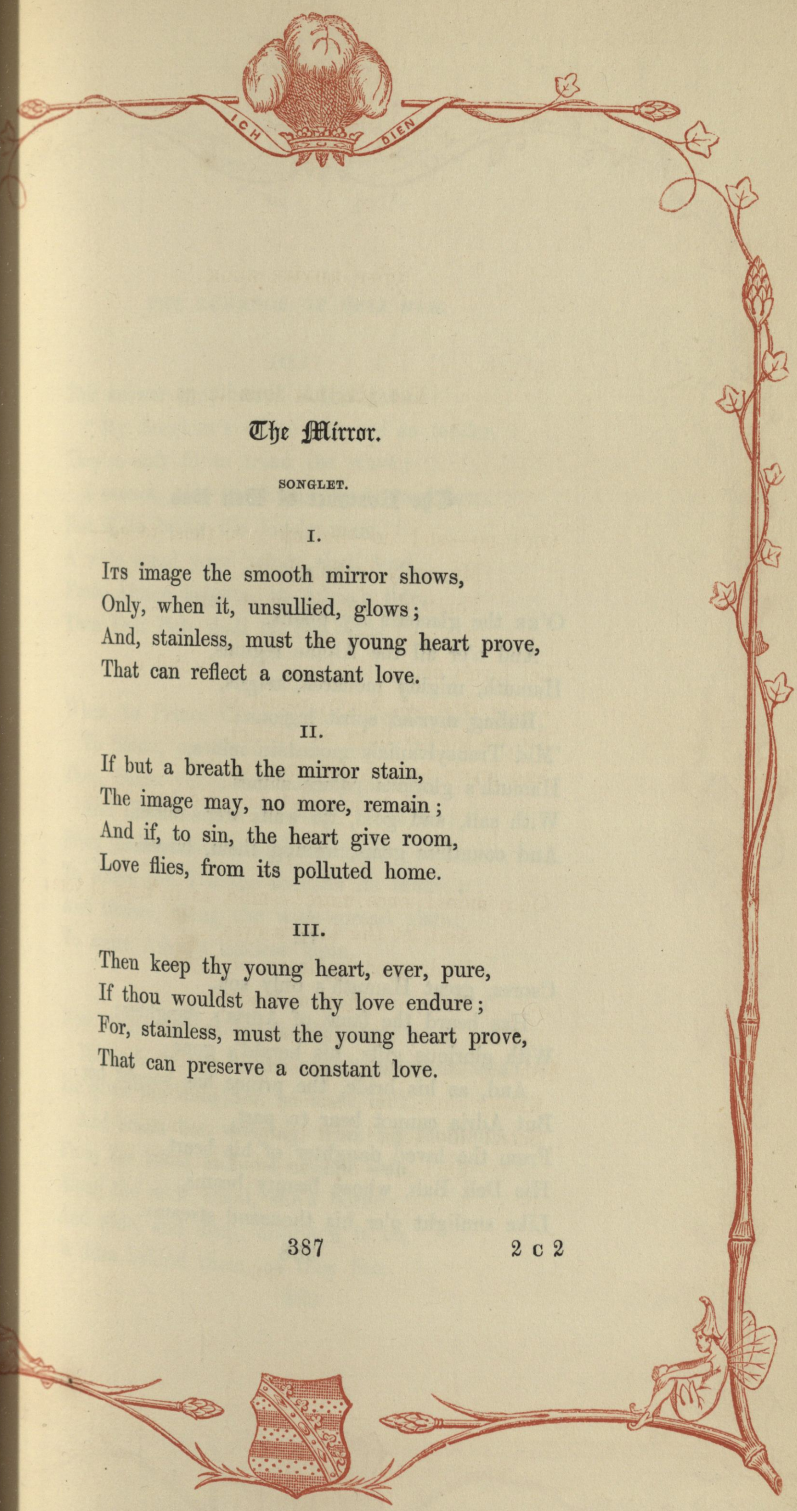
SONG.

I.

Oh! no—oh! no—bid me not, thus, to go—
My sadly boding heart
Foretold, that we must part,
But oh! not so—not so—
Let love's chain, that long hath bound us,
Yet, a moment, linger, round us;
Ere its golden links we shatter,
And love's flowers, for ever, scatter.
Oh! no—oh! no—bid me not, &c.

II.

Once more! once more! smile, as in days of yore;
And let thy lover's eyes,
Undimmed by tears, or sighs,
Gaze, on thee, and adore:
Let our love, that dawned, so sweetly—
Shone, so brightly—passed, so fleetly—
Kindly close, 'mid smiles, and blushing—
Soon! too soon! will tears be gushing,
Oh! no—oh! no—bid me not, &c.



The Mirror.

SONGLET.

I.

Its image the smooth mirror shows,
Only, when it, unsullied, glows;
And, stainless, must the young heart prove,
That can reflect a constant love.

II.

If but a breath the mirror stain,
The image may, no more, remain;
And if, to sin, the heart give room,
Love flies, from its polluted home.

III.

Then keep thy young heart, ever, pure,
If thou wouldst have thy love endure;
For, stainless, must the young heart prove,
That can preserve a constant love.

The Romance of Deli Bab.

I.

O'ER the glacier's icy plains,
And o'er all the Alpine regions,
Hamuth, mighty monarch, reigns,
Ruling myriad spirit legions:
'Mid Transylvania's mountain mines,
Hamuth's glorious palace shines;
With salt, and gold, its walls were raised,
And countless gems, around them, blazed.

II.

Csorsz, great Hamuth's only son,
Has heard the fame of Adria's daughter;
With glorious gifts, his herald's gone;
And, as his bride, the prince has sought her:
But Adria cannot bear to part,
From the loved daughter of his heart,
His Deli Bab, whose beauty beams,
Like sunlight o'er his thousand streams.



III.

This answer gray-haired Adria gave—
"My daughter's white feet are so tender,
They're only fit to tread the wave;
I cannot, o'er the rough land, send her:
But if, to bring the lovely maid,
A wide canal your prince shall lead,
From Alpine heights, to Adria's tide,
Then Deli Bab shall be his bride."

IV.

When, to Prince Csorsz, these words they show,
To Satan, on the instant, prayed he:
Then, Satan yoked his mighty plough,
And the canal, in one day, made he;
From Transylvania's highest crest,
To where the Danube spreads its breast;
And thence, along the wide-spread plain,
To azure Adria's tideless main.

V.

Now Adria cannot break his word,
Pledged, to the Prince of Alpine mountains:
He gives his daughter, to their lord,
And sends her, weeping, from his fountains:
From her loved halls of crystal torn,
Along the wide canal, she's borne;
And wide, and deep, although it be,
It dries behind them, as they flee.

VI.

In Hamuth's halls, high banquet's held,
In honour of the lovely Deli;
Such splendid feast was ne'er beheld,
While music swelled, and dance sped, gaily.
But though the palace, glorious, shines,
She feels, all chilled, within those mines;
And weeps, and longs to see, once more,
Her native, sunbright, Adrian shore.

VII.

Unfruitful wife, fair Deli proved;
For Adria, ever, is she mourning;
'Mid Alpine heights, was nought she loved;
Towards Adria, still, her eyes were turning;
Her thoughts are, on its crystal caves;
Her heart is, still, 'mid its blue waves;
She calls to mind each rock and bay,
And, day by day, she pines away.

VIII.

Upon the highest tops she lies,
Of gloomy Transylvania's mountains:
And tries to catch, with straining eyes,
A view of her loved Adria's fountains:
And though, too far for sight, they be,
With memory's eyes she, yet, can see,
Each rocky cape, and lovely isle,
Round which, the waves of Adria smile.

IX.

Deep in her breast, the picture dwells,
Of ocean's beauties, ever changing;
Its cool, blue, waves, its graceful shells,
Its white-sailed barks, across it ranging:
So plain, and clear, the picture shows,
So vivid, in her soul, it glows,
The blue skies, like a mirror, seize,
This image of her early days.

X.

Reflected, from her pensive soul,
Upon the sky, above her spreading,
The sea's blue waves appear to roll—
The barks, o'er it, their course seem treading.
The palace-crowned bright islet shines—
The rock uplifts its crest of pines—
The dolphins, on it, seem to play,
While wending, on their wat'ry way.

XI.

Fata Morgana strangers call
This ocean picture, in the heaven;
But, through the Magyar's land of fame,
The story that I tell is given:
From where it glimmers, in the skies,
They know the place, where Deli lies;
And sigh to think of her sad thrall,
And, Deli Bab, the vision call.

My Monthly Rose.

SONGLET.

I.

My monthly rose!
No pause thy bloom of beauty knows;
For, scarcely, dies one grace,
Before another mantling charm,
Fresh as a rose-bud, decks thy form,
Or blushes, on thy face.

II.

My monthly rose!
No winter time thy kindness knows,
Thy constant love no chill;
Through joy, and woe, alike, they live,
And, changeless, as their pure source, give
The same sweet heart-flowers, still.

These Bright Flowers.

SONG.

I.

As these bright flowers
Are born of spring's mild sun and showers,
And, into beauty, start;
So, from the sunshine of thine eyes,
My hopes, my joys, my love arise,
Dear lady of my heart.

II.

As these bright flowers
Bloom, through the summer's sunlit hours,
And all their fragrance give;
So blooms my joy, and grows my love,
While thy sweet smiles their summer prove,
And bid them ope, and live.

III.

And, as these flowers
All droop, and die, 'mid autumn's showers,
When summer suns depart;
So dies my joy, 'mid tears of woe,
When, Liza, from thy side, I go,
Sweet sunlight of my heart!

The Guinea Fowl.

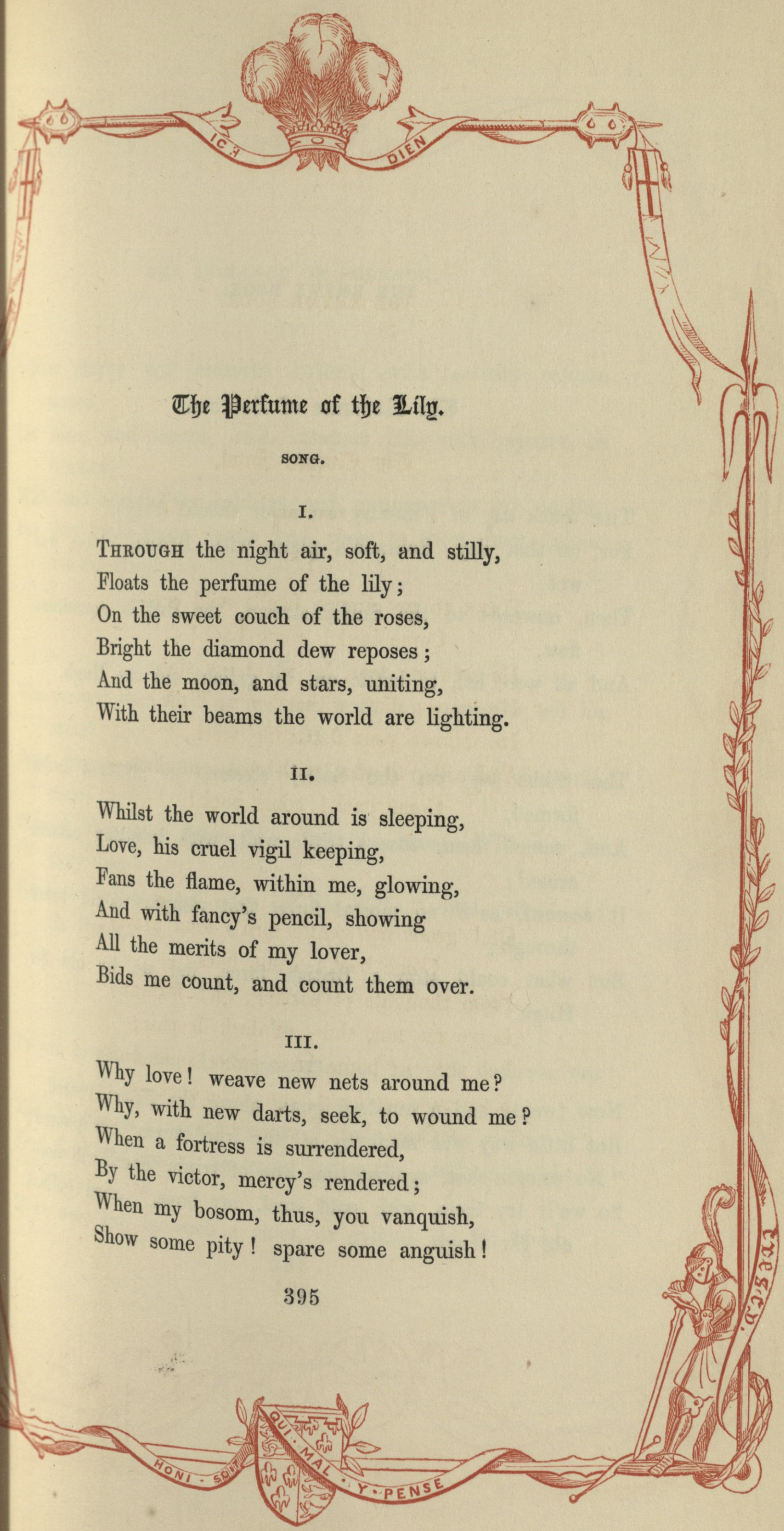
SONGLET.

I.

HARK to my guinea fowl's wild cry—
Come back! come back!
He sees my tear, he hears my sigh:
He knows that, without you, I die;
He follows your departing track,
And calls, to you, with ceaseless clack—
Come back! come back!

II.

Oh! grant my gentle bird's fond prayer;
Come back! come back!
From thoughts of parting, oh! forbear;
Leave me not, thus, in dark despair;
Let not our home your sweet smile lack;
Keep not my heart, upon the rack—
Come back! come back!



The Perfume of the Lily.

SONG.

I.

Through the night air, soft, and stilly,
Floats the perfume of the lily;
On the sweet couch of the roses,
Bright the diamond dew reposes;
And the moon, and stars, uniting,
With their beams the world are lighting.

II.

Whilst the world around is sleeping,
Love, his cruel vigil keeping,
Fans the flame, within me, glowing,
And with fancy's pencil, showing
All the merits of my lover,
Bids me count, and count them over.

III.

Why love! weave new nets around me?
Why, with new darts, seek, to wound me?
When a fortress is surrendered,
By the victor, mercy's rendered;
When my bosom, thus, you vanquish,
Show some pity! spare some anguish!

The Romance of Sobraon.

I.

THE tenth day of February we ne'er should forget,
For, on that day, Sobraon's plain, with British blood, was wet;
Then, onwards to the Sutlej stream, the British squadrons flew,
And all were led, to battle on, by gallant old Sir Hugh.

II.

The Sikhs lay, on the Sutlej stream, in crescent order formed,
And, round them, rose a triple wall, with bristling cannon armed;
It seemed, as if no mortal force that rampart could break through;
But what could stop a British force, led on by old Sir Hugh.

III.

Now twenty and a hundred guns, along the Sutlej, roared,
But little way was made by all the iron storm they poured;
"No cannon-shot, against that line of triple fence, will do,
So we'll try them, with cold steel, my boys," cried gallant old Sir Hugh.

IV.

"Now charge yon crescent battery, with seventy cannon armed,
Let fosse, and trench, and rampart all, with bayonet be stormed;"
With loud hurrah, the soldiers rush, prepared to die, or do,
For they knew those words had come to them, from gallant old Sir Hugh.

V.

Who crossed that wall of fire, the first, my comrades tell his name?
Brave Stacey, with the Fifty-third, first, o'er the ramparts, came;
Through shot and flame, the first, he came, "To him be glory due,
For he took the rough edge off the Sikhs," said gallant old Sir Hugh.

VI.

To win bright fame, Ashburnum came, he well deserves our thanks;
And Cureton, a general, who rose, from out the ranks;
From forth the ranks, he rose, by worth—and so might I, or you,
If we were led, by such a chief, as gallant old Sir Hugh.

VII.

The Tenth Foot never fired a shot, till o'er the works they came,
And then they poured a deadly shower of musket-balls and flame;
Bold Harry Smith, and Gilbert, dashed, the triple rampart through,
Fit heroes they, to fight that day, for gallant old Sir Hugh.

VIII.

But, hand to hand, the bold Sikhs stand, like lions brought to bay,
Till Thackwell and the Third Dragoons came, thundering, to the fray;
'Mid fire and blood, these heroes rode, the battered breaches through,
And, right and left, their turbans cleft, by order of Sir Hugh.

IX.

In fate's despite, the Sikhs, still, fight, each standing by his gun;
And, where each stood, he sank in blood, nor did one gunner run;
The Third Dragoons leaped o'er the guns, and, towards the Sutlej, flew,
For death was feared, far less, that day, than blame, from old Sir Hugh.



X.

Though hope be lost, the Khalsa host, still, struggle with despair;
Still raise the hand, still wield the brand, and still, the battle dare:
"Now charge and make Sobraon's fight, THE INDIAN WATERLOO;
Charge, left and right, and end the fight," cries gallant old Sir Hugh.

XI.

On every side, the British tide of battle rushes on,
And backwards, towards the bridge and stream, the Khalsa host is thrown;
There thousands of the bravest Sikhs the sword and fire, then, slew;
And, in the battle's foremost ranks, fought gallant old Sir Hugh.

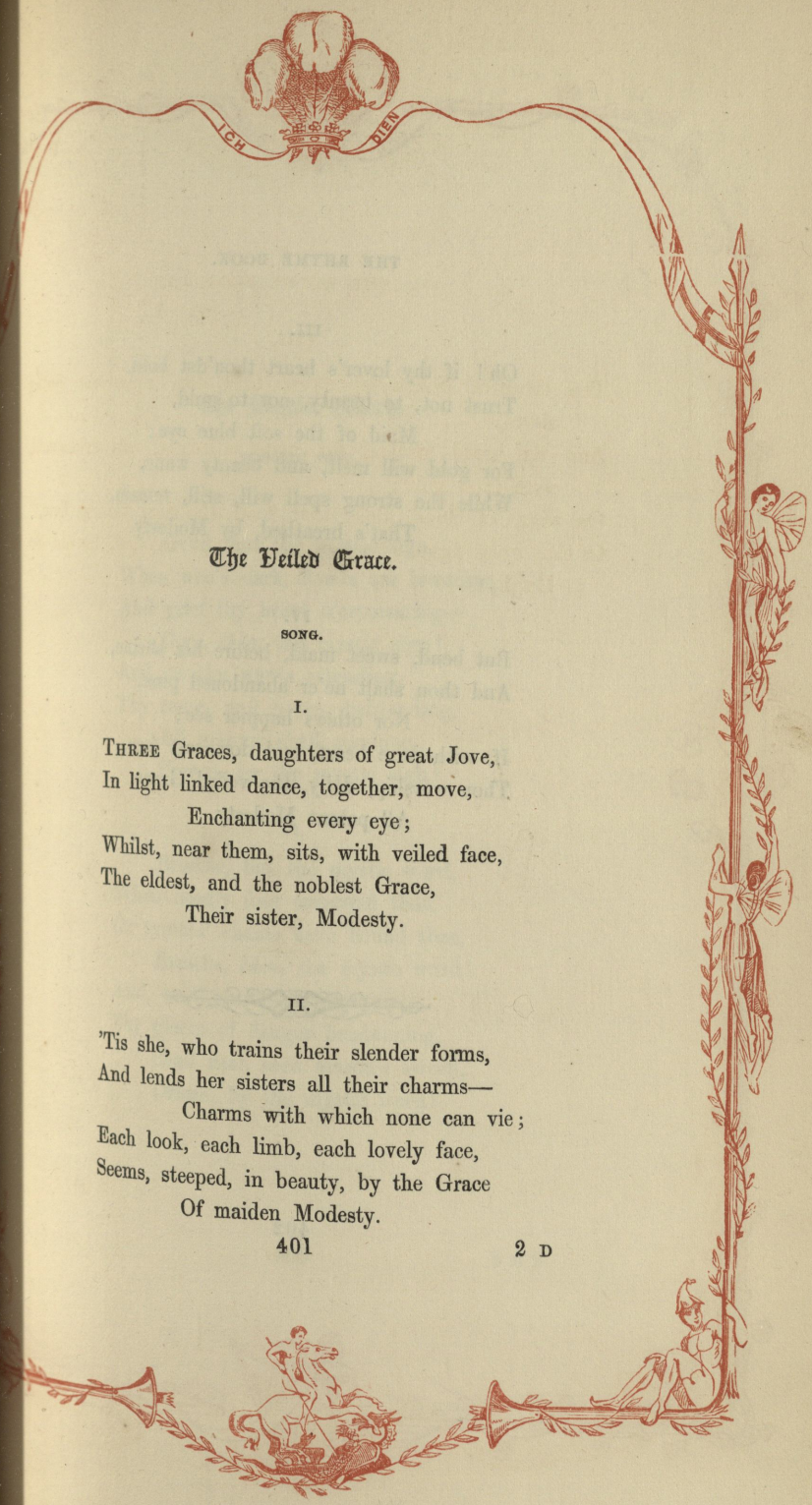
XII.

They wavered, turned, then fled, and plunged, amid the Sutlej stream;
And, in its torrent, swollen by rain, ten thousand bright swords gleam,
Then raged the fierce artillery, then countless bullets flew,
And whelmed the foe, in death below, by order of Sir Hugh.



XIII.

Ten thousand Sikhs lay slain, that day, upon the Sutlej shore;
And its broad stream, for many a league, was crimsoned, with their gore;
On wings of blood, along that flood, the fiery tidings flew,
Of that great fight, where Britain's might was led, by old Sir Hugh.



The Veiled Grace.

SONG.

I.

THREE Graces, daughters of great Jove,
In light linked dance, together, move,
Enchanting every eye;
Whilst, near them, sits, with veiled face,
The eldest, and the noblest Grace,
Their sister, Modesty.

II.

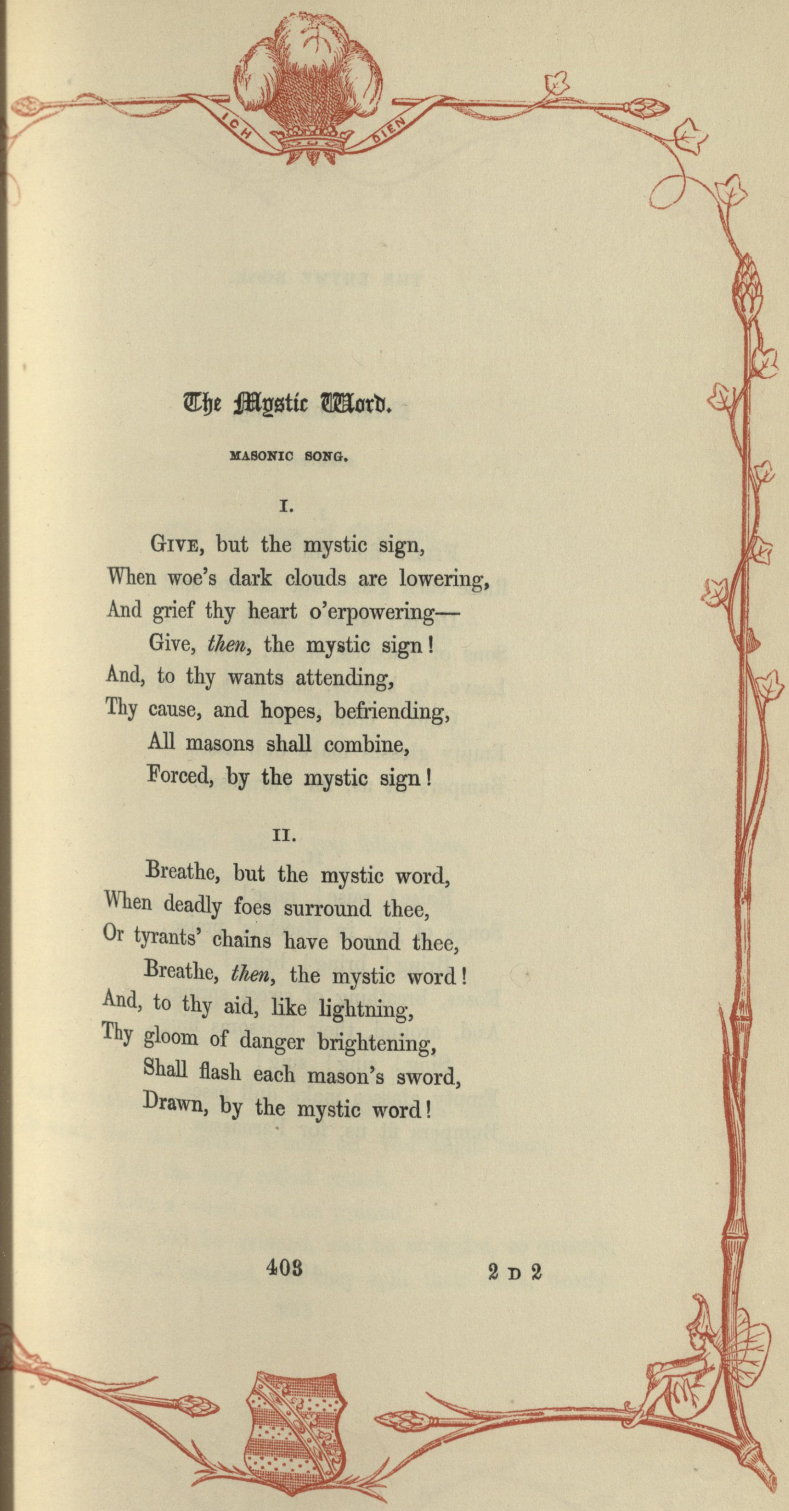
'Tis she, who trains their slender forms,
And lends her sisters all their charms—
Charms with which none can vie;
Each look, each limb, each lovely face,
Seems, steeped, in beauty, by the Grace
Of maiden Modesty.

III.

Oh! if thy lover's heart thou'dst hold,
Trust not, to beauty, nor to gold,
Maid of the soft blue eye;
For gold will melt, and beauty wane,
While the strong spell will, still, remain,
That's breathed, by Modesty.

IV.

But bend, sweet maid, before her shrine,
And thou shalt ne'er abandoned pine,
Nor others happier see;
If, with pure heart, and downcast face,
Thou worship, daily, the veiled Grace,
All potent Modesty.



The Mystic Word.

MASONIC SONG.

I.

GIVE, but the mystic sign,
When woe's dark clouds are lowering,
And grief thy heart o'erpowering—
Give, *then*, the mystic sign!
And, to thy wants attending,
Thy cause, and hopes, befriending,
All masons shall combine,
Forced, by the mystic sign!

II.

Breathe, but the mystic word,
When deadly foes surround thee,
Or tyrants' chains have bound thee,
Breathe, *then*, the mystic word!
And, to thy aid, like lightning,
Thy gloom of danger brightening,
Shall flash each mason's sword,
Drawn, by the mystic word!

Drink and Sing.

SONGLET.

I.

FILL! fill! fill!
Raise each glass, but do not spill:
Drink! drink! drink!
Sons of Bacchus, never, blink;
Leave, to knaves, and fools, to think:
Clink! clink! clink!
Empty glasses make dull asses,
Bumpers fit us, for Parnassus.

II.

Raise! raise! raise!
Songs of joy, in Bacchus' praise:
Bring! bring! bring!
Roses, breathing of sweet spring,
And, around, their blossoms fling!
Sing! sing! sing!
Empty glasses make dull asses,
Bumpers fit us, for Parnassus.

The Romance of O'Leary.

I.

"WHIRLAMAGIG! whirlamagig!"
Cried a pert young fairy prig;
"Whirlamagig! whirlamagig!
Clear the way, till I dance a jig!"

II.

"Hollo! hollo! you fellow low,
Stand down below!"
Cried the fairy King Donn, in a rage;
"I'll engage
To teach such, as you,
To know who's who;
For your impudent chat,
Take this, and take that!"
And he fetched, the pert fairy, a box on the ear,
So smart, that the sound, a mile off, you might hear;
And the fairy rolled round,
Like a wheel, on the ground;
And he writhed, and he grinned, and he wriggled, so queerly,
That the fairies all laughed, till they split their sides, nearly.

III.

All this happened, on the fort of Doon,
On a moonlit night, in the month of June;
And all of it was seen, by the piper O'Leary,
Who, under the old thorn, lay, dozing, and weary.

IV.

O'Leary had been, to the fair of Duhallow;
And there jolly Paddy grew, pleasant, and mellow.
He had taken three dinners, and a lunch,
And at each of them, of course, some punch;
For friends were many, and music sweet,
And all were glad the piper to treat.

V.

And, as, from the fair, his way home he wended,
He thought that the journey would never be ended;
He had got such a habit the broadway of crossing,
While the pipes and the chanter, on both sides, were tossing,
That the breadth of the road, than its length, had grown longer,
And his wish, for a snooze, had, each moment, grown stronger.
So, aside from the road, he slipt, quiet, and easy,
And stretched, on a soft bed of shamrock and daisy.

VI.

Now while lying, thus, between sleeping and waking,
He watched the kick-up, that the fairies were making;

But, when he saw Donn give the fairy the licking,
And watched the young puppy, while writhing and kicking,
The grins that he gave were so funny and knowing,
That they set the gay piper ha! ha! and ho! hoing!
He began, with a laugh, but got on, to a roaring,
That would start the nails out of the best of deal flooring.

VII.

"Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! what fellow low,
Has dared to show
His saucy nose, here, with laugh, and with jeer?
Bring him up, to the fort, like a pig, by the ear;
And, if he's not utterly drunken or crazy,
I'll give him a lesson, in manners made easy."

VIII.

Now Paddy began to tremble and quake,
For fear his precious life they'd take;
He had heard that music could charm the devil,
And ward off every kind of evil;
So he drew the bags out, and he gave them a squeeze,
Till the music began, first, to drone, then, to wheeze;
At length, Paddy began to play up, like a man,
And the tune that he piped was the "Cruiskeen Lawn."

IX.

Then out cried Meva, the fairy Queen—
"At many a ball and concert I've been,

But such music, as that, I, never, yet heard,
From fairy, or merrow, or man, or bird,
Then let us entreat,
This piper, so sweet,
To lend, with his music, new wings, to our feet."

X.

And now twenty fairies, all toiling and wheezing,
Dragged in Pat O'Leary, the chanter, still, squeezing.
So sweet, were the notes, and so soft, was the drone,
That the whole fairy host, into raptures, were thrown,
And, when he came on,
Before fairy King Donn,
His majesty waved, to the piper, his hand,
And, thus, he addressed him, most gracious, and grand:—

XI.

"Cead mille failthe, Pat O'Leary,
You'll have here, from every fairy;
I beg you'll stay, and take a cup or
Two, and something hot, for supper.
Meantime please to work the chanter,
While, through reel and jig, we canter.
Puck, the harebell, quickly, ring here,
And all scattered fairies bring here."
He did'nt say how very zealous
His Queen was, for King Donn was jealous.

XII.

A seat was brought, for Pat O'Leary,
By a flunkey of a fairy;
Down he sat, and roused the piping,
Till their eyes he, soon, was wiping:
While the harebell Puck was ringing,
And the fairies, round him, bringing.

XIII.

Puck, now, pulls the blue harebell—
Merrily, he pulls and well;
The fairies know its mystic sound,
And hasten, to the trysting ground.
King Donn the lovely Meva leads,
Tripping, o'er the velvet meads;
Quick, the fairies follow after,
Hand in hand, with shouts of laughter;
And, as, through the dance, they're treading,
Paddy played "Haste to the Wedding."

XIV.

Now, Paddy was, upon his mettle,
The fairy dancers all to settle;
He blew the pipes, and worked the chanter,
From an amble, to a canter.

He played, so quick, and blew, so sprightly,
To keep the time, it pushed them tightly.
Not a moment, stopt the dancing,
Down the middle went they, prancing;
Still, he kept them, briskly working,
Setting, turning, bounding, jerking:
Quicker, still, he blew the piping,
Soon, their faces they were wiping:
King Donn danced on, like a Briton,
Swore he'd die, before he'd sit down;
On he galloped, smoking, puffing,
But was stopped, by fits of coughing.
One by one, each dancing fairy,
Hotter grew, and, still, more weary.
One by one, each was seen lagging,
Sitting down, despite his bragging:
Still, the pipes, like thunder, blew on,
When one tune tired, came a new one.

XV.

Now, the dancing sinks, to crawling,
Soon, the fairies, all, are sprawling
In the grass, with puff, and panting—
No more music, now, they're wanting:
Still, my pleasant Pat O'Leary
Shouts out, to each gasping fairy,
"Keep it up, my pretty deary."

XVI.

"Supper! supper!"
Puck, now, cries, "quick! quick! rise up, or
Stay, and do, without your supper.
Supper! supper, now, is ready;
Let each gallant hand his lady."
Meva, lovely Queen of Fairy,
With a curtsey, hands O'Leary.
In the fort of Doon, a gateway
Opens, now, which leads them straightway,
To a hall, with rich lamps lighted,
Where O'Leary sees, delighted,
Glittering rows of golden dishes,
Filled with soups, and meats, and fishes:
Paddy thought such waste was sinful,
Yet he longed, to get his skinful.

XVII.

Now began the real tugging,
Cutting, carving, stuffing, jugging:
Oh! such gobbling! and such guzzling!
How they held it all was puzzling:
Paddy worked away, most manful;
And drank wines, at least a canful.

XVIII.

When the first assault was finished,
And their appetite diminished,

Rose the lovely Queen of Fairy,
From her seat, beside O'Leary;
With a thousand smiling graces,
On his head, a crown she places;
Tied, with gold threads, brightly shining,
Round his brow the laurel's twining:
And, while silence reigns unbroken,
Thus her royal will was spoken—

XIX.

"Wear this garland long, O'Leary,
Woven, by the hand of fairy;
Learn, from it, the fairy moral—
WHO PLAYS WELL SHALL GAIN THE LAUREL."

XX.

Loud, and long, the cheering sounded;
Some, upon their chairs, now, bounded;
Some their knuckles, loud, were rapping;
Some their hands, like mad, were clapping.
Now, his health they all are drinking—
Paddy's not a man for blinking;
At the bottle, now, he tries them;
Glass for glass, he, now, defies them:
At him, all their heads are bobbing;
Clinking glasses, and hobnobbing:
Oh! my eyes, how, they did guzzle!
Paddy, now, they fairly puzzle:

Still, he stands up, to his battle;
How the cut decanters rattle!
Soon, alas! he's winking, blinking,
Then, beneath the table sinking;
Paddy feels his head, now, reeling;
All, within his view, seems wheeling;
Slumber, soon, each sense is steeping,
Paddy, now, is soundly sleeping.

XXI.

Summer morn was, sweetly, breaking,
Ere O'Leary was awaking.
Birds, in thousands, round were winging,
Earth seems charmed, with their singing.
On the same spot, is he staying,
Where, last night, he had been laying.
First, he thought he had been dreaming,
Fancied last night's work, mere seeming;
Till he, on his forehead feeling,
Found the laurel, all revealing:
Tied, with gold threads, brightly shining,
Round O'Leary's head 'twas twining;
Placed there, by the Queen of Fairy,
Prize of merit to O'Leary.
Still, that wreath hangs, in Duhallow,
Dissipating all doubts shallow;
And, if with my tale you quarrel,
Go there, and you'll see the laurel.

Hebe.

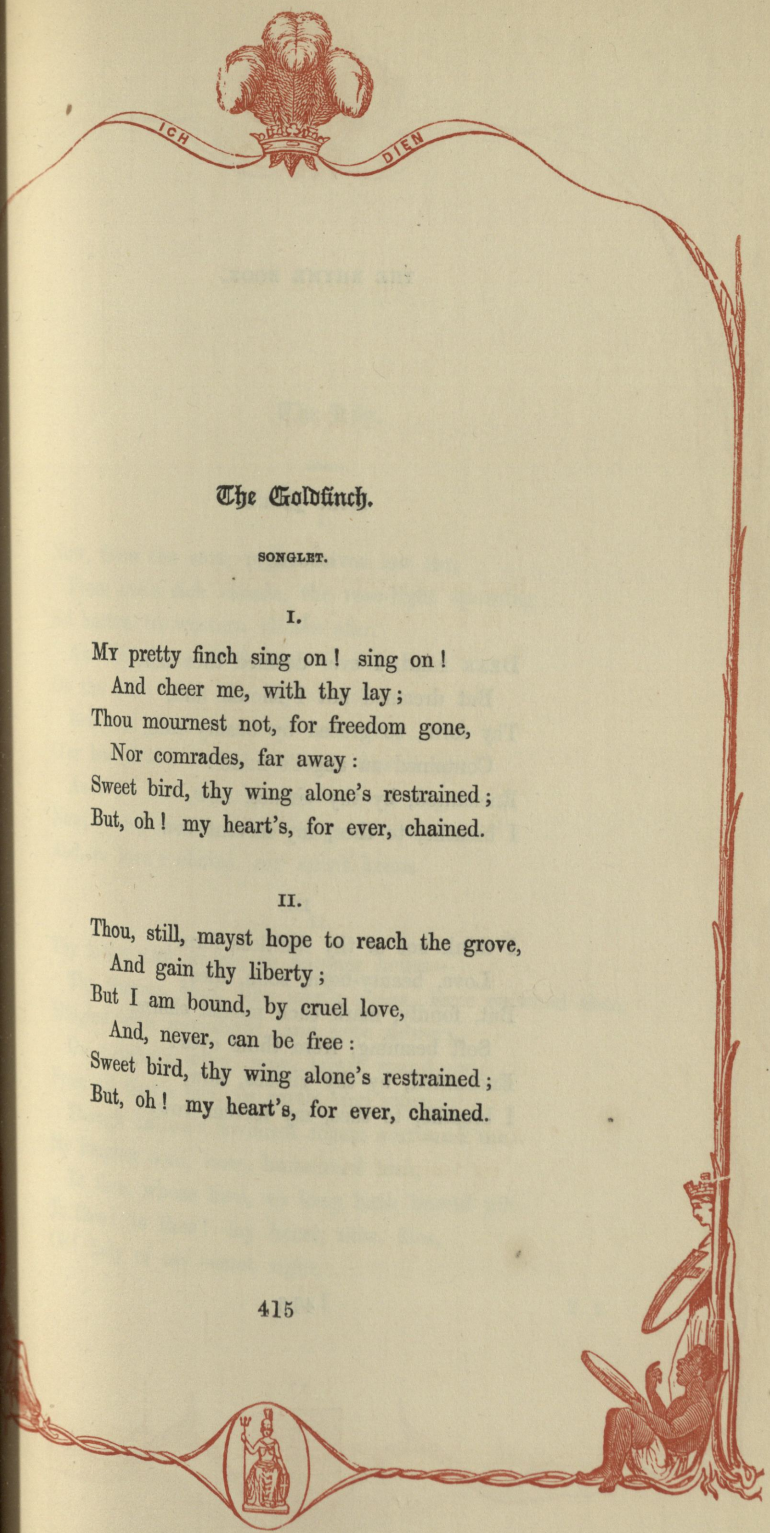
SONG.

I.

Her mind expanded, beautiful,
In her expanding form;
Touched its soft lines, with gentler grace,
And heightened every charm:
It swelled her softly heaving breast,
And beamed, from her bright eye;
Flushed, sweetly, in her mantling blush,
And breathed forth, in her sigh.

II.

As the young rose-bud grows unseen,
And swells its soft green sheath;
Or peeps forth, in a rosy point,
From its sweet couch beneath:
So her young soul, its tender home,
With growing passion, warms,
And shapes, to forms of loveliness,
Its tenement of charms.



The Goldfinch.

SONGLET.

I.

My pretty finch sing on! sing on!
And cheer me, with thy lay;
Thou mournest not, for freedom gone,
Nor comrades, far away:
Sweet bird, thy wing alone's restrained;
But, oh! my heart's, for ever, chained.

II.

Thou, still, mayst hope to reach the grove,
And gain thy liberty;
But I am bound, by cruel love,
And, never, can be free:
Sweet bird, thy wing alone's restrained;
But, oh! my heart's, for ever, chained.

Dear Maid.

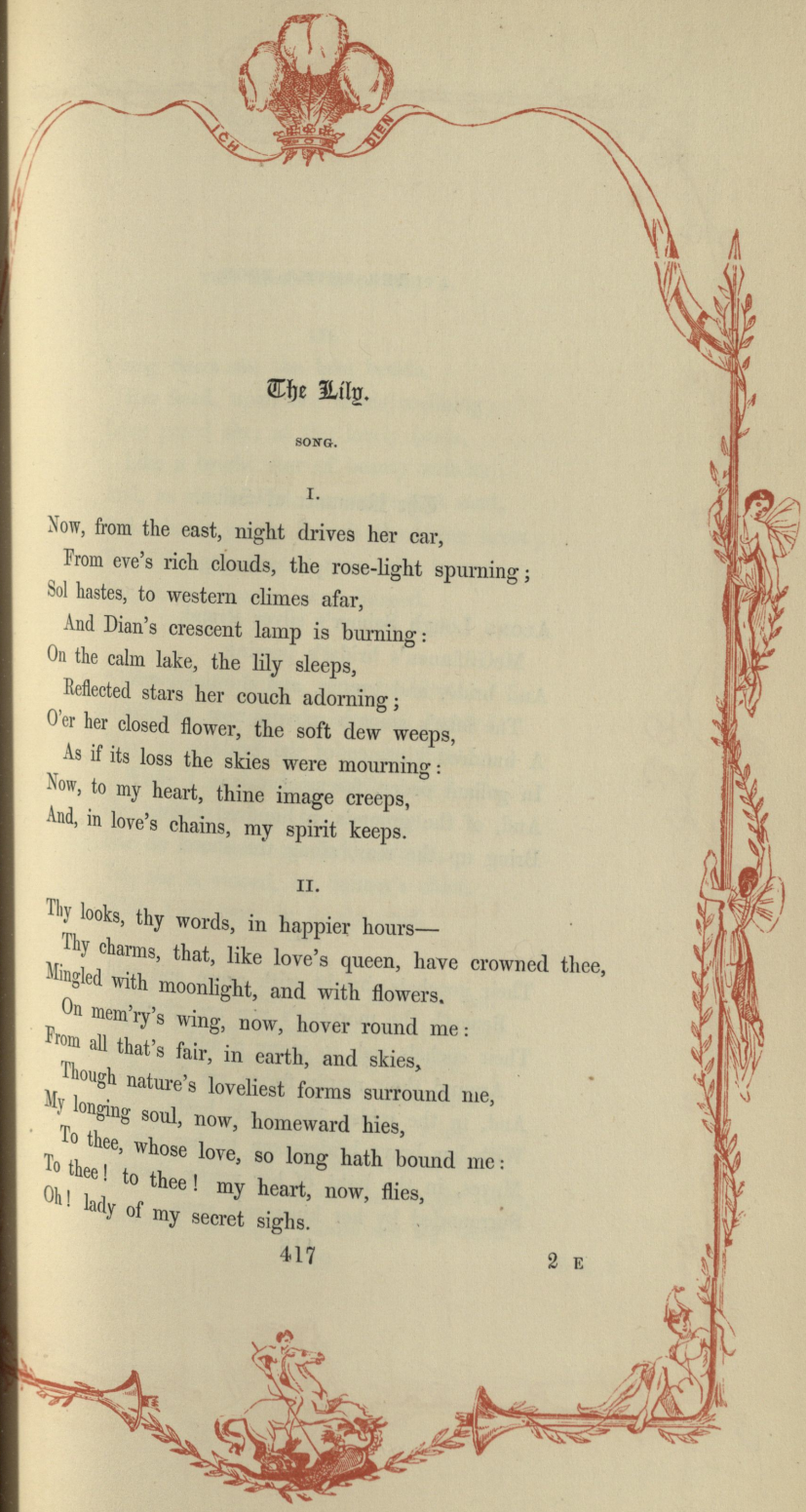
SONGLET.

I.

Dear maid, I ever deemed thee fair,
But dreamed not I should find,
Thy form, so graced by beauty rare,
Contained an angel's mind:
Enchanted, by thy virtues, now,
I breathe, to thee, my fervent vow.

II.

I think not of thy faultless form;
Love, beauty-born, soon, dies;
But, fondly, mark each mental charm,
Soft beaming, from thine eyes:
Enchanted, by thy virtues, now,
I breathe, to thee, my fervent vow.



The Lily.

SONG.

I.

Now, from the east, night drives her car,
From eve's rich clouds, the rose-light spurning;
Sol hastes, to western climes afar,
And Dian's crescent lamp is burning:
On the calm lake, the lily sleeps,
Reflected stars her couch adorning;
O'er her closed flower, the soft dew weeps,
As if its loss the skies were mourning:
Now, to my heart, thine image creeps,
And, in love's chains, my spirit keeps.

II.

Thy looks, thy words, in happier hours—
Thy charms, that, like love's queen, have crowned thee,
Mingled with moonlight, and with flowers.
On mem'ry's wing, now, hover round me:
From all that's fair, in earth, and skies,
Though nature's loveliest forms surround me,
My longing soul, now, homeward hies,
To thee, whose love, so long hath bound me:
To thee! to thee! my heart, now, flies,
Oh! lady of my secret sighs.

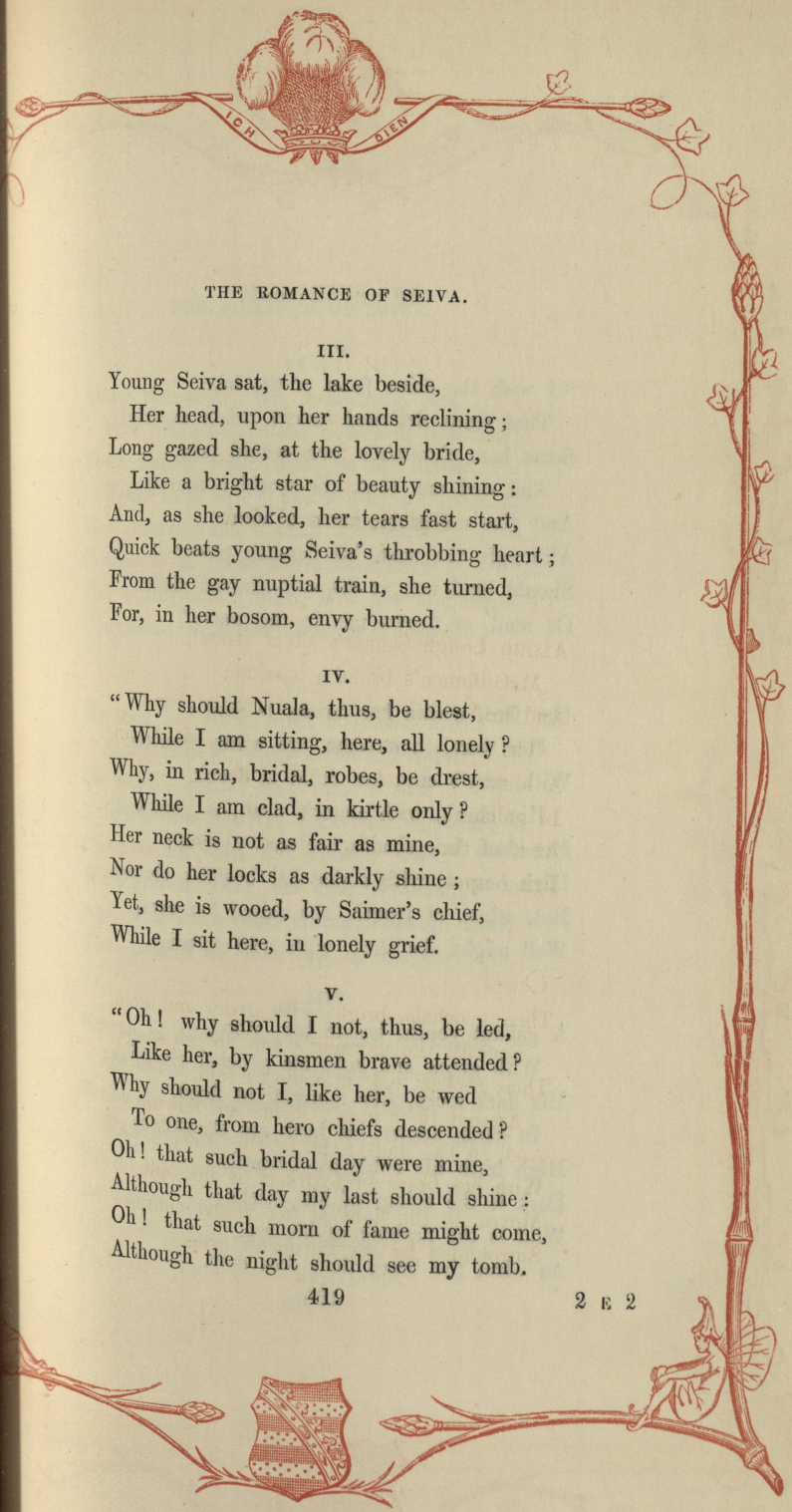
The Romance of Seiba.

I.

ALONG Lough Saimer's silver strand,
McGilfinnen's bridal's passing;
And bride, and groom, and nuptial band,
The lake's smooth mirror, now, is glassing.
A hundred kinsmen of the bride,
In gallant order, foremost ride;
And, of the groom's, a hundred more,
Bring up the rear, along the shore.

II.

Their geochals, bright with green and gold,
Beneath the morning's sun are glowing;
Their cochals red, in many a fold,
Around their manly forms are flowing:
And, in the midst, the lovely bride,
With her brave bridegroom by her side,
Moves, in the light of her young charms,
Surrounded by her kinsmen's arms.



III.

Young Seiva sat, the lake beside,
Her head, upon her hands reclining;
Long gazed she, at the lovely bride,
Like a bright star of beauty shining:
And, as she looked, her tears fast start,
Quick beats young Seiva's throbbing heart;
From the gay nuptial train, she turned,
For, in her bosom, envy burned.

IV.

"Why should Nuala, thus, be blest,
While I am sitting, here, all lonely?
Why, in rich, bridal, robes, be drest,
While I am clad, in kirtle only?
Her neck is not as fair as mine,
Nor do her locks as darkly shine;
Yet, she is wooed, by Saimer's chief,
While I sit here, in lonely grief.

V.

"Oh! why should I not, thus, be led,
Like her, by kinsmen brave attended?
Why should not I, like her, be wed
To one, from hero chiefs descended?
Oh! that such bridal day were mine,
Although that day my last should shine:
Oh! that such morn of fame might come,
Although the night should see my tomb.

VI.

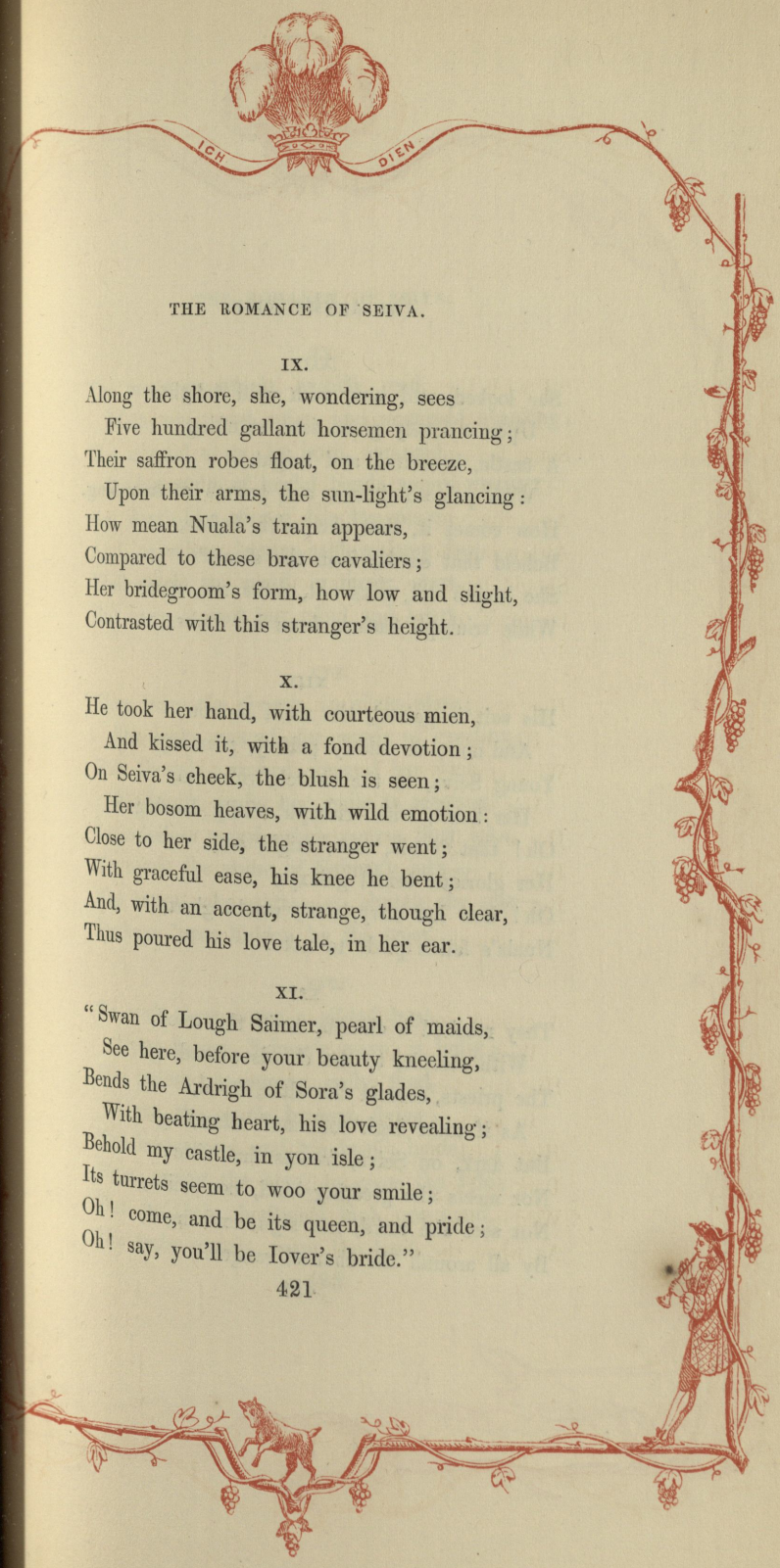
"I wish the fierce fiend of the lake,
That rends drowned sailors, when expiring,
Some hero chieftain's form would take,
And wed me, thus, the world admiring;
And give me glory, for one hour,
Although, the next, his fiendish power
Should bind me, as his soul-chained slave,
Or rend, or drown me, in the wave."

VII.

Her face, within her hands, is sunk;
Her tears, in streams, are wildly flowing;
With envy's cup, her mind is drunk,
Her cheek, with anger's flush, is glowing;
Her dark hair shades her snowy arms;
High heaves, with sighs, her bosom's charms;
But, when, at length, she raised her eyes,
Well might she start, with wild surprise.

VIII.

A gallant youth, beside her, stood,
With green and gold his geochal gleaming;
His dark locks, like a midnight flood,
In curls, adown his back are streaming:
High birth his noble air bespeaks;
Dark is the colour of his cheeks;
Wild is the flashing of his eye,
As when the brave their foes defy.



IX.

Along the shore, she, wondering, sees
Five hundred gallant horsemen prancing;
Their saffron robes float, on the breeze,
Upon their arms, the sun-light's glancing:
How mean Nuala's train appears,
Compared to these brave cavaliers;
Her bridegroom's form, how low and slight,
Contrasted with this stranger's height.

X.

He took her hand, with courteous mien,
And kissed it, with a fond devotion;
On Seiva's cheek, the blush is seen;
Her bosom heaves, with wild emotion:
Close to her side, the stranger went;
With graceful ease, his knee he bent;
And, with an accent, strange, though clear,
Thus poured his love tale, in her ear.

XI.

"Swan of Lough Saimer, pearl of maids,
See here, before your beauty kneeling,
Bends the Ardrigh of Sora's glades,
With beating heart, his love revealing;
Behold my castle, in yon isle;
Its turrets seem to woo your smile;
Oh! come, and be its queen, and pride;
Oh! say, you'll be Iover's bride."

XII.

She looked, and saw, with wild delight,
Upon a lovely green isle, standing,
A castle, beautiful, and bright,
With palaced domes, and towers commanding.
How comes it, that she ne'er, before,
Beheld that castle, from the shore?
She knows not, asks not, cares not, now,
While triumph flashes, from her brow.

XIII.

His suit is gained, the maid is won;
And now, on snowy palfrey, prancing,
Young Seiva, to the church, rides on,
Her heart, with triumph wildly dancing:
Oh! that Nuala, now, might see,
Her glorious bridal galaxy;
Oh! how her envy, now, would gloat,
Nuala's fallen pride to note.

XIV.

They reached a church, amid the wood,
With steeple, to the clouds ascending;
The priests, around the altar, stood,
As if some high command attending:
But dark, on Seiva, frowns that aisle;
Nor meets she greeting kind, nor smile;
Nor sees she word, nor sign, exchanged,
By all around the chancel ranged.

XV.

The marriage rite is, quickly, read,
With whispered voice, and muttered chanting;
The nuptial vows, by both, are said,
And nought of bridal bonds seems wanting:
But death-like silence fills the place;
And, moveless, lowers each gloomy face.
Well might the maid, in terror, start,
But envy steeled her mind and heart.

XVI.

They leave the church, in silent state;
She looks around, for words of greeting;
But, though a crowd, around her wait,
No kindly smile her smile is meeting:
In noiseless march, their course they take,
To reach the shore of Saimer's lake—
She turns—she starts—no church she sees—
Perhaps 'twas hidden by the trees.

XVII.

To waft them home a gilded boat,
Upon Lough Saimer's wave, is lying;
Her painted streamers, gaily, float,
Upon the gentle breezes, flying:
The bridegroom and his lovely bride,
Now, mount the boat, to cross the tide;
But, by their chieftain's high command,
His train remain, upon the land.

XVIII.

Fast bounds the boat, o'er Saimer's tide;
The breeze its snowy sail is filling;
High swells the bosom of the bride,
With joy, and pride, her heart is thrilling:
She turns, to bid a farewell kind,
To the brave horsemen, left behind;
But nought the wondering Seiva sees,
Save tall reeds waving, in the breeze.

XIX.

"Oh! that Nuala, now, might see
My glorious towers o'er Saimer showing."
Cried Seiva, in an ecstasy,
Her cheek with pride, and triumph, glowing:
She looks and starts—can Seiva dream?
Her glorious towers, all sinking, seem;
She clasps her hands, in sudden dread;
Her eyes seem starting from her head.

XX.

The gorgeous castle sinks, and sinks,
The broad lake's crystal surface under;
And Seiva strains her eyes, and winks,
In wild dismay, and frenzied wonder;
Oh! can it be the demon heard
That envy-born, reckless word?
And has she placed her priceless soul,
Within the foul fiend's dark controul?

XXI.

Still, sinks the castle, tower, and dome,
With columns, and with statues, glancing;
The surging waters, o'er it boom,
In sunlit wavelets, gaily dancing:
It sinks, as sinks the setting sun,
In ocean, when its course is run;
One blaze of beauty and of light—
So passed the castle, from her sight.

XXII.

She calls aloud, on Sora's chief,
To tell, why these wild sights deride her—
Oh! agony of dread and grief,
The savage lake-fiend sits beside her:
His lurid eyes are glaring wide,
Upon his demon-conquered bride;
And as she shrieks, in agony,
Loud laughs the fiend, in horrid glee.

XXIII.

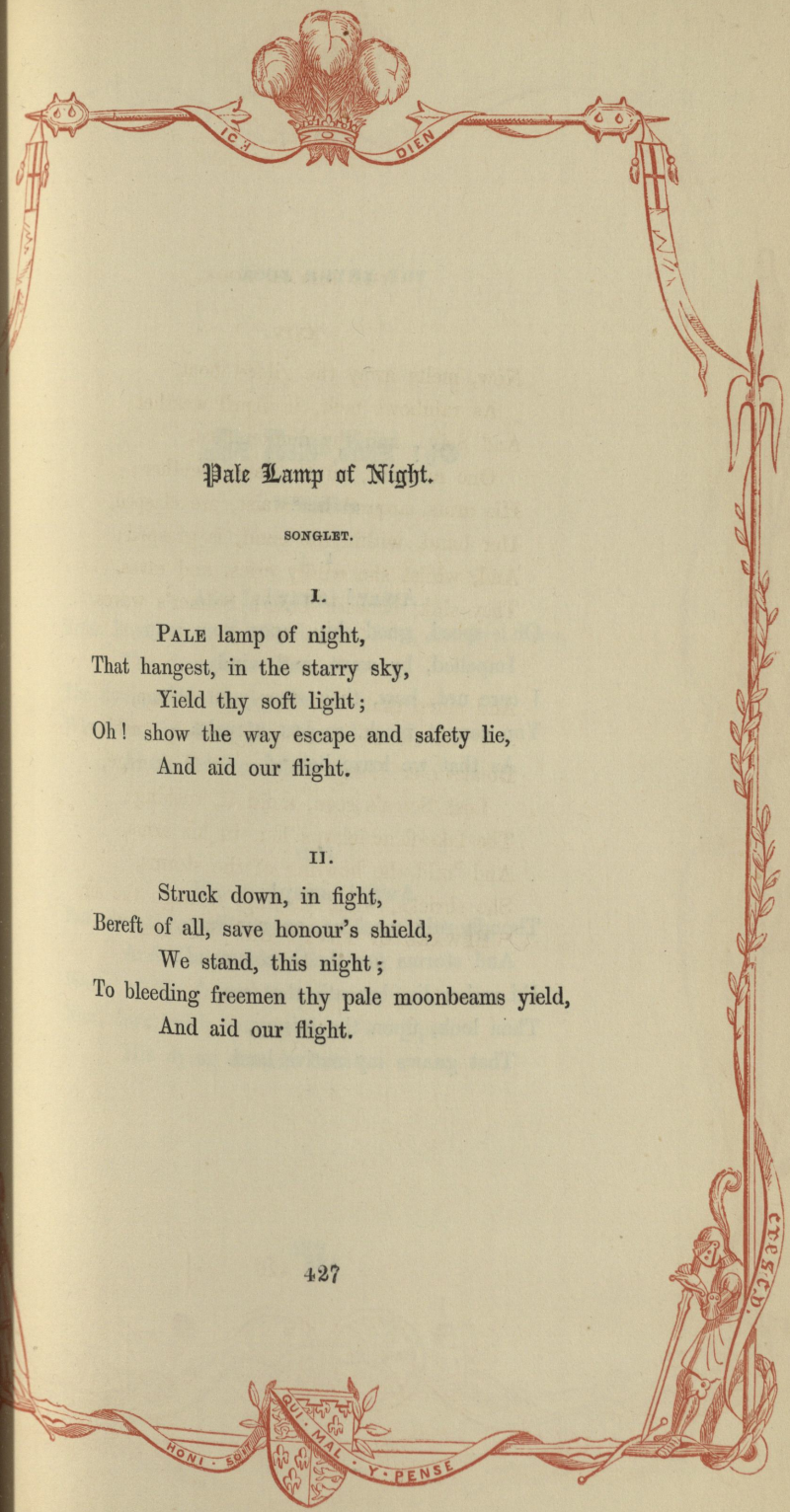
Wide gape his monster grizzled jaws;
Like huge boar's tusks, his teeth are gleaming;
His hands extend, to great webbed claws;
And hell-fire, from his eyes, seems streaming;
"Come to my arms," the demon cried,
"Fair gift of envy and of pride;
Come to your gallant husband's arms,
And bless him, with your youthful charms."

XXIV.

Now, melts away the gilded boat,
As rainbows melt, in April weather;
And Seiva, and the demon float,
One moment, on the lake together;
His arms, around her waist, are clasped,
Her hand, within his hand, is grasped;
And, whilst she wildly cries, and raves,
They sink, beneath Lough Saimer's waves.

XXV.

And since that day, from age to age,
When the fierce tempest, wildly gushing,
Breaks o'er Lough Saimer, in dark rage,
Lost Seiva's seen, amid it, rushing;
The lake-fiend clasps her, in his arms,
And 'mid the howling of the storms,
She shrieks, while rushing, through the air,
"BEWARE OF ENVY! OH! BEWARE!"



Pale Lamp of Night.

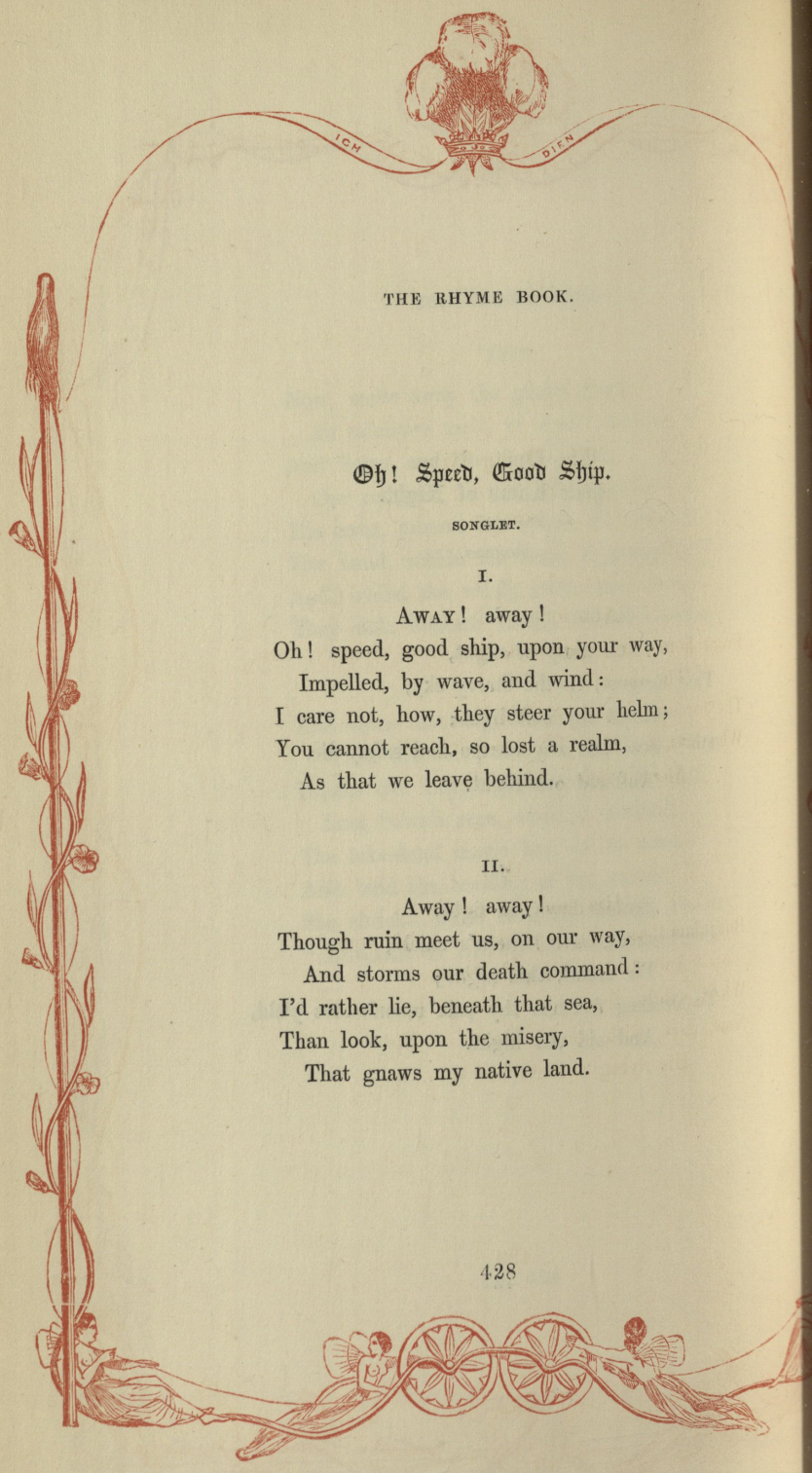
SONGLET.

I.

Pale lamp of night,
That hangest, in the starry sky,
Yield thy soft light;
Oh! show the way escape and safety lie,
And aid our flight.

II.

Struck down, in fight,
Bereft of all, save honour's shield,
We stand, this night;
To bleeding freemen thy pale moonbeams yield,
And aid our flight.



Oh! Speed, Good Ship.

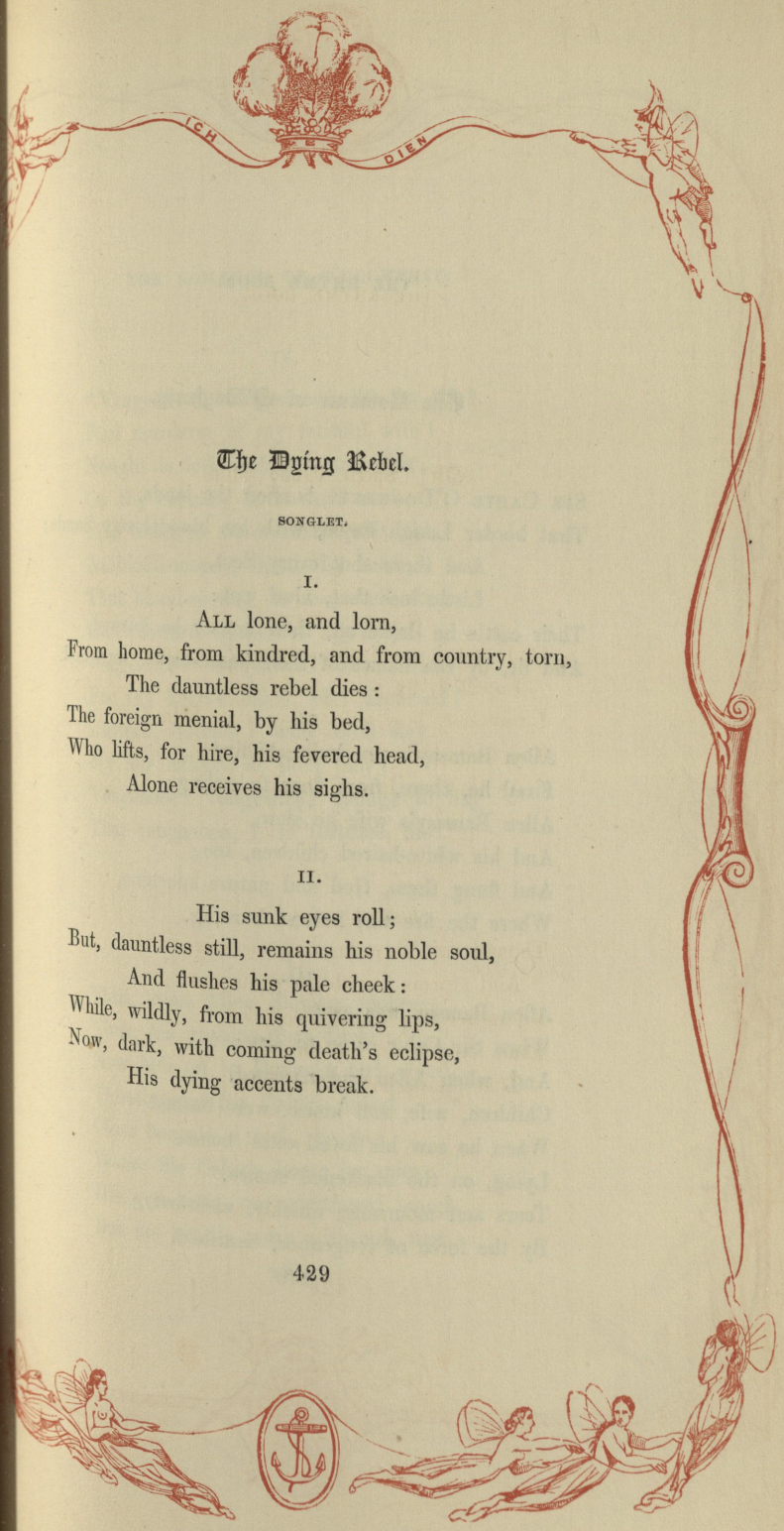
SONGLET.

I.

Away! away!
Oh! speed, good ship, upon your way,
Impelled, by wave, and wind:
I care not, how, they steer your helm;
You cannot reach, so lost a realm,
As that we leave behind.

II.

Away! away!
Though ruin meet us, on our way,
And storms our death command:
I'd rather lie, beneath that sea,
Than look, upon the misery,
That gnaws my native land.



The Dying Rebel.

SONGLET.

I.

ALL lone, and lorn,
From home, from kindred, and from country, torn,
The dauntless rebel dies:
The foreign menial, by his bed,
Who lifts, for hire, his fevered head,
Alone receives his sighs.

II.

His sunk eyes roll;
But, dauntless still, remains his noble soul,
And flushes his pale cheek:
While, wildly, from his quivering lips,
Now, dark, with coming death's eclipse,
His dying accents break.

The Romance of O'Dogherty.

I.

Sir Cahir O'Dogherty harried the lands,
That border Lough Foyle, with his bloodthirsty bands;
And there shot every Scot,
Little loss that, God wot:
Their cattle he drove off, their houses he burned,
And lit, by the flames of their homesteads, returned.

II.

Allen Ramsay's new-built shieling
Fired he, there, from floor to ceiling;
Allen Ramsay's wife he slew,
And his white-haired children, too;
And flung them, God and nature spurning,
Where the fire was hottest burning.

III.

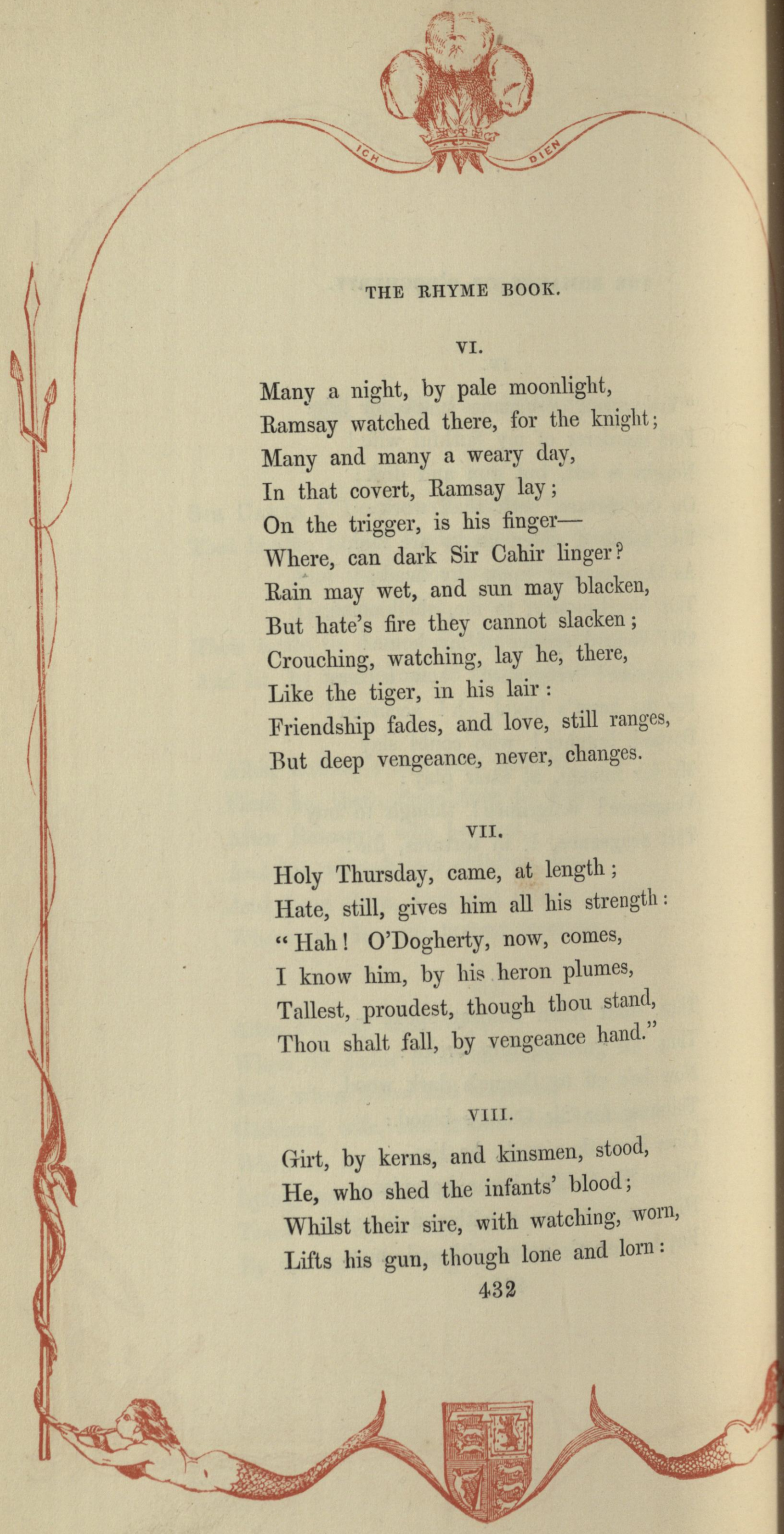
Allen Ramsay was away,
When Sir Cahir came to slay;
And, when Allen had returned,
Children, wife, and house, were burned.
When he saw his loved ones' bones,
Lying, on the blackened stones,
Tears and mourning, quickly, vanished,
By the force of vengeance, banished.

IV.

"Vengeance! vengeance! life for life!
Foul murderer of my faithful wife!
Nought is left, but gun and dirk;
On thy carcase, both shall work:
Five hundred silver marks are laid,
As blood-money, upon thy head;
That blood-money, to me, shall come,
Oh! coward spoiler of my home!
Vengeance! vengeance! how I thirst
For thy heart's blood, oh! accursed!
Dastard, butcher! who could slay
My fair infants, at their play:
Vengeance! vengeance! though to buy
That vengeance, I, in tortures, die!"

V.

Thus, stout Allen Ramsay spoke—
Thus, his gushing fury broke:
Now he's off to Doune's dark wood,
Thirsting for Sir Cahir's blood:
Close beneath a rock, he lies,
Where Sir Cahir's home he spies;
His gun rests, on a withered bough,
But his heart's more withered, now.



VI.

Many a night, by pale moonlight,
Ramsay watched there, for the knight;
Many and many a weary day,
In that covert, Ramsay lay;
On the trigger, is his finger—
Where, can dark Sir Cahir linger?
Rain may wet, and sun may blacken,
But hate's fire they cannot slacken;
Crouching, watching, lay he, there,
Like the tiger, in his lair:
Friendship fades, and love, still ranges,
But deep vengeance, never, changes.

VII.

Holy Thursday, came, at length;
Hate, still, gives him all his strength:
"Hah! O'Dogherty, now, comes,
I know him, by his heron plumes,
Tallest, proudest, though thou stand,
Thou shalt fall, by vengeance hand."

VIII.

Girt, by kerns, and kinsmen, stood,
He, who shed the infants' blood;
Whilst their sire, with watching, worn,
Lifts his gun, though lone and lorn:

Why, thou dullard, dost thou say,
Ramsay stands, alone, this day?
See'st thou not, on left, and right,
Full within the father's sight,
Blackened skeletons are standing—
See! they raise their hands, commanding—
At that ghastly sign he fires,
And O'Dogherty expires,
Shot, through forehead, and through brain,
Gasping, writhing, on the plain.

IX.

When his people saw him, dead,
Panic-struck, they turned, and fled,
"The Sassnach ho! the Sassnach come!
Every man, away, for home!"
Quick, now, Ramsay hurried on,
Where his foe lay, lorn, and lone;
Quick, he plies his keen-edged blade;
Soon, he grasps the severed head;
In his plaid, the head he fastens,
Then, away, for Dublin, hastens.

X.

Fast, and far, he sped, away;
Well, he travelled, on that day;
When the gloom of night set in,
Ramsay reached the ford of Finn;

There his food and bed he got,
At O'Gallagher's poor cot;
But, when down to sleep he laid,
His pillow was Sir Cahir's head.

XI.

Soundly sleeping, Ramsay lay,
When his host arose, with day;
Wildly, was that host amazed,
When, upon his guest, he gazed;
For, through pillow, and through plaid,
Drips the red gore, o'er the bed.

XII.

Quick, his knife stout Terence drew—
Quick, he cut the soaked plaid, through—
Soft, he pulled forth, by the hair,
The grizzly head of stout Sir Cahir;
Well, the features grim were known
Of the chief of Innishowen;
Oft he heard, that, on that head,
Boundless blood-money was laid;
If, for it, the price he gain,
Wealth will come, like autumn rain.

XIII.

In a bag, the head he ties;
Now, to Dublin, Terence flies;
And, ere Ramsay oped his eyes,
Broad Tyrone, between them, lies:
Dublin Castle, soon, he gained;
In his bag, the marks were rained;
Landed man, he soon became;
Rife, in Ulster, lives his fame,
How, by ready wit, and reason,
Gained he wealth, and without treason.

My Old Friend.

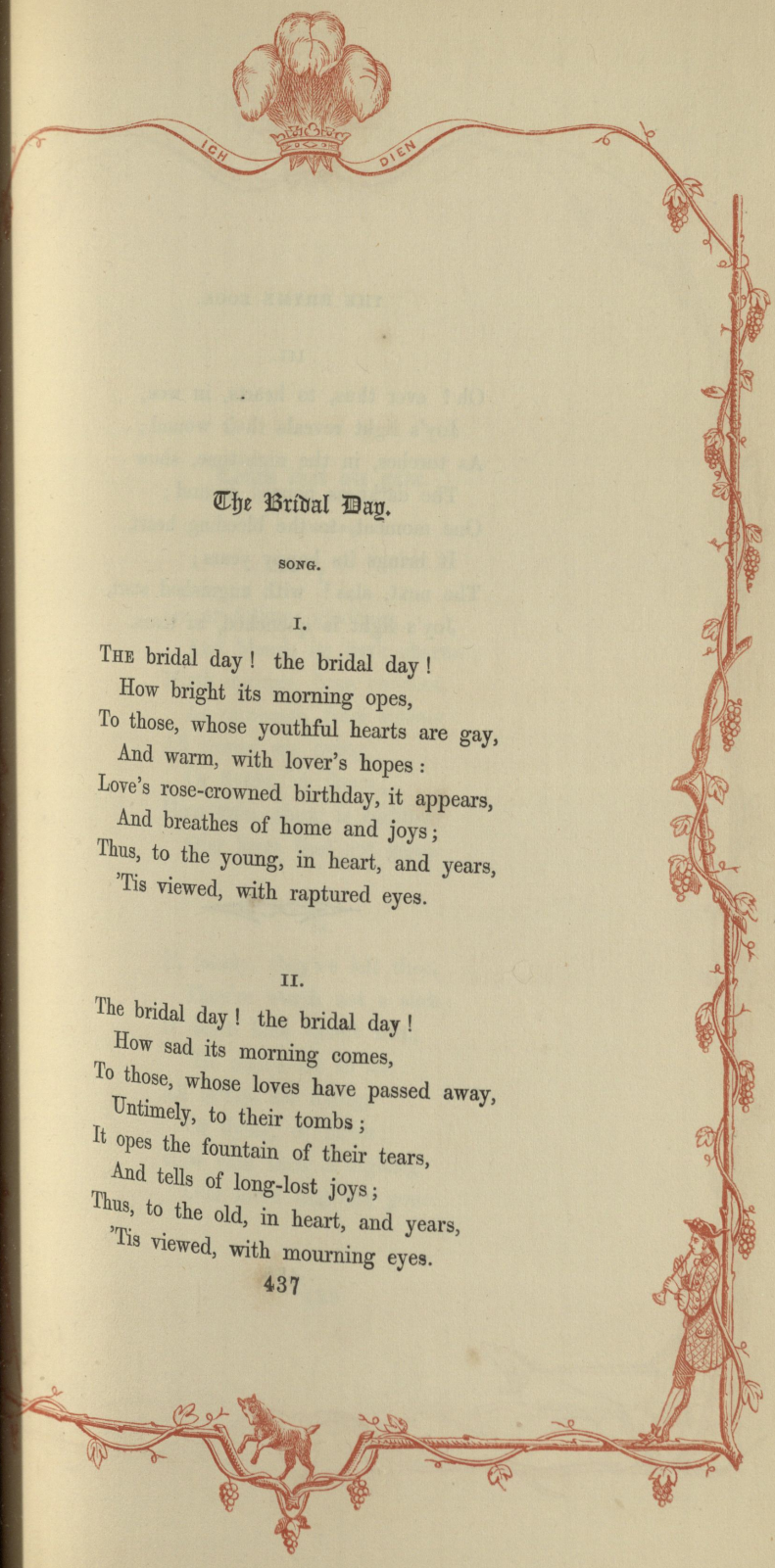
SONG.

I.

In childhood's years, our smiles and tears,
Together, oft were blent;
And, side by side, in manhood's pride,
Our happiest hours were spent.
Thy hair's, now, white, and wit's wild light,
From thy sunk eye, hath past;
But worth lives on, and honour's sun
Beams, brightly, to the last.

II.

I proved thy truth, in early youth,
And cannot doubt it, now;
For honour beams, in childhood's dreams,
As bright, as on man's brow;
Through good and ill, unflinching still,
Thou'st been my faithful friend;
And I shall be, as true, to thee,
'Till death our friendship end.



The Bridal Day.

SONG.

I.

The bridal day! the bridal day!
How bright its morning opes,
To those, whose youthful hearts are gay,
And warm, with lover's hopes:
Love's rose-crowned birthday, it appears,
And breathes of home and joys;
Thus, to the young, in heart, and years,
'Tis viewed, with raptured eyes.

II.

The bridal day! the bridal day!
How sad its morning comes,
To those, whose loves have passed away,
Untimely, to their tombs;
It opes the fountain of their tears,
And tells of long-lost joys;
Thus, to the old, in heart, and years,
'Tis viewed, with mourning eyes.

III.

Oh! ever thus, to hearts, in woe,
Joy's light reveals their wound;
As torches, in the nighttime, show
The darkness poured around;
One moment, to the bleeding heart,
It brings its happy years;
The next, alas! with anguished start,
Joy's light is quenched, in tears.

Loves that are gone.

SONGLET.

I.

GRIEF follows gladness,
And blends its dark charms;
Mirth springs, from sadness,
As rainbows, from storms:
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain, then, is sighing
O'er loves that are gone.

II.

If, falsely, they've left thee,
They're worth not a sigh;
If death hath bereft thee,
'Tis man's lot to die:
All things are dying,
Or flying, or flown;
How vain then is sighing
O'er loves that are gone.

The Romance of Alliwall.

I.

Of Alliwall! of Alliwall! let's sing the glorious fight,
Where the warriors of the Khalsa sank, before old England's might;
A better foughten field than that, the world has never seen,
When bold Sir Harry led the troops, for England, and the Queen.

II.

Sir Hugh lay at Sobraon, and, thus, his friend addressed—
"Sir Harry, take twelve thousand men, my bravest, and my best,
And lead them, up the Sutlej stream, to where Runjoor is seen,
And rout, or slay, his whole array, for England, and the Queen."

III.

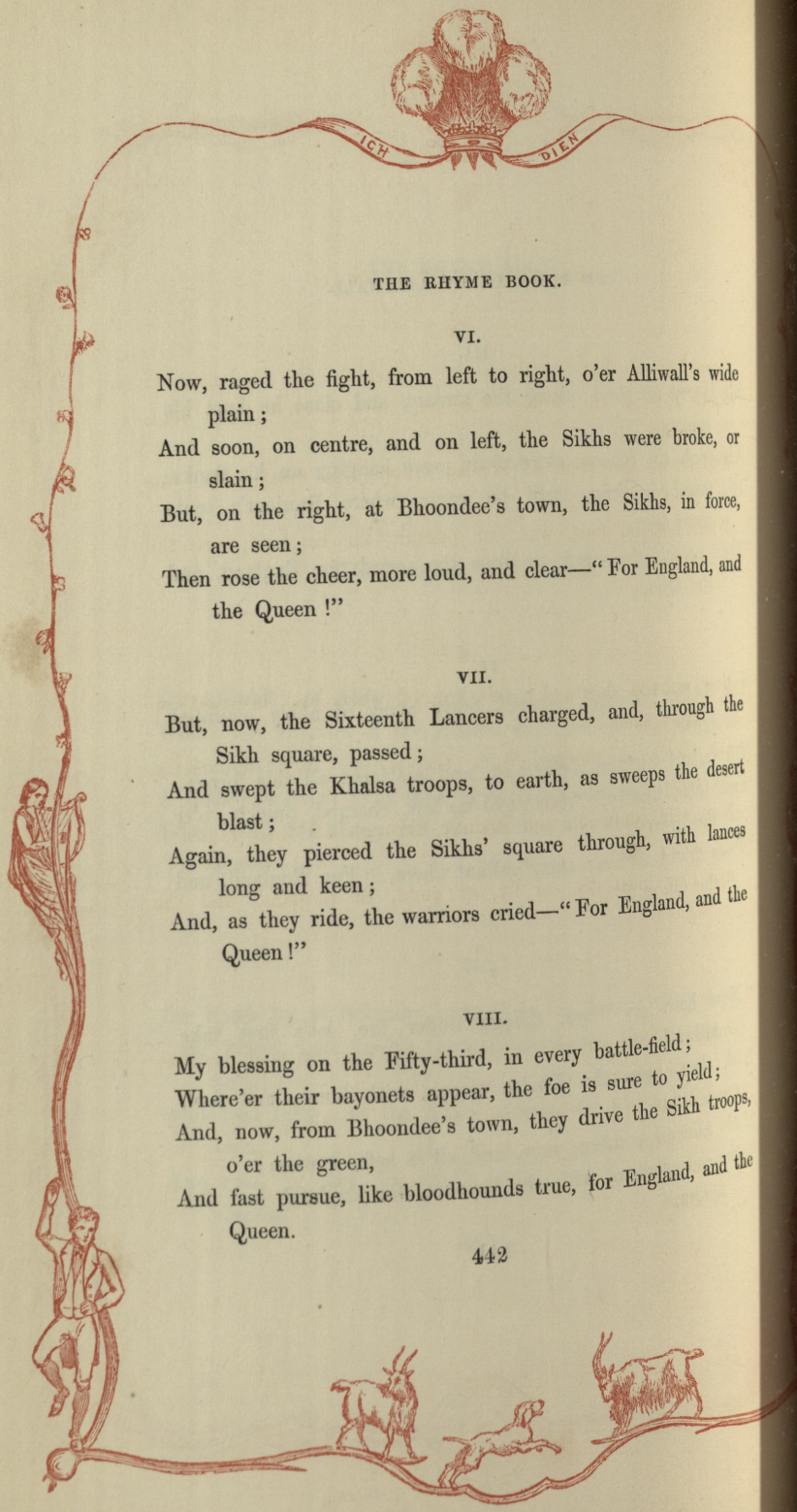
Sir Harry marched, along the stream, and close he kept his ranks,
Although the Khalsa skirmishers were hanging on his flanks;
He marched along, until he came, where Runjoor's tents were seen;
Then passed the word, to draw the sword, for England, and the Queen.

IV.

The Sikhs, that day, showed brave array of nobly mounted horse,
Till valiant Cureton dashed in, and scattered all this force;
And, then, the line, from right to left, charged, quickly, o'er the green;
'Twas grand to hear their gallant cheer, "For England, and the Queen!"

V.

"Now halt, my boys, though under fire, let's first take Alliwall,
And, then, upon the Khalsa troops, with horse, and foot, we'll fall;
Ho! Alliwall is taken, now, and all is safe, I ween;
Now, charge them, with the bayonet, for England, and the Queen."



VI.

Now, raged the fight, from left to right, o'er Alliwall's wide plain;
And soon, on centre, and on left, the Sikhs were broke, or slain;
But, on the right, at Bhoondee's town, the Sikhs, in force, are seen;
Then rose the cheer, more loud, and clear—"For England, and the Queen!"

VII.

But, now, the Sixteenth Lancers charged, and, through the Sikh square, passed;
And swept the Khalsa troops, to earth, as sweeps the desert blast;
Again, they pierced the Sikhs' square through, with lances long and keen;
And, as they ride, the warriors cried—"For England, and the Queen!"

VIII.

My blessing on the Fifty-third, in every battle-field;
Where'er their bayonets appear, the foe is sure to yield;
And, now, from Bhoondee's town, they drive the Sikh troops, o'er the green,
And fast pursue, like bloodhounds true, for England, and the Queen.

IX.

Now Turton's horse-artillery came, dashing, o'er the plain,
And, 'mongst the flying infantry, they poured their shot, amain;
And, now, the rout of Khalsa troops, on every side, was seen,
While hot, on foot, was our pursuit, for England, and the Queen.

X.

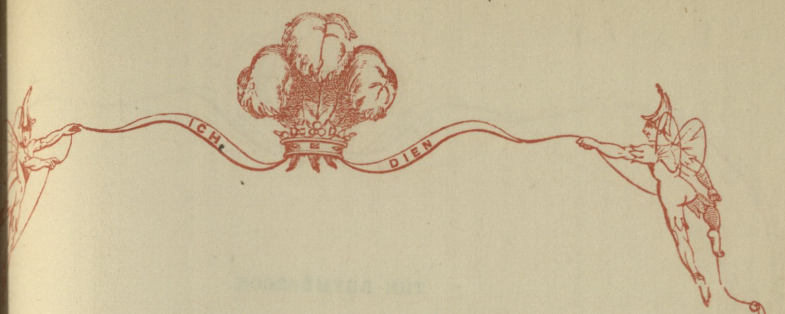
Now, mowed down, by our cannon shot, and hemmed, on every side,
The Sikhs, in masses, flung themselves, amid the Sutlej tide;
Now, wild confusion and dismay, through all their ranks, is seen;
And they must die, or fly, or yield, to England, and the Queen.

XI.

Drowned in the stream, or shot to death, or crushed, beneath the horse,
Or dead, or fled, or scattered, now, is all that mighty force;
No gun escaped, upon that day, nor camp array, I ween;
But all were ta'en, upon that plain, for England, and the Queen.

XII.

Now let us drink, to those, who fought, that day, at Alliwall;
From general, to pioneer, my boys, let's toast them all:
A better foughten field than that, the world has, never, seen,
Where bold Sir Harry led the troops, for England, and the
Queen!



All!

BALLAD.

I.

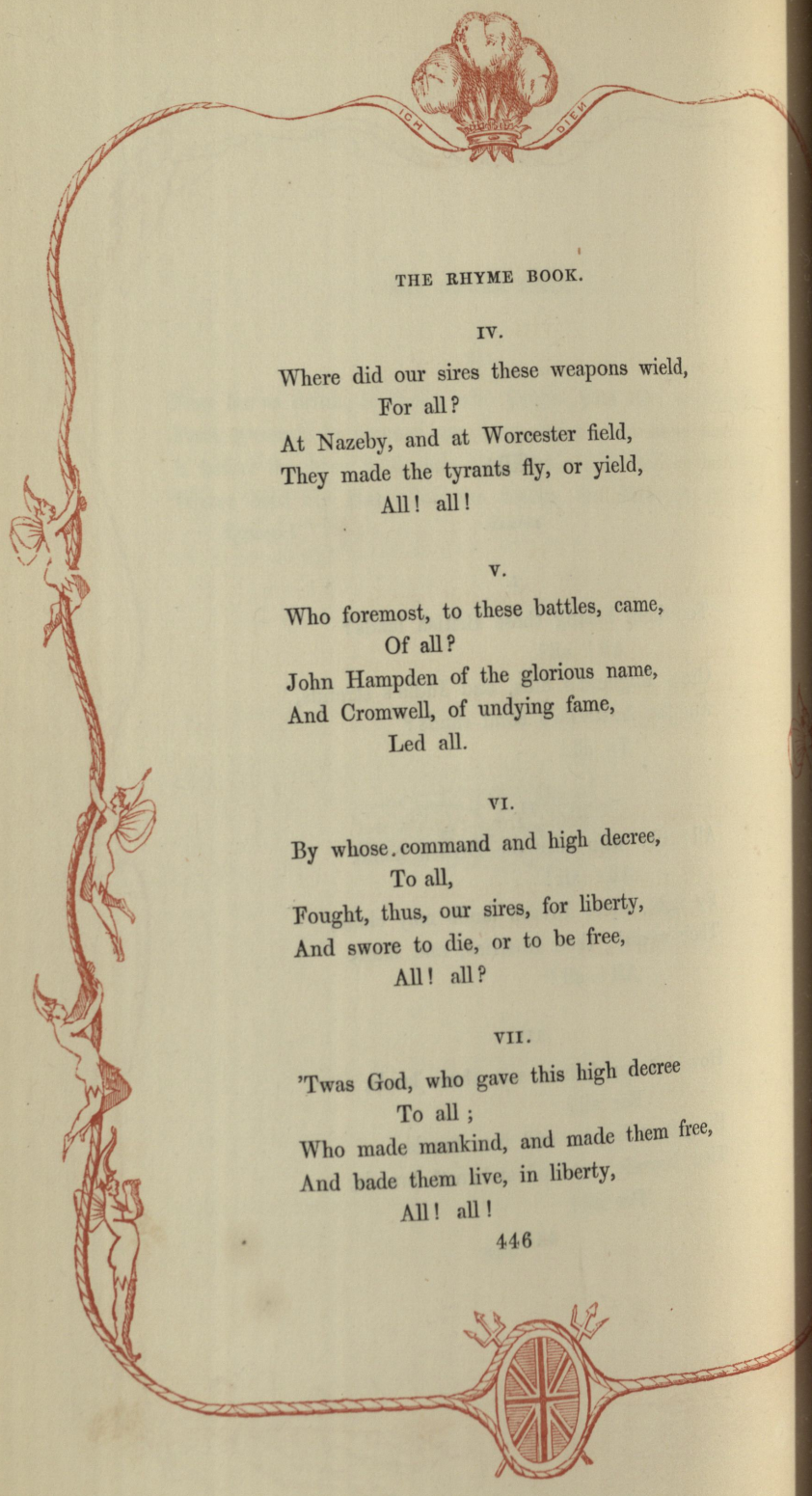
To whom belong these British lands?
All! all!
Green England's hills, and India's strands,
And far Australia's coral sands?
To all!

II.

All! all! who bear the British name,
All! all!
By right, these British lands may claim,
Their wealth, their liberties, and fame,
All! all!

III.

How did our fathers win these lands,
For all?
By gallant hearts, and iron hands,
That, bravely, wielded stalwarth brands,
For all!



IV.

Where did our sires these weapons wield,
For all?
At Nazeby, and at Worcester field,
They made the tyrants fly, or yield,
All! all!

V.

Who foremost, to these battles, came,
Of all?
John Hampden of the glorious name,
And Cromwell, of undying fame,
Led all.

VI.

By whose command and high decree,
To all,
Fought, thus, our sires, for liberty,
And swore to die, or to be free,
All! all?

VII.

'Twas God, who gave this high decree
To all;
Who made mankind, and made them free,
And bade them live, in liberty,
All! all!

ALL!

VIII.

And gave these lands, to yield the food
Of all;
And blessed, and raised, them, o'er the flood,
And gave them, for the general good
Of all.

IX.

This high decree, in force, still, stands,
For all!
And, with God's voice it, still, commands,
That we should, still, possess these lands,
All! all!

X.

Still, keep these lands, from tyrants free,
All! all!
Still, to God, only, bend the knee,
And live, and die, in liberty,
All! all!

The Early Swallow.

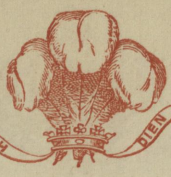
SONG.

I.

See! where the early swallow lies,
With rigid form, and wing extended;
All closed, now, are his once bright eyes;
Alas! his gentle life is ended:
Say, what has brought the swallow here,
To make the snow his chilly bier?

II.

The sunny summer is the time,
The swallow, to our country, cometh;
When flowers are in their blooming prime,
Then 'mid our bowers he, gaily, roameth:
But what hath brought the swallow, here,
While icy winter rules the year?



THE EARLY SWALLOW.

III.

They say the swallow, early, comes,
  Untimely warmth his course inviting;
And leaves his sunny southern homes,
  To die, beneath our winter's biting:
But they, who say so, little know,
What brings the early swallow's woe.

IV.

He never left—he could not leave
  His native land, though dark, and cheerless:
He could not bear, to cross the wave,
  But braved fierce winter, true, and fearless:
Love chained the gentle swallow, here,
And stretched him, on his snowy bier.

The Starling.

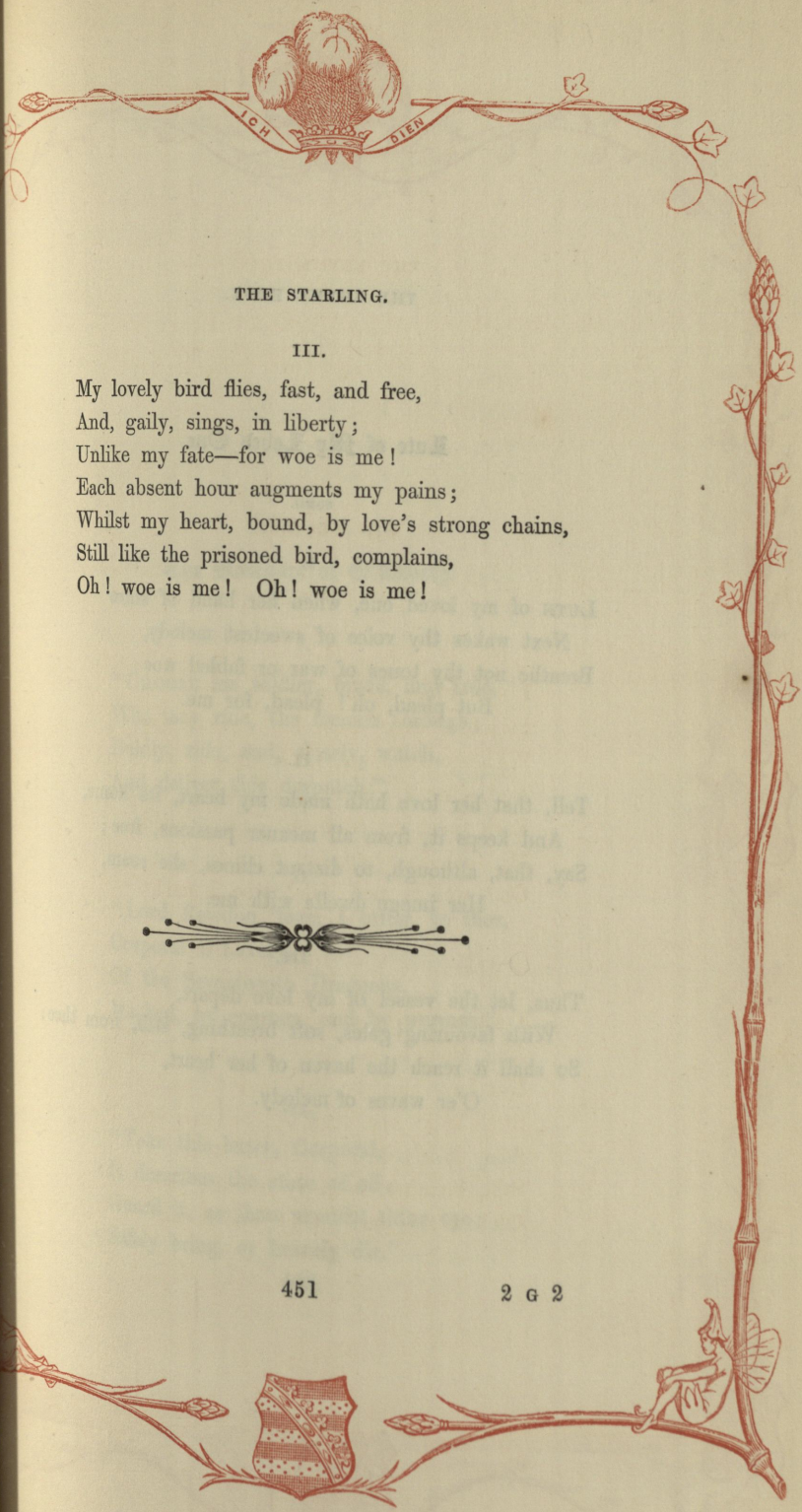
SONG.

I.

I NURSED a starling, many a day,
In gilded cage—poor bird 'twould say,
With mournful cry, Oh! woe is me!
And, since I left my Liza's side,
Each time, my feathered darling cried,
My soul, in sympathy, replied,
Oh! woe is me! Oh! woe is me!

II.

I set my little prisoner free,
And, though, no more, his pains I see,
Nor hear him cry, Oh! woe is me!
Still! still! my heart repeats that cry,
And, to my Liza, longs, to fly;
Still, breathes, in every burning sigh,
Oh! woe is me! Oh! woe is me!



THE STARLING.

III.

My lovely bird flies, fast, and free,
And, gaily, sings, in liberty;
Unlike my fate—for woe is me!
Each absent hour augments my pains;
Whilst my heart, bound, by love's strong chains,
Still like the prisoned bird, complains,
Oh! woe is me! Oh! woe is me!

Lute of My Loved One.

SONG.

I.

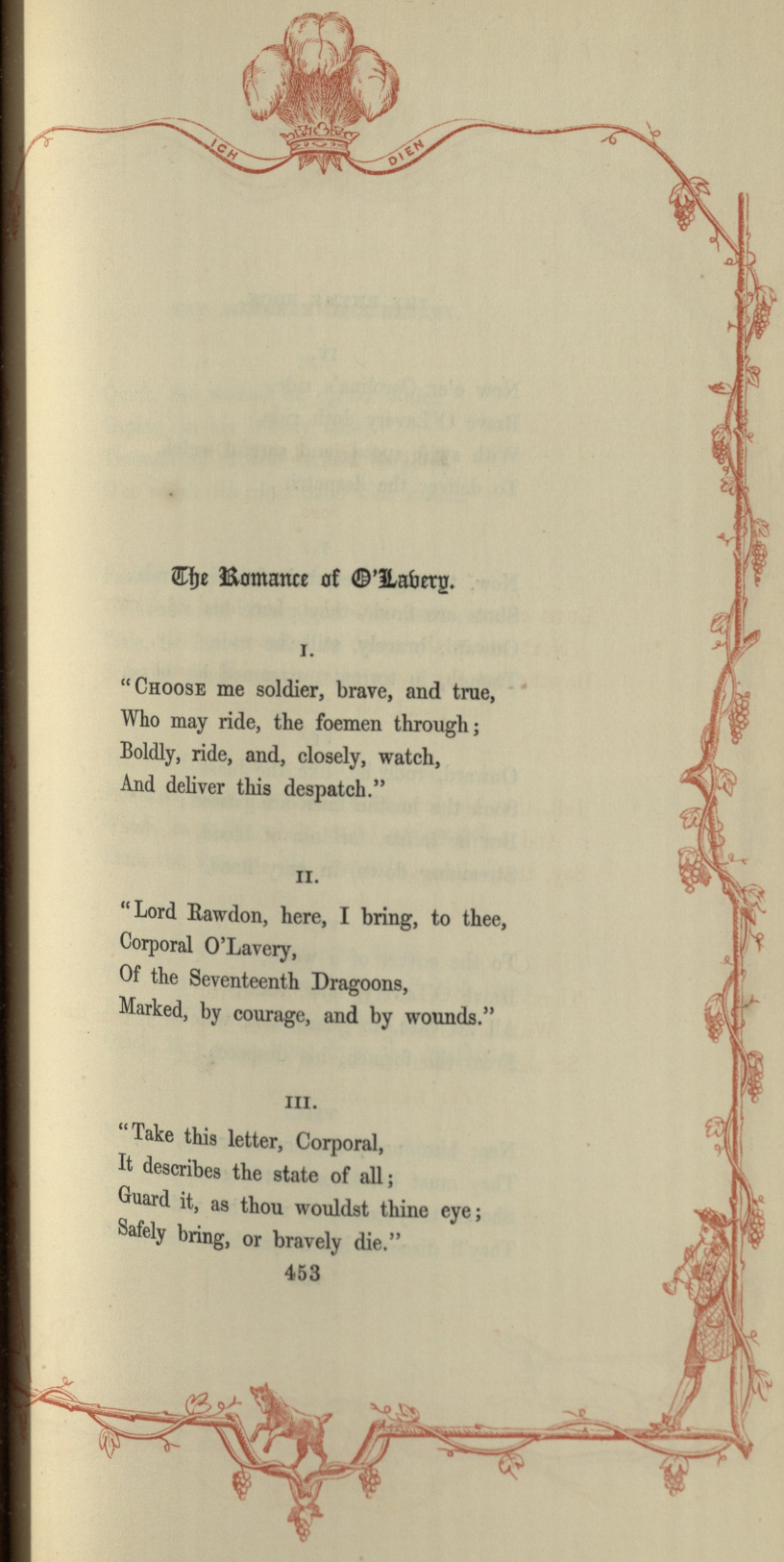
Lute of my loved one, when her hand of snow
Next wakes thy voice of sweetest melody,
Breathe not thy tones of war or fabled woe;
But plead, oh! plead, for me.

II.

Tell, that her love hath made my heart, its home,
And keeps it, from all meaner passions, free;
Say, that, although, to distant climes, she roam,
Her image dwells with me.

III.

Thus, let the vessel of my love depart,
With favouring gales, soft breathing, still, from thee:
So shall it reach the haven of her heart,
O'er waves of melody.



The Romance of O'Lavery.

I.

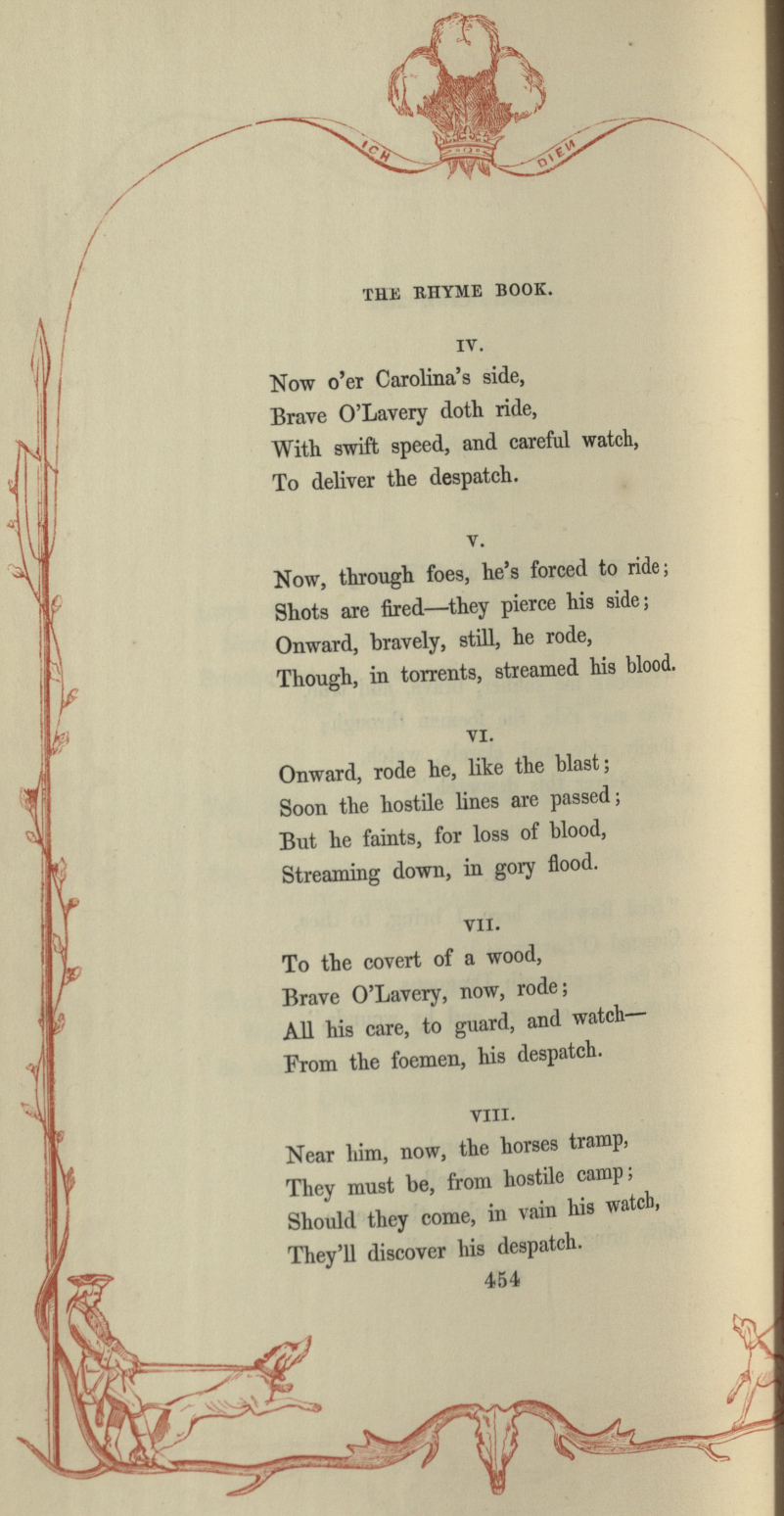
"Choose me soldier, brave, and true,
Who may ride, the foemen through;
Boldly, ride, and, closely, watch,
And deliver this despatch."

II.

"Lord Rawdon, here, I bring, to thee,
Corporal O'Lavery,
Of the Seventeenth Dragoons,
Marked, by courage, and by wounds."

III.

"Take this letter, Corporal,
It describes the state of all;
Guard it, as thou wouldst thine eye;
Safely bring, or bravely die."



IV.

Now o'er Carolina's side,
Brave O'Lavery doth ride,
With swift speed, and careful watch,
To deliver the despatch.

V.

Now, through foes, he's forced to ride;
Shots are fired—they pierce his side;
Onward, bravely, still, he rode,
Though, in torrents, streamed his blood.

VI.

Onward, rode he, like the blast;
Soon the hostile lines are passed;
But he faints, for loss of blood,
Streaming down, in gory flood.

VII.

To the covert of a wood,
Brave O'Lavery, now, rode;
All his care, to guard, and watch—
From the foemen, his despatch.

VIII.

Near him, now, the horses tramp,
They must be, from hostile camp;
Should they come, in vain his watch,
They'll discover his despatch.



IX.

Quick, the wound he opens, wide,
Gaping, in his bloody side;
Through it, thrusts he the despatch,
O'er which Rawdon bade him watch.

X.

Fainter, gasps his failing breath;
Well, he knew that deed was death;
Plain, he felt it, take his life,
Sure, as deadly stab of knife;

XI.

Yet, his face beams, with a smile,
When he thinks, upon the wile,
Which, in death, shall guard and watch,
From the foeman, his despatch.

XII.

Nearer, now, the horsemen tramp;
They come! they come! from British camp;
Round O'Lavery, they gather;
Quick, they raise him, from the heather.

XIII.

Now, a faint smile lights his cheek;
Now, he feebly tries to speak;
Voice, alas! is gone, for ever;
Soon, shall life and body sever.



XIV.

But, though words no longer linger,
To the wound, he points his finger;
Deep within this wound, enshrined,
The despatch his comrades find.

XV.

When the blood-stained scroll they found,
Soft, they drew it, from the wound;
But, while taking from his side,
Brave O'Lavery has died.

Awake, 'tis Spring.

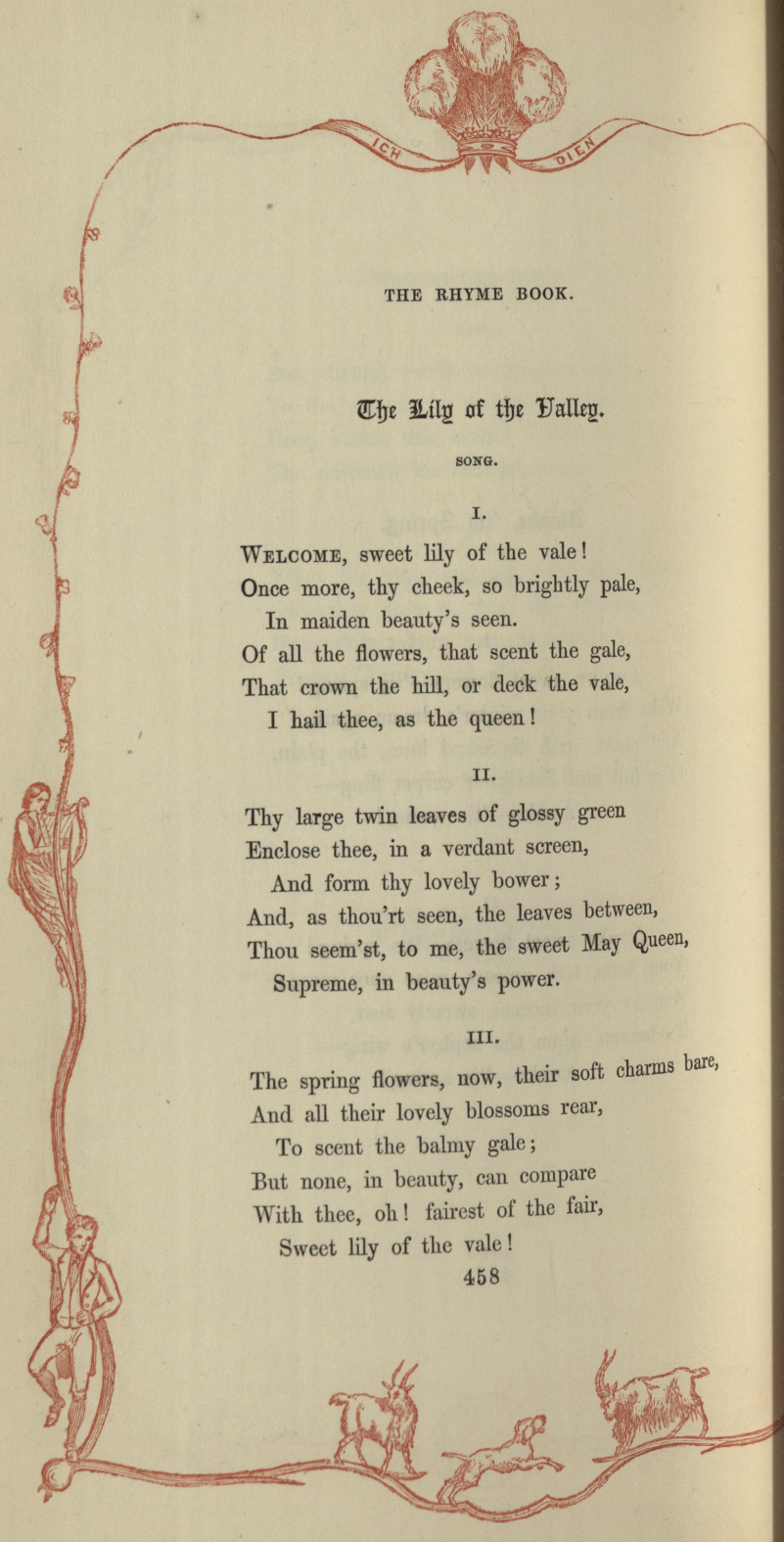
SONGLET.

I.

AWAKE sweet flowers—'tis spring!
Wake from your winter's dream again,
And paint, with thousand hues, the plain,
O'er hill and dale your carpet fling—
Awake—'tis spring!

II.

Awake sweet flowers—'tis spring!
Your bells, like censers, raise once more;
And let your incense sweetly soar,
To heaven, upon the zephyr's wing—
Awake—'tis spring!



The Lily of the Valley.

SONG.

I.

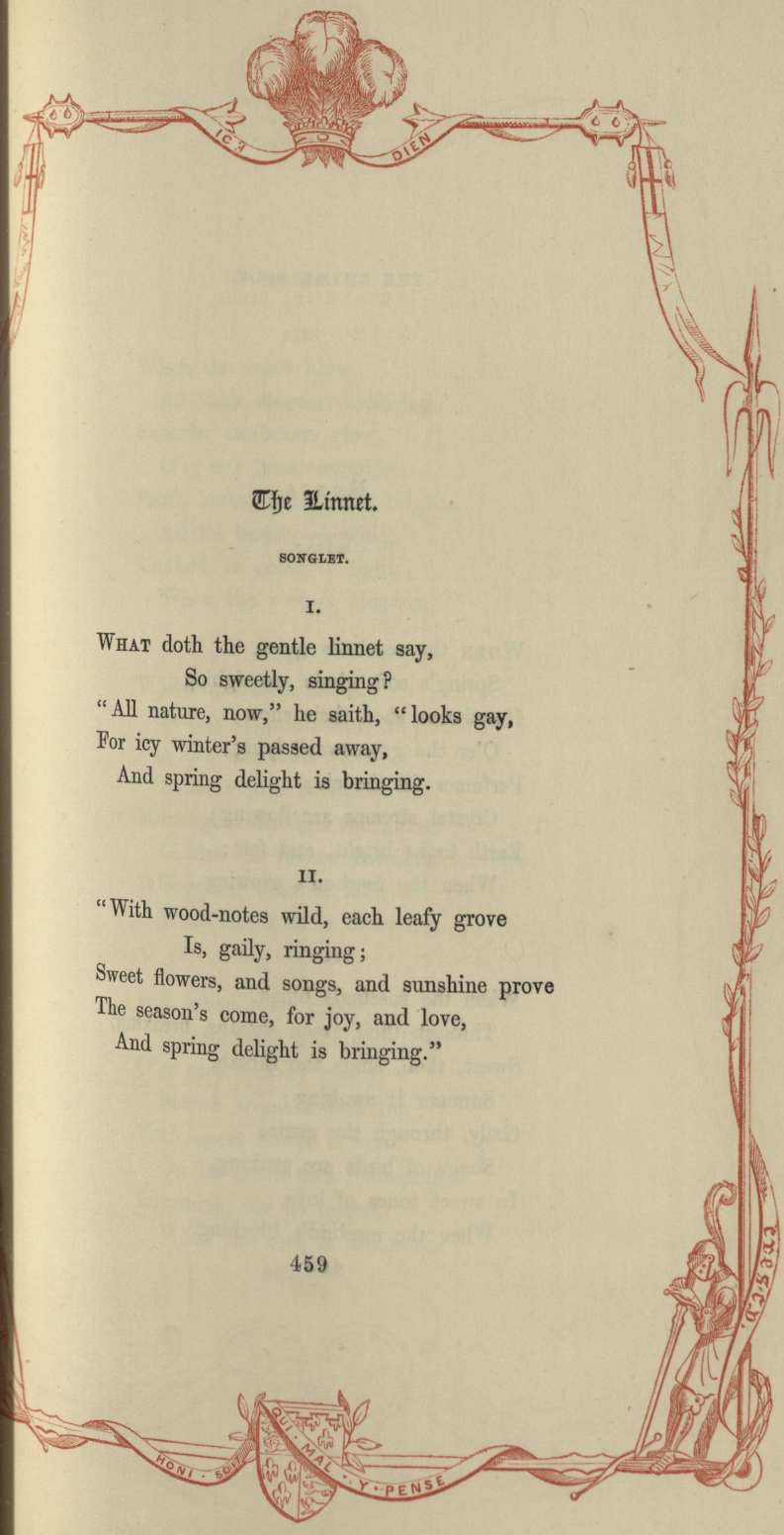
Welcome, sweet lily of the vale!
Once more, thy cheek, so brightly pale,
In maiden beauty's seen.
Of all the flowers, that scent the gale,
That crown the hill, or deck the vale,
I hail thee, as the queen!

II.

Thy large twin leaves of glossy green
Enclose thee, in a verdant screen,
And form thy lovely bower;
And, as thou'rt seen, the leaves between,
Thou seem'st, to me, the sweet May Queen,
Supreme, in beauty's power.

III.

The spring flowers, now, their soft charms bare,
And all their lovely blossoms rear,
To scent the balmy gale;
But none, in beauty, can compare
With thee, oh! fairest of the fair,
Sweet lily of the vale!



The Linnet.

SONGLET.

I.

What doth the gentle linnet say,
So sweetly, singing?
"All nature, now," he saith, "looks gay,
For icy winter's passed away,
And spring delight is bringing.

II.

"With wood-notes wild, each leafy grove
Is, gaily, ringing;
Sweet flowers, and songs, and sunshine prove
The season's come, for joy, and love,
And spring delight is bringing."

Roses.

BALLAD.

I.

When the rosebuds grow,
  Spring's soft winds are sighing;
Hawthorns shed their snow;
  O'er the greensward lying;
Perfumes fill the air;
  Crystal streams are flowing;
Earth looks bright, and fair;
  When the rosebud's growing.

II.

When the rosebuds blush,
  Through their green sheaths, breaking,
Sweet, then, sings the thrush,
  Summer is awaking;
Gaily, through the grove,
  Songs of birds are gushing,
In sweet tones of love,
  When the rosebud's blushing.

III.

When the roses blow,
All their charms disclosing,
Summer sunbeams glow,
O'er our land, reposing;
Earth looks, then, most bright,
All its beauty showing,
Clothed, in robes of light,
When the rose is blowing.

IV.

While the roses bloom,
Beauty reigns around us;
Far flies cold and gloom;
Summer joys surround us;
Moonlight, through the grove,
Guides the lovers, roaming,
Whispering tales of love,
While the rose is blooming.

V.

But, when roses droop,
Storm-clouds are impending;
O'er each flowery group,
Sorrow seems descending;
Each sweet flower is seen,
On its green stem, stooping,
Mourning, for its queen,
When the rose is drooping.

VI.

And, when roses die,
  Cold winds come, and showers;
Nature heaves a sigh,
  O'er the queen of flowers.
Hence, the swallow parts,
  Winter's storm descrying;
Sadness fills all hearts,
  When the rose is dying.



The Romance of Ampato Sapa.

I.

Irara's falls are fair to see,
When, o'er its rocks, in rain-swollen gushes,
Like a young giant, bounding free,
The Mississippi rushes;
With sheets of foam, besilvered o'er,
The maddened waters, laugh and roar;
Or leap, aloft, in clouds of spray,
And seem, to bathe the god of day.

II.

Above Irara's highest fall,
A hunter of the woods is standing;
Noble the red man's form, and tall,
With arm of strength, and brow commanding.
His quiver, on the ground, is flung,
Beside it, lies his bow, unstrung;
In his right-hand, his spear is pressed,
And sorrow seems his bosom's guest.

III.

Attired, in every native grace,
And formed, by nature's hand, for loving,
A woman of the Indian race,
Beside the hunter chief, is moving:
Arrayed, in loveliness, she seems,
The Venus of the red man's dreams;
But love, and grief, and rising ire,
To shade her beauty, now, conspire.

IV.

Her dusky bosom, wildly, moves,
Beneath her snowy tunic, heaving,
As if its throne of gentle loves,
The heart, that bosom held, was leaving;
Each graceful limb, each mantling charm,
Appears convulsed, by sorrow's storm;
At length, in words, grief's tempest broke,
And, thus, Ampato Sapa spoke—

V.

"Who would have thought that one, so kind,
With valour's soul, and form of beauty,
Could prove unsteadfast, as the wind,
And fail, in love, and truth, and duty;
Could break the oath, his lips had sworn,
And leave me, friendless, and forlorn?
Break! break! Ampato Sapa's heart,
Since love and Laska, from her, part.

VI.

"Thou swor'st, beneath the spreading pine,
In the sweet season of the blossom,
That, if Ampato would be thine,
No other wife should share thy bosom;
Thou swor'st Ampato's love, alone,
Thy heart of hearts should, ever, own;
And canst thou, from her side, depart?
And canst thou break her faithful heart?"

VII.

He struck his long spear in the ground,
Each word of love his soul has wounded;
He struck his spear, and the quick, sharp sound,
From rock to rock, in echo, bounded.
"Think not," with eager voice, he cried,
"I seek to leave Ampato's side;
To die were better than to part—
Bright sunshine of my life and heart!

VIII.

"'Tis true, another bride I sought,
But 'twas, for thy dear sake, I sought her;
To gain new kinsmen, was my thought,
In wedding with Irauka's daughter;
Then of Dacotah's tribe, I said,
I, soon, shall be the chief, and head;
And oh! what happiness, I ween,
To make Ampato Sapa, queen."

IX.

"If 'tis, for me! oh! if, for me!
This second bridal thou art seeking;
Thou'dst cease to seek it, could'st thou see
The agony my heart is breaking;
To see thy love another share,
Were misery and dark despair.
Ere Laska shall another wed,
Would I were numbered with the dead.

X.

"Oh! think, how happy were our hours,
Since first, in marriage ties, united;
Love made his dwelling, in our bowers,
And joy our wigwam fire, still, lighted:
Why did those days, so blissful, prove?
Because thou knew'st no other love.
Why was this nameless rapture mine?
Because I'm thine—and only thine!

XI.

"Whilst thou wert by, my heart to bless,
Thy words of love the hours beguiling,
The lone and leafy wilderness
A garden seemed, with pleasure, smiling;
And when my hunter, forth, had gone,
I've hushed the breathing of our son
To catch the first faint sounds, that prove,
Thou'rt coming, to my arms of love.



XII.

"And, when the evening breeze would break,
In coolness, o'er the wild flowers blooming,
It seemed thy kiss, upon my cheek,
On love's wings, o'er the prairie coming:
And, when returning, free from harms,
I've clasped thee, in my loving arms,
And heard thy tale of chase or fight,
How throbbed my heart with wild delight!

XIII.

"And what are all the joys of fame,
Compared, to those, we're, daily, proving?
And who, to gain a chieftain's name,
Would lose the dear delights of loving?
Then do not cause this sleepless grief,
To buy the empty name of chief;
Let loveless souls such honours prove;
Enough! enough! for us be love!"

XIV.

"But think what dangers we shall prove,"
The hunter cried, with gentle chiding;
"A bridal spurned, a slighted love,
Rouse vengeance, bloody, and abiding:
Though, day and night, a watch we keep,
Revenge that may not die, nor sleep,
Shall track us, over brake, and flood,
Until it drink our reeking blood."

XV.

She caught the hand of her beloved,
While throbbed her heart, with wild emotion;
His raven locks, aside, she moved,
And kissed his cheek, with fond devotion;
Then, pointing, to the distant west,
She clasped her husband, to her breast,
And, while her tears, in torrents, broke,
Ampato Sapa, fondly, spoke—

XVI.

"Fly, to the forest! fly, with me!
Thy heartless tribe, and country leaving;
This bosom shall thy pillow be,
This heart, the soother of thy grieving:
All that the world contains of mine
I gladly, for thy sake, resign;
The forest is enough for me—
The forest—if but shared with thee!"

XVII.

"'Tis done! alas! 'tis done," he cried;
"Death! death! is better, than deceiving;
I've wooed, and won, another bride;
Oh! hour of shame, and bitter grieving!
The bridal's o'er, and thou art lorn;
My heart is false—my lips forsworn—
I am the basest thing on earth;
Cursed be the hour that saw my birth!"

XVIII.

She spoke not—sighed not—did not weep—
Her grief's too great, for common mourning;
The fountain of her woe's too deep,
To cool, with tears, her eyelids burning:
Her eyes are fixed, in vacant gaze;
Her lips are parted, in amaze;
An age of sorrow seems to roll,
In one brief moment, o'er her soul.

XIX.

Broken in heart, and lorn, and lone,
Despair is, now, her only feeling,
Her sun of love and life is gone,
Quenched, by that dark, and dread, revealing:
Her young child, in her arms, she clasps;
She breathes, in quick, convulsive, gasps;
Oh! death, the wretch's last, fast, friend,
Thy balm for woe, in mercy, send!

XX.

She gazes on the giant tide,
In thunder, o'er the dark rocks, falling;
Death seems, upon the stream, to ride;
She thinks she hears his kind voice calling.
She leaps into the light canoe;
The fastenings, from the prow, she threw;
And paddles, swiftly, through the wave,
To seek, within its breast, a grave.

XXI.

The boat floats on, with steady course,
To where the cataract, wild rushing,
With thunder sound, and giant force,
Adown Irara's rocks, is gushing:
She speeds the boat, with labouring oar,
To where the falling waters roar;
And, as the rocks are drawing near,
Her death-song rises, high, and clear—

XXII.

"Father of waters! on thy breast,
From memory's poisoned arrows flying,
Ampato Sapa seeks, for rest,
And refuge, from her woes, in dying;
Thy foam-wreathed arms open, wide,
And, kindly, clasp me, in thy tide;
For, when the light of love is gone,
Why should the darkened heart live on?"

XXIII.

Now, towards the mighty cataract,
Lorn Laska sees the boat, first, creeping;
Then, with the coming doom distract,
He sees it, swiftly, onward, sweeping;
Drawn, by the current's growing force,
The boat is swept on, in its course;
And, 'midst the roar of waters near,
These words come, wildly, on his ear—

XXIV.

"Who could have thought, that one, so kind,
With valour's soul, and form of beauty,
Should prove, thus fleeting, as the wind,
And fail in love, and truth, and duty;
Should break the oath, his lips had sworn;
And leave me friendless, and forlorn?
Break! break! Ampato Sapa's heart,
Since love and Laska, from her, part!"

XXV.

Upon the waterfall's dark edge,
The boat one moment, hangs, suspended;
Then, o'er Irara's rocky ledge,
Like a wild swan, it swift descended:
Upon the boiling waters, tost,
Amid the spray, and foam-clouds, lost,
The wife, and child, and tiny boat,
Sink, in the cataract's dark throat.

XXVI.

They'll rise no more, the dark stream o'er,
To glad the hearts of those that love them;
The waters hoar shall laugh, and roar,
For ever, tyrant-like, above them;
But oft, 'mid morning's mist, is seen
An Indian woman, on the green;
Who's heard, in wailing tones, to say,
As past Irara wends her way—

XXVII.

"Who could have thought, that one, so kind,
With valour's soul, and form of beauty,
Should prove, unsteadfast, as the wind,
And fail in love, and truth, and duty;
Should break the oath, his lips had sworn;
And leave me friendless, and forlorn?
Break! break! Ampato Sapa's heart,
Since love and Laska, from her, part."

Row Away.

BARCAROLE SONG.

I.

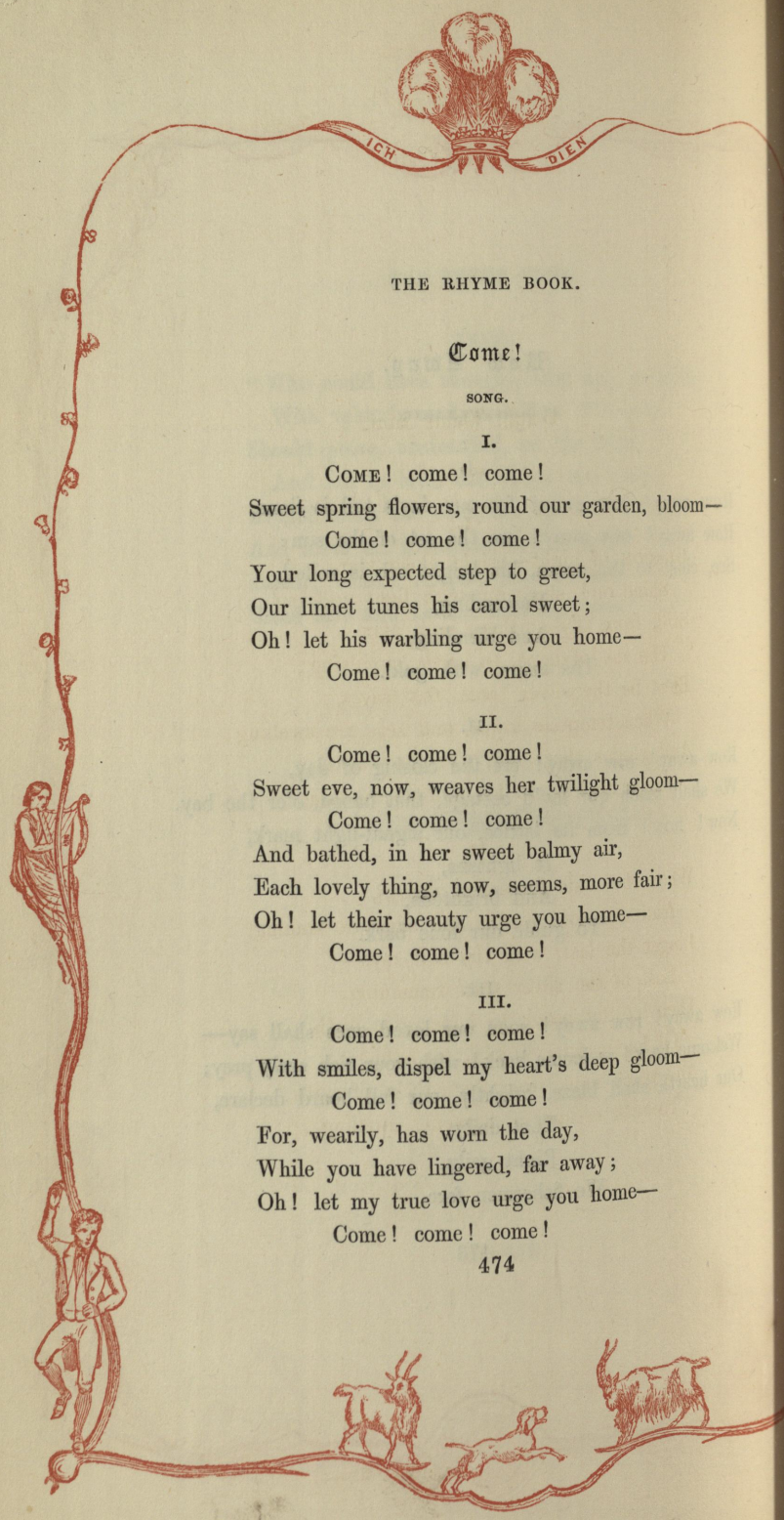
Row away! row away! for our day's toil is done,
Row away! row away! ere the set of the sun:
See, close to the ocean, his bright orb is rolled,
Descending,
And blending,
The azure, with gold.

II.

Row away! row away! ere the closing of day,
We shall reach our lov'd cottage, that hangs, o'er the bay.
Now! now! from its lattice, our signal-light mark,
It lightens,
And brightens,
To guide our lone bark.

III.

Row away! row away! soon our loved ones shall say—
Welcome back! welcome back! with your rich scaly prey;
Our hearth shall blaze, brightly, our full board declare,
That daily,
Right gaily,
We fishermen fare.



Come!

SONG.

I.

Come! come! come!
Sweet spring flowers, round our garden, bloom—
Come! come! come!
Your long expected step to greet,
Our linnet tunes his carol sweet;
Oh! let his warbling urge you home—
Come! come! come!

II.

Come! come! come!
Sweet eve, now, weaves her twilight gloom—
Come! come! come!
And bathed, in her sweet balmy air,
Each lovely thing, now, seems, more fair;
Oh! let their beauty urge you home—
Come! come! come!

III.

Come! come! come!
With smiles, dispel my heart's deep gloom—
Come! come! come!
For, wearily, has worn the day,
While you have lingered, far away;
Oh! let my true love urge you home—
Come! come! come!

Bright Polar Star.

SONG.

I.

Beacon of night—bright Polar star,
Shine on! shine on, with light undying;
Still, from thy northern seat, afar,
The ray of hope, to earth, supplying;
Blest be thy silver beam, that saves,
When tempests lower, and seas are swelling;
And guides the sailor, o'er the waves,
All scatheless, to his humble dwelling.

II.

When the wide firmament decays,
And worn-out worlds and suns are waning,
Linger the last, with thy soft rays—
Last of the silver stars remaining.
Then let thy beam, to hope, give birth,
Of happy havens, still, be telling;
And teach man, from the wrecks of earth,
To seek escape, in heavenly dwelling.

The Romance of Fergal.

THE rose-light of evening, in Corrib's Lake glows,
While Connal his nets, in its deep water, throws.

His little son, Fergal, is rowing the boat,
And swiftly, and smoothly, o'er Corrib, they float.

But, whilst they are setting their nets, in the lake,
The storm-cloud is seen, in its fury, to break.

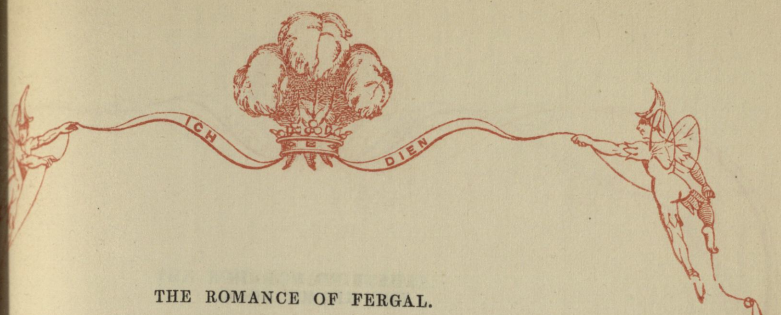
The tempest descends, like a giant, in wrath,
And it dashes the fisher's slight boat, from its path.

On the top of the billow, one moment, 'tis tost,
And the next, in the trough of the water, 'tis lost.

One plank, only, floats, on the dark, swelling, wave,
And the little boy grasps it, his young life to save.

Firmly he holds it, amid the storm's roar,
And, bravely, he rises, the foaming wave o'er.

And Connal, now, clasps the same plank, in despair;
But the weight of the two the slight plank cannot bear;



For it sank, and it sank, in the stormy wave, tost,
And if both shall cling to it, then both must be lost.

And, when little Fergal saw this was the case,
The look of the hero lit up his young face.

He looked, to their cottage, upon the lake shore,
And he saw its light glancing, the stormy wave o'er.

He thought of his mother and sisters, away,
And he looked, on his father, their hope, and their stay.

And he cried, "My brave father, oh! be of good cheer,
Live on, for my mother, and sisters dear."

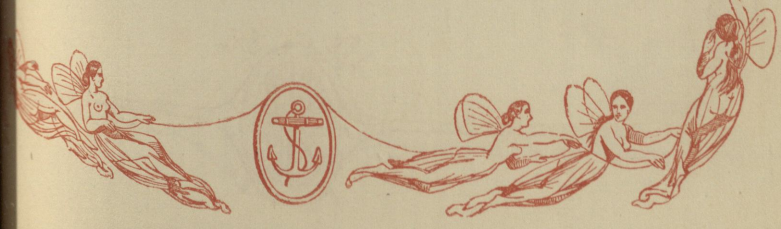
Then, he let go the plank, and he sank, in the wave,
And he gave his young life, his dear father to save.

The plank, by the tempest, was driven, on land,
And the fisherman, fainting, was cast, on the strand.

Then they lifted him up, from the shore, white with foam,
And Connal is safe, in his loved cottage home.

But, when he remembered, how Fergal had died,
In sorrow, and anguish, the fond father cried—

"Oh! Fergal, my brave son, who died, for my sake,
I would I were laid, by thy side, in the lake."



The grief, that comes gently, brings on slow decay,
And tinges the head of the mourner, with gray;

But, when it descends, with the force of despair,
It dyes, with the snow tint, at once, every hair.

And despair changed the fisherman's locks, in one night,
From the hue of the raven, to snowiest white.

He ate not, he drank not, he slept not, but cried,
"Oh! would, my brave Fergal, for thee, I had died!"

But, when the third midnight had spread its deep gloom,
His little boy stood, in the fisherman's room.

A soft lustre, round him, its mellow light shed,
And a glory seemed resting, on young Fergal's head.

He was drest, in long robes of the snowiest white,
And his face, with the sweet smile of heaven, was bright.

"Oh! father, dear father," his little boy cried,
"Why art thou, thus, mourning, because I have died?

"I have passed, from the region of sorrow, and gloom,
To the bright, happy land, where the heart-flowers bloom:

"Where joy is the breath, that the blessed inhale,
And the fragrance of virtue scents, sweetly, each gale.

"Yet, still, 'mid my joys, grief's dark shadow appears,
When the sound of your wailing ascends to my ears.

"When I hear, that, because I am happy, you mourn,
When I see, that God's mercy you, thanklessly, spurn.

"Down, down, dearest father! sink down, on your knees,
Each act of his creatures the Great Ruler sees.

"Let your words of content and thanksgiving arise,
Like the savour of incense, aloft, to the skies.

"And the dark chain of sorrow, and grief's gloomy power,
Shall depart, from your spirit, my father, that hour."

Then Connal arose, from the couch of his woe,
And, at his son's bidding, knelt, humbly, and low.

And he cried, "Oh, my God! who hath taken my son,
Thy will upon earth, as in heaven, be done."

And joy seemed to beam, from the young Fergal's eyes,
As he passed, from that presence, to mount to the skies.

But Connal, now weary, and faint, laid his head,
And his tear-bedewed breast, on his humble bed.

And the calm of contentment and peace, softly, stole,
Like breathings of heaven, hour by hour, o'er his soul.

And when morning's sunbeams fell, warm, on his head,
His grief had departed—the fisher was dead.

Noble Daring.

SONG.

I.

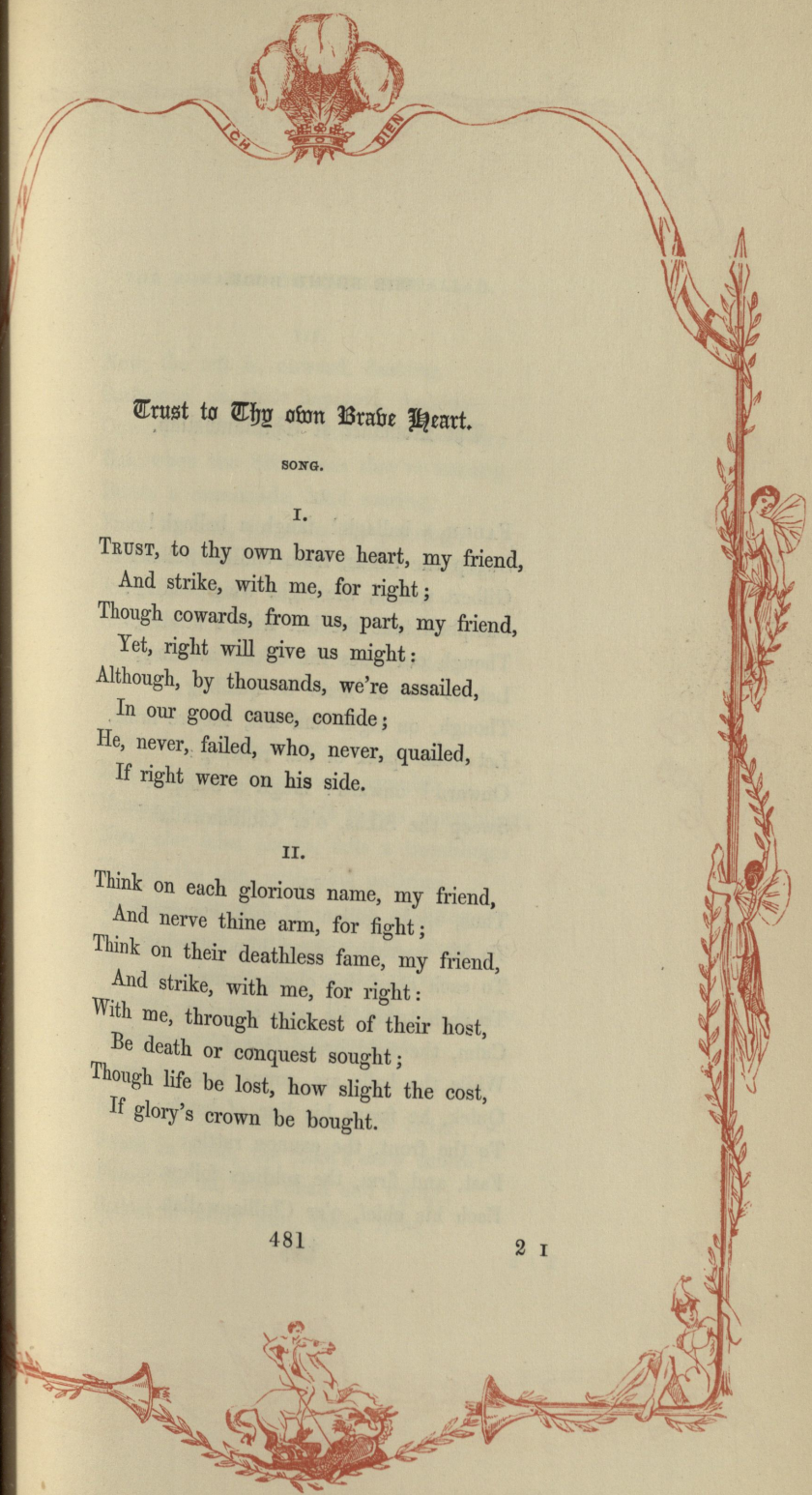
Try! oh! try thy youthful power,
In ev'ry field of noble daring;
And scorn, with dastard soul, to cower,
And yield thyself, to base despairing.
Try! oh! try!

II.

Sigh! ne'er sigh, brave youth, for fame;
But seek, for it, by noble daring;
The victor's crown, the poet's name,
Are meeds of high-soul'd persevering.
Try! oh! try!

III.

Try! then, try, pure fame to buy,
By deeds of high and noble daring;
Far nobler, trying thus, to die,
Than crawl, through life, in base despairing.
Try! oh! try!



Trust to Thy own Brave Heart.

SONG.

I.

Trust, to thy own brave heart, my friend,
And strike, with me, for right;
Though cowards, from us, part, my friend,
Yet, right will give us might:
Although, by thousands, we're assailed,
In our good cause, confide;
He, never, failed, who, never, quailed,
If right were on his side.

II.

Think on each glorious name, my friend,
And nerve thine arm, for fight;
Think on their deathless fame, my friend,
And strike, with me, for right:
With me, through thickest of their host,
Be death or conquest sought;
Though life be lost, how slight the cost,
If glory's crown be bought.

The Romance of Chillianwallah.

I.

FAUGH a ballagh! faugh a ballagh!
Sweep the Sikhs, from Chillianwallah!
Gilbert march, the right wing leading;
Campbell take the left wing's heading:
Though our lines the Sikh's assailing,
Let no British heart be quailing;
Though, on right and left, they're firing,
Let none speak of our retiring:
Onward! onward! faugh a ballagh!
Sweep the Sikhs, o'er Chillianwallah!

II.

Thus, spoke gallant Gough, commanding,
To his warriors, round him, standing:
To each chief, his charge consigning;
To each troop, its post assigning:
Calm, the field brave Gough's surveying,
While the balls are, round him, playing:
Quick, he forms his line of battle;
To the front, the cannon rattle;
Fast, and firm, the soldiers follow,
Each his chief, o'er Chillianwallah.

III.

Now, the left is, onward, dashing,
Sunbeams, on their bayonets, flashing:
Onward, march they with loud cheering;
But, when the Sikh lines they're nearing,
Bursts a cannonade, loud roaring,
From the left, its cross-fire pouring;
Grape and round shot, thickly, sending,
And their ranks, asunder, rending:
Still, the left wing, bravely, follow
Campbell's steps, o'er Chillianwallah.

IV.

Now, the volleys burst, like thunder;
Earth, beneath them, torn asunder,
Heaves, the earthquake's throes resembling;
Now, o'er faint hearts, falls a trembling:
Though the left, with zeal untiring,
Struggles, through the storm of firing;
Yet, at length, with grape-shot, riven,
The brave left is, backwards, driven,
Maimed, and bleeding, through the hollow,
Leading down, to Chillianwallah.

V.

Meantime, Mountain strives to enter,
Sword in hand, the Sikh's deep centre;
Forced he on, o'er dead and dying;
Spiked he every gun, there, lying:

Fury, then, each Sikh inspiring,
Poured they in a storm of firing;
Through the fifth brigade, fierce sweeping,
And the dead, in hundreds, heaping:
Backwards forced, the fifth, now, follow
Campbell's steps, o'er Chillianwallah.

VI.

Now the horse is shaken, sadly;
King has left the battle, badly:
In the left, and right, and centre,
Storms of deadly fire, now, enter:
Calm, amid that deadly firing,
Danger's front his soul inspiring,
See! brave Gough, the foremost hieing;
Leading on, and loudly crying—
"Follow soldiers! follow! follow!
Your old chief, o'er Chillianwallah."

VII.

Where the volleys burst the quickest—
Where the dead are heaped the thickest—
O'er the wounded, and the dying—
Through the charging, and the flying—
There, the dauntless hero dashes;
'Mid the gloom, his broadsword flashes.

Battles of Homeric story
Fade, before thy deeds of glory;
When thy war-cry Faugh a ballagh,
Wildly, rose, o'er Chillianwallah.

VIII.

Though the skulking dastard blame thee—
Though thy country's foes defame thee—
Erin's noblest son, and bravest,
In that hour, the day thou savest:
To the rescue, bravely, coming,
When disastrous rout seemed looming:
With thy breast, the death-blow daring;
Britain's standard, onward, bearing;
Who so base, as not to follow
Thy white head, o'er Chillianwallah?

IX.

From thy soul, with valour glowing—
From thy deeds, example showing,
Courage is each bosom firing,
E'en the faintest heart inspiring:
Hope of victory beams o'er them,
When thy bright sword beams before them:
Now, the broken British rally;
Burst their cheers, o'er hill, and valley;
Quick, they form, and, fiercely, follow
Their brave chief, o'er Chillianwallah.

X.

Gilbert, at the Sikh left's dashing;
Dawes' cannon, there, are flashing;
Godby, now, their guns has taken;
Right and left, the Sikhs are shaken:
White's horse, through their lines, are rushing;
With Sikh blood, their swords are blushing:
Victory decides for Britain;
Terror their brave foes has smitten:
Faugh a ballagh! faugh a ballagh!
Sweep the Sikhs, o'er Chillianwallah!

XI.

But, when Britons tell this story;
Let them give the hero glory,
Who, when Britain's troops were breaking,
With his breast, a bulwark making,
Charged, amid the foremost fighting,
By his deeds, his men exciting;
And, all care of life disdaining,
Conquest, by his valour, chaining,
With his war-cry faugh a ballagh,
Swept the Sikhs, o'er Chillianwallah!

Why Longs My Spirit?

SONG.

I.

Why longs my spirit, thus, to flee away,
And be at rest;
To cast this frail form, to the kindred clay,
And make its nest,
Among the branches of the tree of life—
The soul's bright home;
Where cark, and care, and crime, and heartless strife,
Can, never, come.

II.

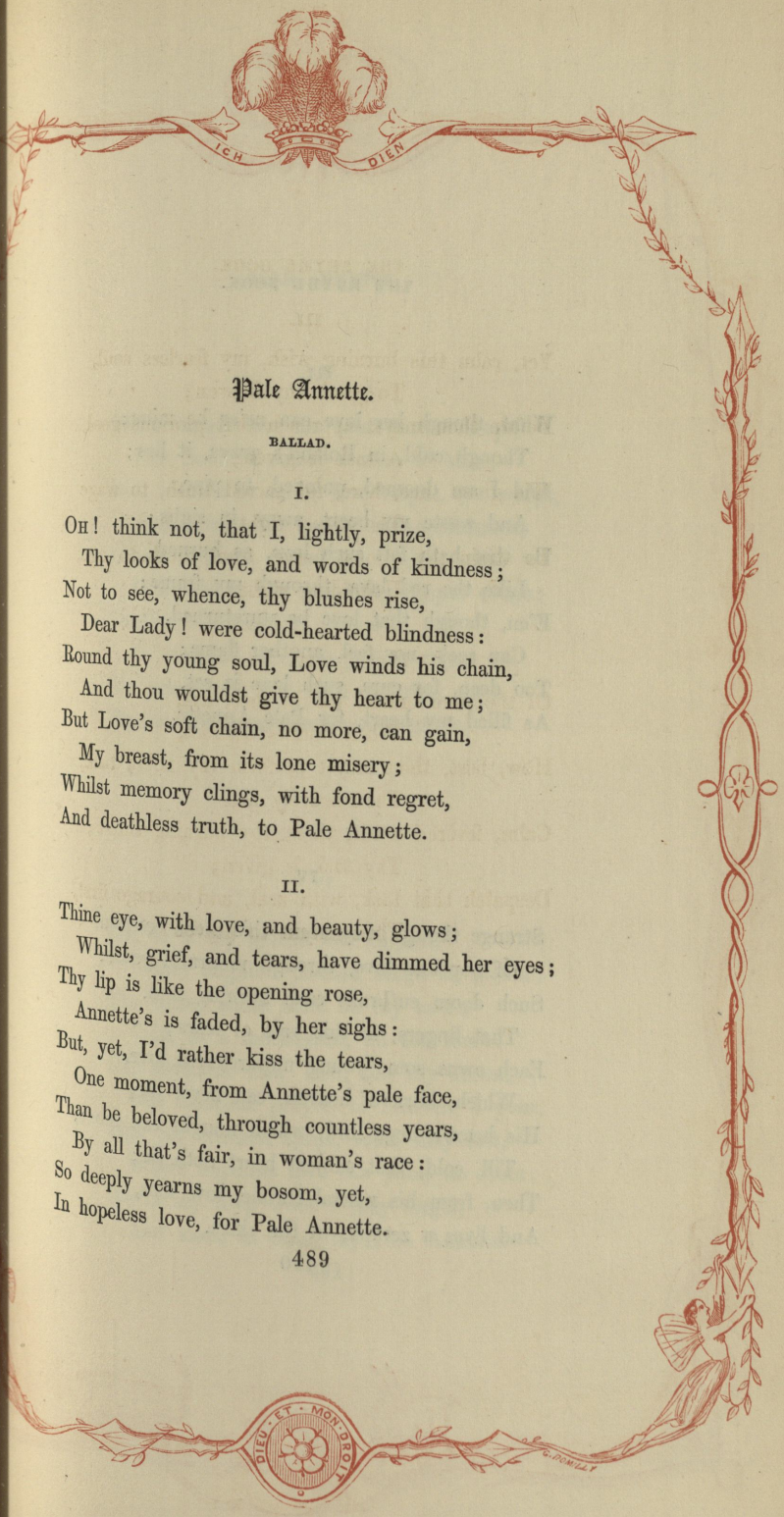
Oh! 'tis because, upon this earth's wide space,
Both far, and near,
None, but the dastard, and the vile, and base,
Seem honoured here;
Because to speak the truth, and strive, for right,
From birth, till death,
Upon the brave soul, brings hate, scorn, and slight,
And slander's breath.

III.

Yet, calm this burning wish, my fearless soul,
To reach thy heaven;
Before thou mayst approach that glorious goal,
A task is given;
'Tis given thee, here, for sacred truth, to wage
The manly fight;
To strain thy utmost nerve, from youth to age,
Upholding right.

IV.

Of the pure oracle, within thee, ask,
When doubts distract,
How, best, thou mayst perform thy noble task,
Then bravely act.
Calm, fevered spirit, then, thy burning thirst;
Thy task is given;
Despatch that task, with zeal, and courage first,
Then mount to heaven!



Pale Annette.

BALLAD.

I.

Oh! think not, that I, lightly, prize,
Thy looks of love, and words of kindness;
Not to see, whence, thy blushes rise,
Dear Lady! were cold-hearted blindness:
Round thy young soul, Love winds his chain,
And thou wouldst give thy heart to me;
But Love's soft chain, no more, can gain,
My breast, from its lone misery;
Whilst memory clings, with fond regret,
And deathless truth, to Pale Annette.

II.

Thine eye, with love, and beauty, glows;
Whilst, grief, and tears, have dimmed her eyes;
Thy lip is like the opening rose,
Annette's is faded, by her sighs:
But, yet, I'd rather kiss the tears,
One moment, from Annette's pale face,
Than be beloved, through countless years,
By all that's fair, in woman's race:
So deeply yearns my bosom, yet,
In hopeless love, for Pale Annette.

III.

What, though her love can ne'er be mine;
Though cold, in Roland's grave, it lies;
And I am doomed, unloved, to pine,
And waste my heart, away, in sighs:
He that hath felt such love, as burned,
Like the red lava, through my frame;
E'en, though that love be unreturned,
Can seek, nor feel, another flame;
Too deep, for cure, such love is set,
As filled my heart, for Pale Annette.

IV.

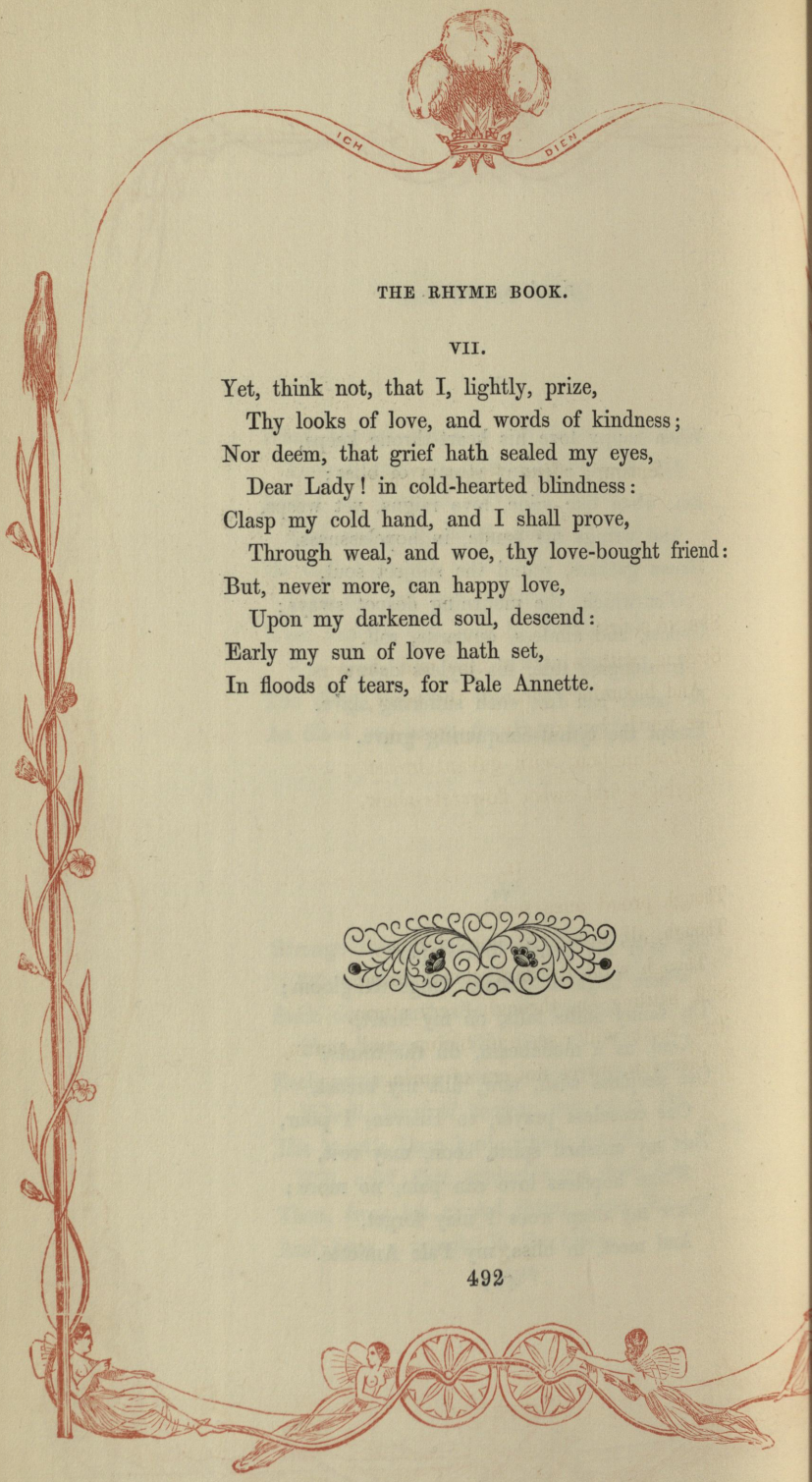
Strange though may seem this stern controul
Of hopeless love, through mournful years;
Such doom enthralls each burning soul,
That lingers, in this vale of tears;
Each owns some young unpurchased love,
Which, born of heaven, can never die,
His heart's liege lord, which nought can move,
Till, cold, that subject heart doth lie;
Then, from his mortal throne, love flies,
And lives a zeraph, in the skies.

V.

When happy love his heart-throne keeps,
  Life flows, a sunny stream of bliss;
But, when like mine, love reigns, yet weeps,
  And wrings his hands, in hopelessness,
Gloom gathers, round the subject soul,
  O'er which, the mourning despot sways;
Useless, and aimless, onwards, roll,
  In sluggish tide, his joyless days:
No power can free such suffering slave,
Except the tyrant-conquering grave.

VI.

Oh, ne'er thy gentle love impart,
  Where blighted passion flings its gloom;
Thy sunny smile falls, on my heart,
  Cold, as a moonbeam, on the tomb:
One sleepless wish, now, fills my breast,
  One ceaseless prayer, to Heaven, I pour,
That my crushed spirit, soon, may rest,
  Where hopeless love can pain, no more;
Where my deep woes I may forget,
  And meet, in bliss, my Pale Annette.



VII.

Yet, think not, that I, lightly, prize,
  Thy looks of love, and words of kindness;
Nor deem, that grief hath sealed my eyes,
  Dear Lady! in cold-hearted blindness:
Clasp my cold hand, and I shall prove,
  Through weal, and woe, thy love-bought friend:
But, never more, can happy love,
  Upon my darkened soul, descend:
Early my sun of love hath set,
In floods of tears, for Pale Annette.

Spring's First Sweet Flowers.

SONGLET.

I.

Spring's first sweet flowers,
Striving, with wintry storms and showers,
And blooming, through the snow,
Like worth, by poverty, oppressed,
Still battling on, with gallant breast,
Spring's first sweet flowerets show.

II.

Though proud ones scorn,
Though, all, around it, look forlorn,
Though want its dark clouds bring,
Still, battling on, through every storm,
True worth will rise, and bloom, and charm,
Like you, sweet flowers of spring.

The Romance of the Lake City.

I.

Billy Walsh was young and frisky;
Billy Walsh drank too much whisky;
Now, to meet his love he's going,
While the moon his path is showing;
But, with love and liquor mellow,
Tumbles down the merry fellow;
And, while fast asleep he's falling,
Thus, upon his love he's calling.

II.

"Peggy Shearer! Peggy Shearer!
To your Billy you are dearer,
Than a ship-load of gold money—
Blessings on you, Peggy, honey!
Never will your Billy leave you;
Never will his love deceive you"—
But, while thus his love he's roaring,
Billy falls asleep, and snoring.

III.

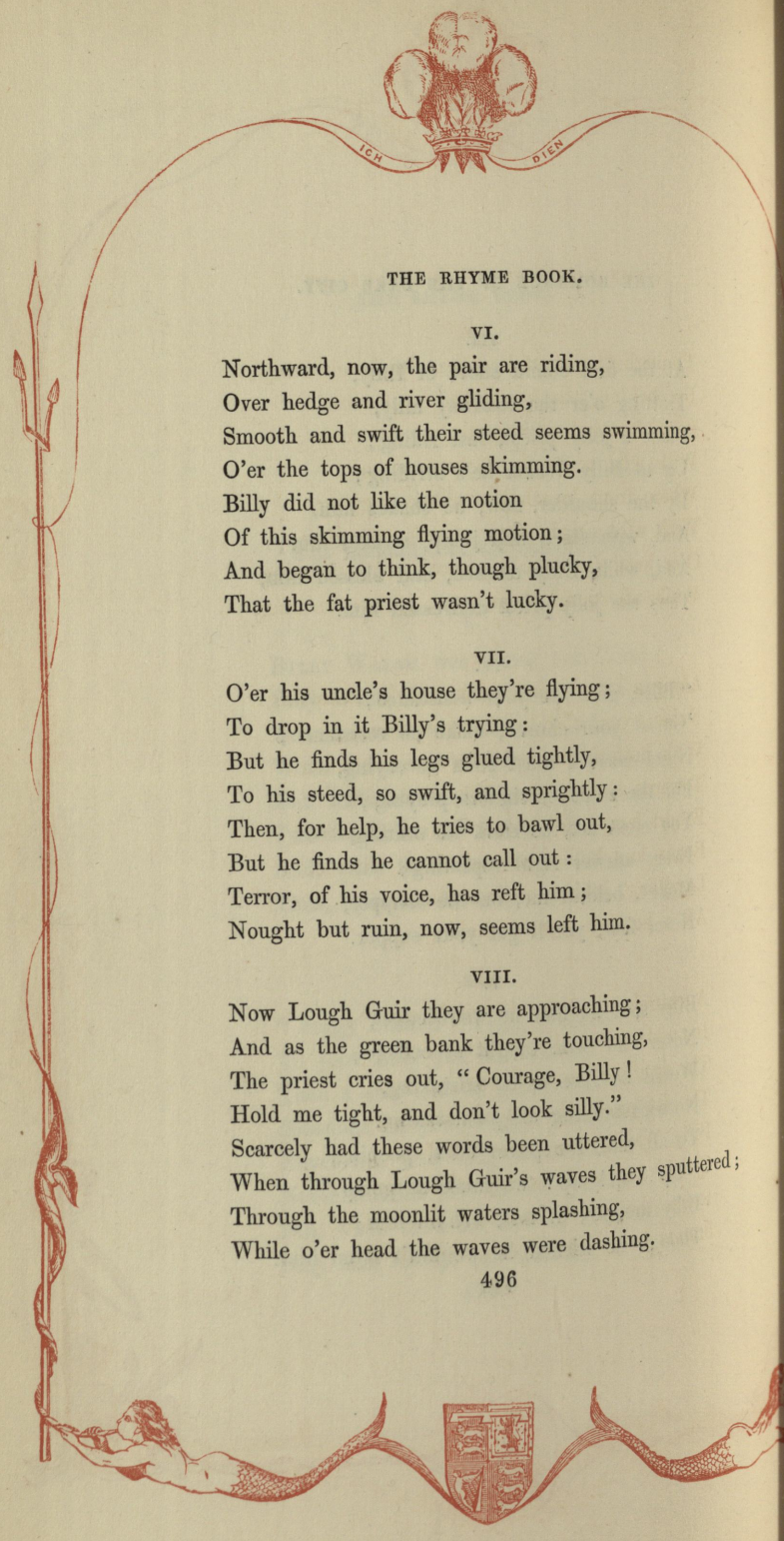
At the first sound snore of Billy,
Trotting o'er the roadway hilly,
Came a jolly priest, fast riding;
Up to Billy Walsh he's striding;
By the shoulder, now, he shakes him,
And, with start, and jump, awakes him;
And, while Billy crossed, and blessed him,
Thus the jolly priest addressed him.

IV.

"Billy, give me your assistance;
'Gainst your church, make no resistance;
Night mass I must soon be saying,
For the souls of sinners praying;
You must act, as clerk in waiting,
Every answer right repeating;
Mount, behind me, on the crupper,
Never fear, you'll get your supper."

V.

Billy said he had no knowledge;
Never had been taught at college;
Would be sure to be mistaking,
Notwithstanding all pains-taking.
To all this, the priest cries, poohing,
"Up! up! up! we must be going."
Billy mounts, at last, behind him;
Though he wished he wouldn't mind him.



VI.

Northward, now, the pair are riding,
Over hedge and river gliding,
Smooth and swift their steed seems swimming,
O'er the tops of houses skimming.
Billy did not like the notion
Of this skimming flying motion;
And began to think, though plucky,
That the fat priest wasn't lucky.

VII.

O'er his uncle's house they're flying;
To drop in it Billy's trying:
But he finds his legs glued tightly,
To his steed, so swift, and sprightly:
Then, for help, he tries to bawl out,
But he finds he cannot call out:
Terror, of his voice, has reft him;
Nought but ruin, now, seems left him.

VIII.

Now Lough Guir they are approaching;
And as the green bank they're touching,
The priest cries out, "Courage, Billy!
Hold me tight, and don't look silly."
Scarcely had these words been uttered,
When through Lough Guir's waves they sputtered;
Through the moonlit waters splashing,
While o'er head the waves were dashing.

IX.

Through the crystal waves, they're cleaving;
Far behind, the world they're leaving:
Billy dreamed of nought but drowning;
With wild terror he feels swooning;
When, from 'neath the waters surging,
With wild neigh, their steed's emerging:
O'er head the lake a smooth roof's forming,
While all round them, now, looks charming.

X.

Along a broad road, now, they're marching;
Noble trees, o'er head, are arching,
With both fruits and blossoms blooming;
Towards a city, now, they're coming:
Bright lamps, all around them, glittered;
Beaux and belles, around them, tittered,
Laughing, joking, pleasure-taking;
All a holiday seemed making.

XI.

A church stood in the city's centre;
Its wide gates the people enter:
Through the sacristy, now, going,
The fat priest the way is showing:
Billy Walsh, now, does not falter;
Quick, and well, he lays the altar;
Robes the priest, and cool and steady,
Stands to do the clerk's work ready.

XII.

Billy went through all the service;
Never stammered, or looked nervous;
With deportment most decorous,
With voice loud, and most sonorous,
From the Introibo starting,
And at the Profundis parting,
Without stopping once, or tiring,
While all listened, with admiring.

XIII.

Billy did his work, completely;
Folded up the vestments, neatly;
And the priest, who stood beside him,
Never once had cause to chide him:
When the service was quite ended,
From the altar Walsh descended;
But the Priest, first, gave his blessing,
Then spoke, thus, the crowd addressing.

XIV.

"Friends, you know we've long been wanting
A good clerk who's skilled in chanting;
You've heard Billy Walsh performing
Clerk's work, now, in manner charming;
Join, then with me, all, in praying,
That in our good city staying,
Billy Walsh may spend his life here;
He'll have place, and wealth, and wife here."

XV.

Rings the church, now, with applauding;
Billy's merits all are lauding:
To stay with them all are pressing,
Praising, coaxing, and caressing:
Shaken for a moment's Billy;
To leave so grand a place seems silly:
But when love of Peg reminds him,
Thus he cries, while big tears blind him.

XVI.

"Shall I leave you Peggy! beauty!
With your curls so long, and sooty,
And your eyes, that shine so brightly,
And your neck, that gleams so whitely,
And your cheeks, like roses glowing,
And your arms, like snow-wreaths showing,
And your heart, that loved me ever?—
Never! Peggy, dearest! never!"

XVII.

Whilst to stay the ladies pressed him,
Thus the jolly Priest addressed him,—
"Billy, think, before refusing,
Ponder, well, on what you're losing,
A good place, and lots of money,
Lovely ladies, sweet as honey,
Hurling daily, drinking plenty—
Man alive! won't this content you?"

XVIII.

"No," cried Billy, "nought contents me,
While I think that Peggy wants me;
While I think, for me, she's crying,
On her sleepless pillow lying:
I wouldn't give for all your money,
One dark ringlet of my honey:
I don't mean to be uncivil,
But I pitch you to the devil."

XIX.

With curses, now, the church is ringing;
Dead cats, at his head, they're flinging;
Kicking, cuffing, through the doorway,
Drive they Billy in a sore way;
All along the road, they hunt him;
With wild jibes, and scoffs, affront him:
For his life, now, Billy races,
Whilst the crowd, in fury, chases.

XX.

Now the water he's approaching;
When the crystal wall he's touching,
A strong whirlwind, swift uprears him,
And to dry land quickly bears him:
And these words—the last that reach him,
Of his risk, and safeguard, teach him,—
ALL HELL'S ARTS STILL FAIL IN MOVING,
HEARTS, LIKE BILLY'S, TRUE IN LOVING.

XXI.

"Great's my luck," cried pleasant Billy,
"That I was not shally shilly:
I'd been damned—there's nothing clearer,
Had I given up Peggy Shearer.
Now I see the deil's worst foeman
Is a pretty blue-eyed woman;
And the only saving creed is
To be true, as steel, to ladies.

The Sunshine of the Heart.

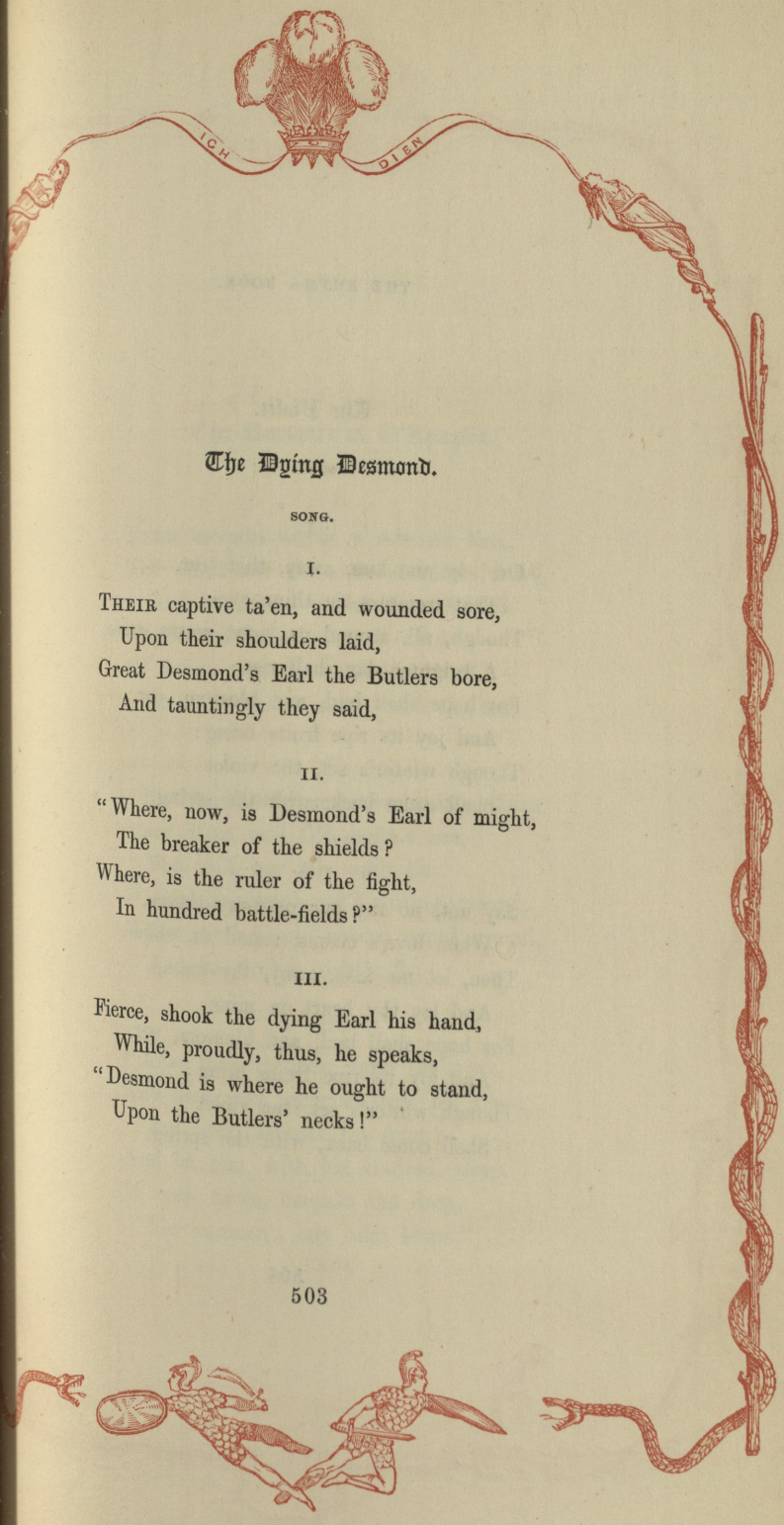
SONG.

I.

He, who, with pure, and manly breast,
Maintains the cause of right;
Who, 'gainst all foes, for those oppressed,
Has waged the noble fight;
Though grief should, early, mark his brow—
Though many a tear should start,
He, yet, shall know, through darkest woe,
The sunshine of the heart.

II.

The conscious feel that he has wrought,
The work, his Maker gave,
In act—in word—and e'en, in thought,
Shall cheer him, to his grave:
Though he be crushed, by tyrant foes—
Though coward friends should part,
He ne'er can lose, till life shall close,
The sunshine of the heart.



The Dying Desmond.

SONG.

I.

THEIR captive ta'en, and wounded sore,
Upon their shoulders laid,
Great Desmond's Earl the Butlers bore,
And tauntingly they said,

II.

"Where, now, is Desmond's Earl of might,
The breaker of the shields?
Where, is the ruler of the fight,
In hundred battle-fields?"

III.

Fierce, shook the dying Earl his hand,
While, proudly, thus, he speaks,
"Desmond is where he ought to stand,
Upon the Butlers' necks!"

The Violet.

SONG.

I

Oh! let me kiss, away, that tear,
That trembles, in thine eyes;
Though, all, around us, now, seems drear,
A brighter day shall rise:
For hope shall bud, and blossom, yet,
And joy its ripe fruits bring;
Though winter's set, the violet
Shall come back, with the spring.

II.

Say not, no ray our pathway cheers,
When love's beams, round us, shine;
Then, let me kiss, away, thy tears,
And lay thy heart on mine:
For hope shall bud, and blossom, yet,
And joy its ripe fruits bring;
Though winter's set, the violet
Shall come back, with the spring.

The Romance of O'Louglin.

I.

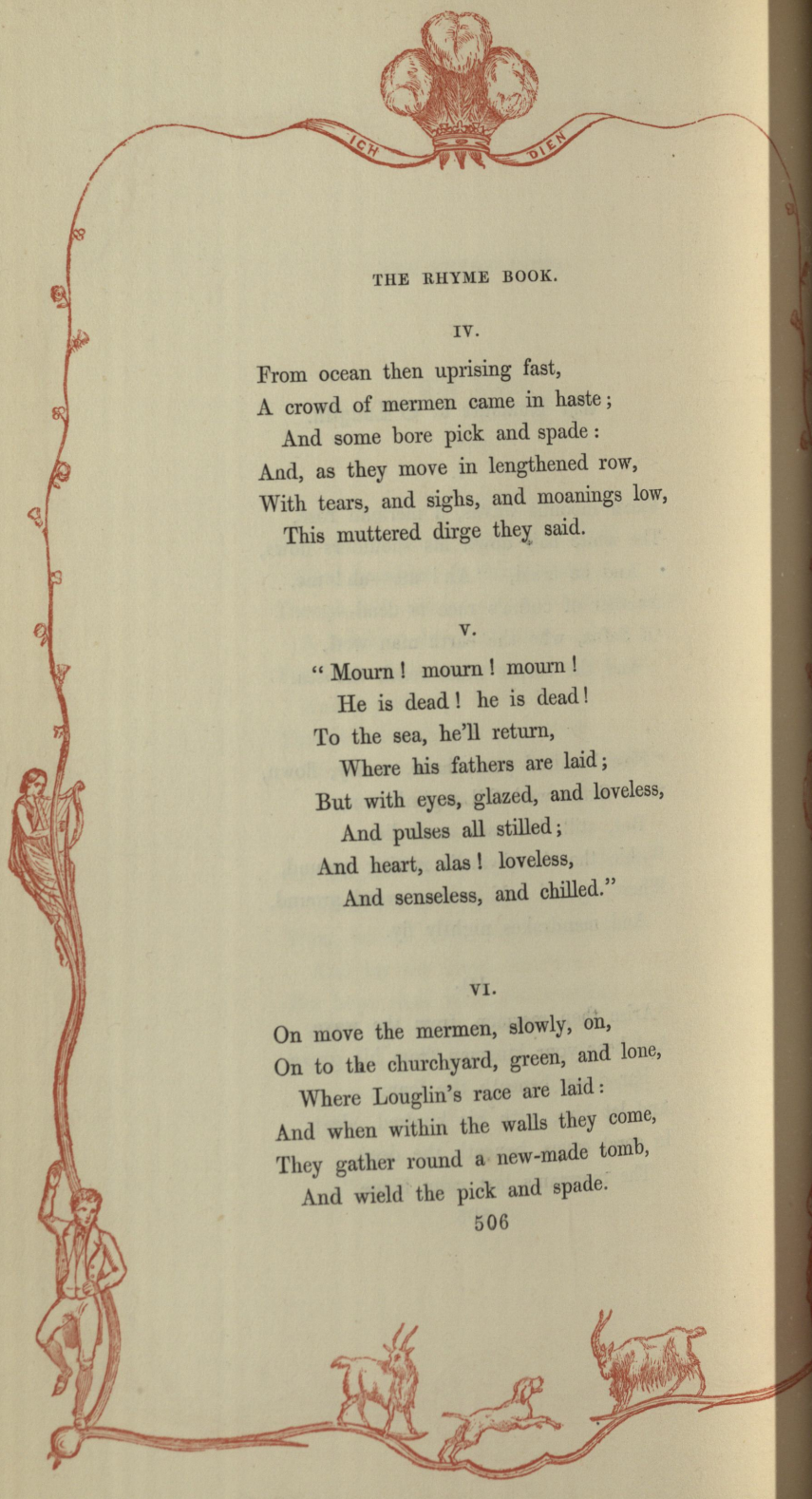
From moonlit waves, a merman rose,
The white hair down his shoulders flows,
And he cried, "Ah! me—ah! me.
Another of Safna's race is dead—
Of Safna, who the earth man wed,
And the corpse must reach the sea.

II.

"Five hundred years have, nearly, flown,
Since Safna wed O'Louglin's son,
But, still, her race can't lie,
Within the churchyard's rotting ground,
Where myriad cold worms crawl around,
And mandrakes nightly fly.

III.

"Arise then mermen, from the wave,
And bear your kinsman from his grave,
Far down beneath the foam;
And let him, with his kindred, sleep,
In coral caves, beneath the deep,
The merman's last calm home."



IV.

From ocean then uprising fast,
A crowd of mermen came in haste;
And some bore pick and spade:
And, as they move in lengthened row,
With tears, and sighs, and moanings low,
This muttered dirge they said.

V.

"Mourn! mourn! mourn!
He is dead! he is dead!
To the sea, he'll return,
Where his fathers are laid;
But with eyes, glazed, and loveless,
And pulses all stilled;
And heart, alas! loveless,
And senseless, and chilled."

VI.

On move the mermen, slowly, on,
On to the churchyard, green, and lone,
Where Louglin's race are laid:
And when within the walls they come,
They gather round a new-made tomb,
And wield the pick and spade.

VII.

Quick, from the grave, they raise the dead;
Upon a bier, the corpse is laid,
With moanings long and low;
And, while the ocean mourners weep,
They bear O'Louglin to the deep,
With faltering steps, and slow.

VIII.

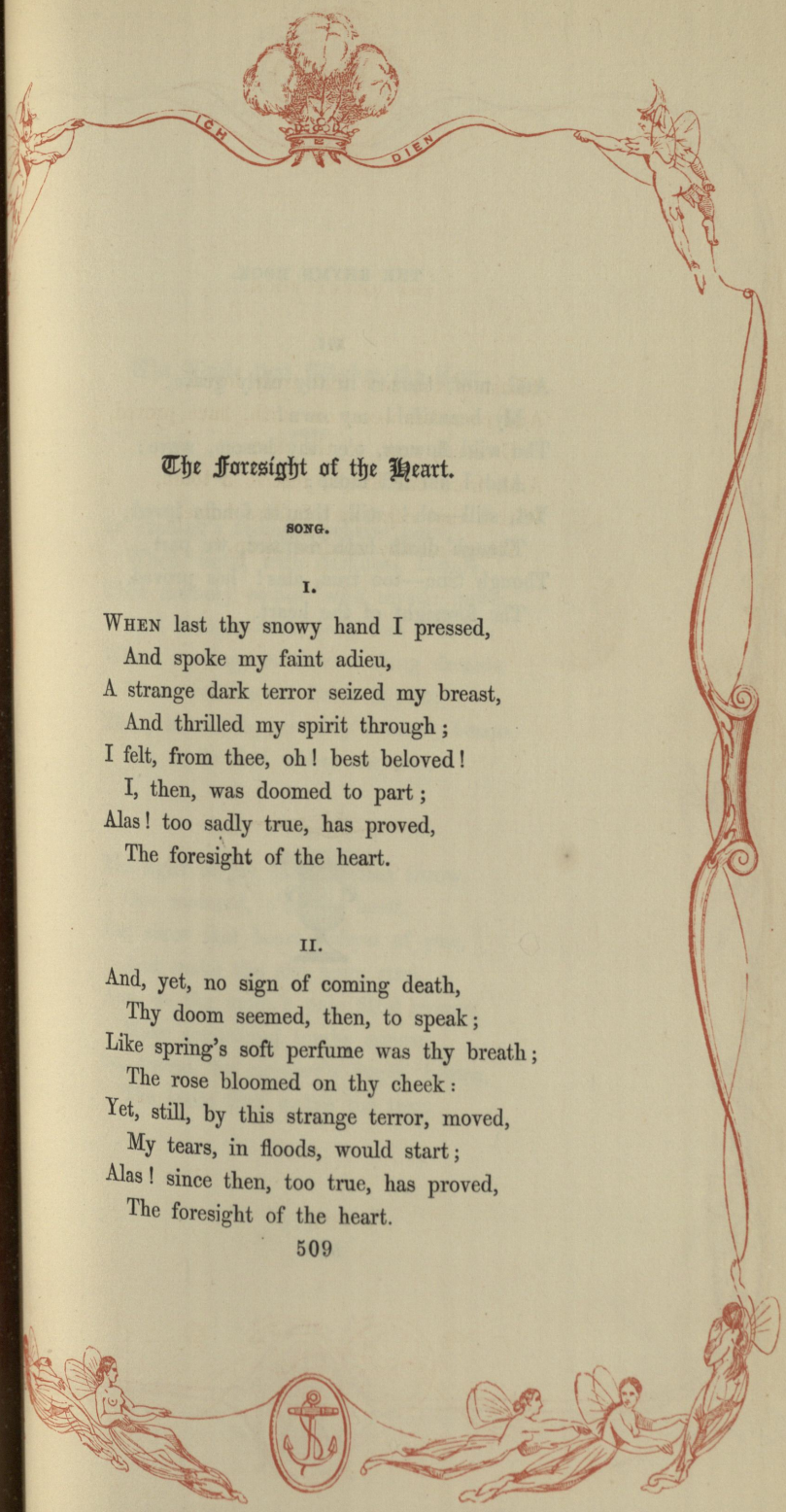
Where the last dying waves appear,
One moment, they lay down the bier,
To let the bearers change;
And here, while waves around him broke,
Again the aged merman spoke,
With accents low, and strange.

IX.

"Last of fair Safna's fated race
Thy hapless mother's steps retrace,
Thy fatherland regain;
No sons of lovely Safna born—
Of Safna from the ocean torn—
On cold earth, now, remain.

X.

"Last of the race that truly loved,
And countless woes, on earth, have proved,
Descend, now, to the deep;
And, from our hands, receive a tomb,
Within that calm and sunless home,
Where all thy kindred sleep."



The Foresight of the Heart.

SONG.

I.

When last thy snowy hand I pressed,
And spoke my faint adieu,
A strange dark terror seized my breast,
And thrilled my spirit through;
I felt, from thee, oh! best beloved!
I, then, was doomed to part;
Alas! too sadly true, has proved,
The foresight of the heart.

II.

And, yet, no sign of coming death,
Thy doom seemed, then, to speak;
Like spring's soft perfume was thy breath;
The rose bloomed on thy cheek:
Yet, still, by this strange terror, moved,
My tears, in floods, would start;
Alas! since then, too true, has proved,
The foresight of the heart.

III.

And, now, thou'rt in thy early grave,
My beautiful! my own!
The wild flowers, o'er thy bosom, wave;
And I am left alone:
Yet, still—oh! still, thou'rt fondly loved;
Though death hath doomed, we part;
Though true—too true, alas! has proved,
The foresight of the heart.



The Smile that Wakes the Tear.

SONG.

I.

In evening's twilight pensive hour,
When, light, with darkness, blends;
Then memory comes, with mystic power,
And brings, back, long lost friends:
When, moving, in these waking dreams,
Their well-known forms appear,
Then, traced, by memory's finger, beams,
The smile that wakes the tear.

II.

The light of joy these visions throw,
One moment, o'er the heart,
But show that heart's abyss of woe,
And make the sad tears start:
And, as the moon's pale fitful gleams
Make sculptured tombs appear,
So, traced, by memory's finger, beams,
The smile that wakes the tear.

Early Tears.

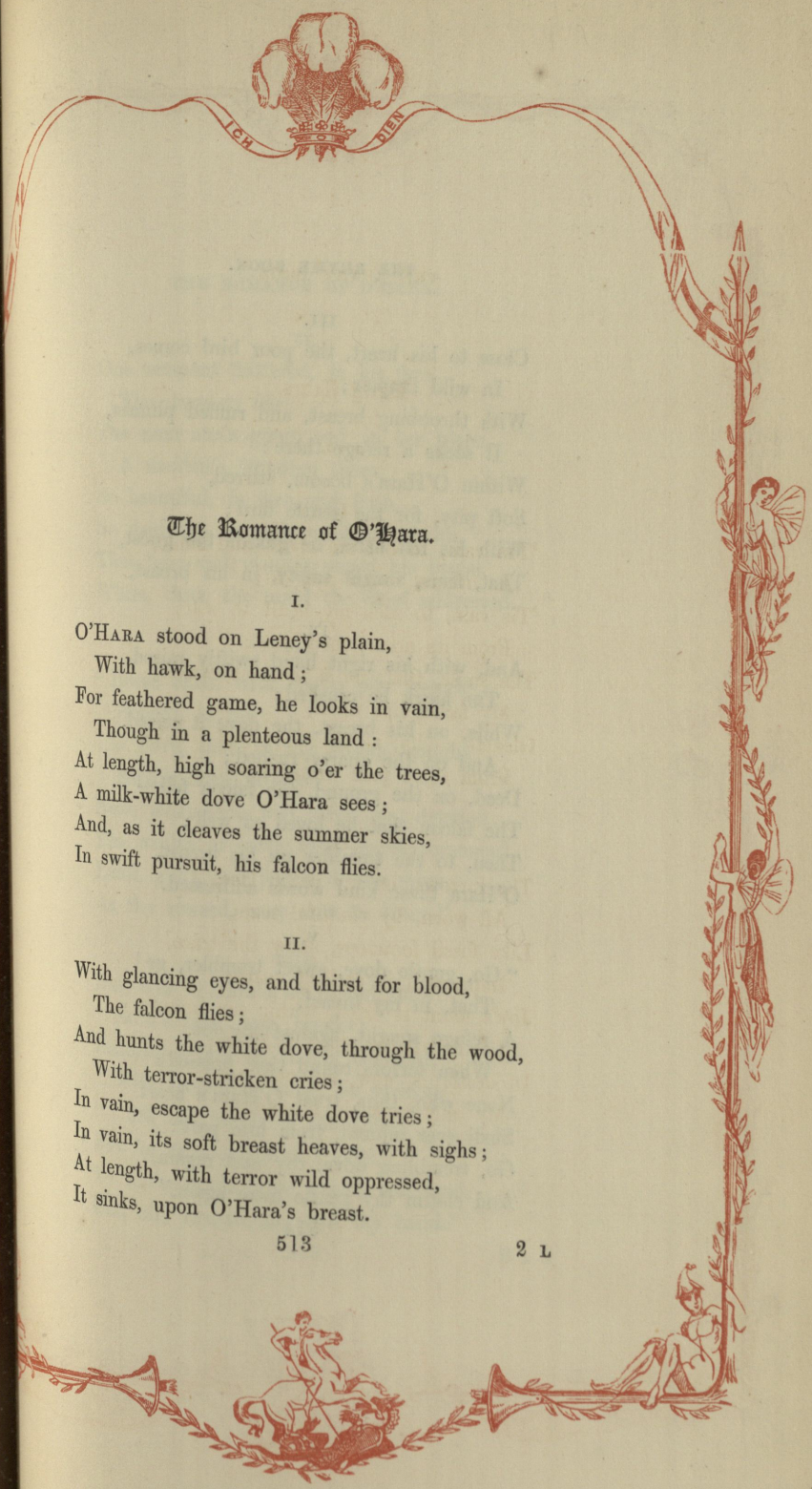
SONG.

I.

'Tis vain, to bid me speak and smile,
As others, round me, do;
'Tis vain, to seek my heart to wile,
From its accustomed woe:
The smile, that, for a moment, wakes,
My faded lips upon,
Gleams coldly, as the light that breaks,
From some pale winter moon.

II.

The furrows, on my pallid face,
All worn, by youthful tears,
Like fossil footsteps, show the trace,
Impressed, in earliest years:
Joy's fount is dried, within my breast;
Love's earthly chain is riven;
In death, is, now, my only rest;
My only hope, in heaven.



The Romance of O'Hara.

I.

O'Hara stood on Leney's plain,
With hawk, on hand;
For feathered game, he looks in vain,
Though in a plenteous land:
At length, high soaring o'er the trees,
A milk-white dove O'Hara sees;
And, as it cleaves the summer skies,
In swift pursuit, his falcon flies.

II.

With glancing eyes, and thirst for blood,
The falcon flies;
And hunts the white dove, through the wood,
With terror-stricken cries;
In vain, escape the white dove tries;
In vain, its soft breast heaves, with sighs;
At length, with terror wild oppressed,
It sinks, upon O'Hara's breast.

III.

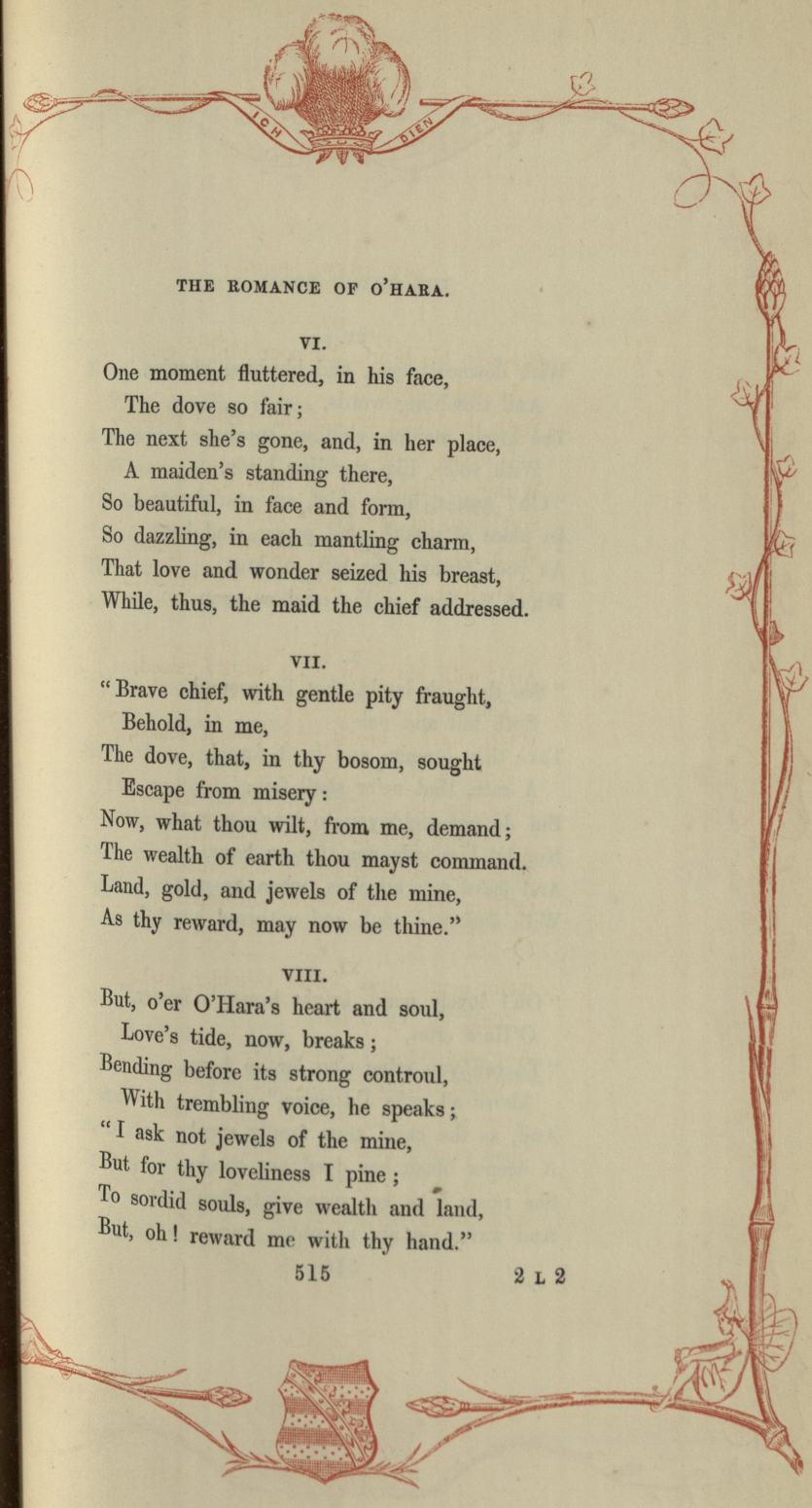
Close to his heart, the poor bird comes,
In wild despair;
With throbbing breast, and ruffled plumes,
It seeks a refuge there:
Within O'Hara's bosom, stirred,
Soft pity, for the gentle bird;
With his left hand, he guards the guest,
That, thus, sought safety, in his breast,

IV.

And, with his right hand swiftly raised,
The hawk he crushed;
While, on his breast, the dove it seized,
And on the quarry rushed;
Dead, on the ground, the falcon fell—
The falcon that he loved so well;
Then, to the trembler on his breast,
O'Hara these kind words addressed.

V.

"Go, gentle dove, sweet trembler, go!
That, in my breast,
A refuge sought, against thy foe,
When terrors round thee pressed:
None who, thus, trust O'Hara's heart
Shall ever injured, from him part:
Go, trembling dove, thy nest regain,
And charm thy gentle mate again."



VI.

One moment fluttered, in his face,
The dove so fair;
The next she's gone, and, in her place,
A maiden's standing there,
So beautiful, in face and form,
So dazzling, in each mantling charm,
That love and wonder seized his breast,
While, thus, the maid the chief addressed.

VII.

"Brave chief, with gentle pity fraught,
Behold, in me,
The dove, that, in thy bosom, sought
Escape from misery:
Now, what thou wilt, from me, demand;
The wealth of earth thou mayst command.
Land, gold, and jewels of the mine,
As thy reward, may now be thine."

VIII.

But, o'er O'Hara's heart and soul,
Love's tide, now, breaks;
Bending before its strong controul,
With trembling voice, he speaks;
"I ask not jewels of the mine,
But for thy loveliness I pine;
To sordid souls, give wealth and land,
But, oh! reward me with thy hand."

IX.

With downcast eyes, and blushing cheeks,
And trembling words,
The lovely maiden, chiding, speaks,
With voice, like warbling birds,
"Oh! pause, brave chief, ere you demand,
In place of wealth, and power, and land,
As your reward, the gifts of love,
Which fleeting, as the rainbow prove.

X.

"See the rich lands, that lie around,
Both hill and dale;
Take this domain, and in it found,
A race, that ne'er shall fail;
But do not yield you to love's power;
Nor let him rule you, for an hour,
And leave you hopeless, when he part,
With darkened soul, and withered heart."

XI.

"Oh! lovely maid, bright beauty's flower,"
O'Hara cries,
"To call you mine e'en for an hour,
Above all gifts I'd prize."
And, as the chief, thus fondly speaks,
A deeper blush has dyed her cheeks;
She raises high her snow-white hand,
And waves, in air, a golden wand.

XII.

Now, at O'Hara's feet, the earth,
Wide opening shows,
A treasure vast, of priceless worth,
Where gold uncounted glows;
"Take these," the blushing maiden cried,
"And ask me not to be thy bride;
Take land and wealth, and mighty prove,
And think no more of me, or love."

XIII.

"Take back thy gifts," O'Hara cried,
"Oh! maid divine;
Since thou mayst never be my bride,
The world I here resign;
Worthless, as leaves by autumn strewn,
Seem all the wealth and land thou'st shown;
Earth's poorest I would rather be,
If soothed by love, and blessed by thee."

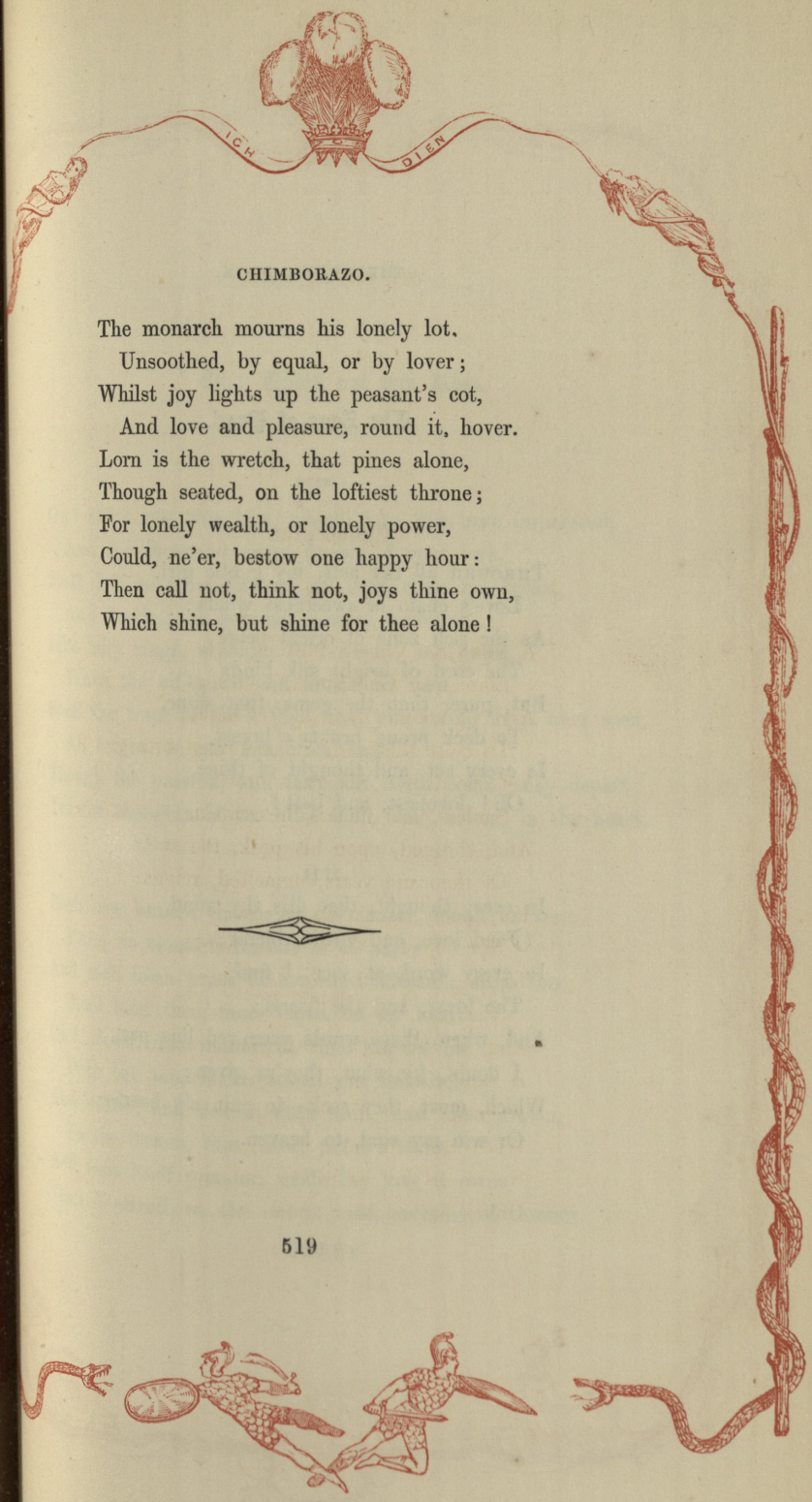
XIV.

She gave the chief her snow-white hand,
And blushing cried,
"Take countless wealth, and power, and land,
And me, too, for thy bride:
Such the reward that's, ever, given,
To mercy, and to truth, by Heaven;
Such meed the heart shall ever prove,
For kindness, constancy, and love."

Chimborazo.

RHYME.

A BURNING sun—a burning sky
  Blaze over Chimborazo's crest;
And Chimborazo heaves, on high,
  To meet that sun, his mountain breast;
Yet cheerless is his giant brow;
  Sunless, and lifeless, he remains;
And, throned, upon his peak, the snow
  Of thousand years, unmelted, reigns:
For, lonely, is his skyey seat;
  Nor object is there to be found,
To fling back, in reflected heat,
  The rays, so brightly, poured around.
And, so, 'tis with the human heart;
It cannot taste of bliss apart;
It is not blest—it may not bless,
When cased in icy selfishness:
No ray of joy its gloom can move,
Unless flashed back, from eyes, we love.



CHIMBORAZO.

The monarch mourns his lonely lot,
  Unsoothed, by equal, or by lover;
Whilst joy lights up the peasant's cot,
  And love and pleasure, round it, hover.
Lorn is the wretch, that pines alone,
Though seated, on the loftiest throne;
For lonely wealth, or lonely power,
Could, ne'er, bestow one happy hour:
Then call not, think not, joys thine own,
Which shine, but shine for thee alone!

The Zone of Pearl.

SONG.

I.

THROUGH all thy acts, my gentle girl,
  Love's chain of sweetness winds;
As the rich zone of orient pearl
  The cord of bright silk binds:
But, purer than the gems, that shine,
  To deck proud beauty's breast,
Is every act, and thought of thine,
  Oh! loveliest, and best!

II.

In every thought, that fills thy mind,
  Fond love, and virtue, blend;
In every word, at once, I find,
  The lover, and the friend;
And, when, these words your red lips part,
  I doubt, for what, they're given;
Which, most, they seek—to gain my heart—
  Or win my soul, to heaven.

Oh! Think not this Kiss.

SONG.

I.

Oh! think not this kiss, which your lips have impressed,
And the thousand sweet proofs of your love,
Shall, lost to remembrance, all fade, from my breast,
And fleeting, as summer flowers, prove:
Like fairy rings, shining, so brilliant, and green,
When the elf-dance and music are past,
Shall the trace of those joys, that our young loves have seen,
All bright, in our memories, last;
Though the passion, and transport, with youth, may depart;
Yet the thoughts of the bliss shall, still, bloom, in the heart.

II.

Each new branch the green ivy clasps, round its tree,
From its consort, forbids it to part;
And each fresh proof of love and affection, from thee,
Shall bind thee, more close, to my heart:
Oh! closer, and fonder, as time hurries on,
Doth thy tenderness, round me, entwine;
And nearer, and dearer, each hour, hast thou grown,
To the bosom, that, now, pillows thine,
And feels itself prouder, while thy love it owns,
Than if placed, on the richest, and greatest of thrones.

The Romance of Drumsnat.

"WHERE shall we lay our shrouded dead,
When the deathless soul is fled?

"What spot of ground shall we enclose,
Where our loved ones may repose?"

Thus Clan McQuade wise counsel take,
Where their burial-place to make.

Then white-haired Dermod rose, and said—
"Hearken to me, Clan McQuade.

"Where to lay our clansmen's bones,
Must be told to us, at Clones.

"Clones's abbot, good and wise,
Must the Clan McQuade advise.

"Clones, our oracle, must prove;
Clones, alone, our doubts remove."

To this advice, the clansmen brave,
One and all, approval gave.

Elders three at once they chose,
None to give assent refuse.

White-haired elders, good and wise,
With the abbot, to advise.

Straight, to Clones, the elders go,
There, the abbot's mind to know.

When they reached the abbey fair,
Thus, their message they declare—

"Tell us, holy men of Clones,
Where to lay our clansmen's bones;

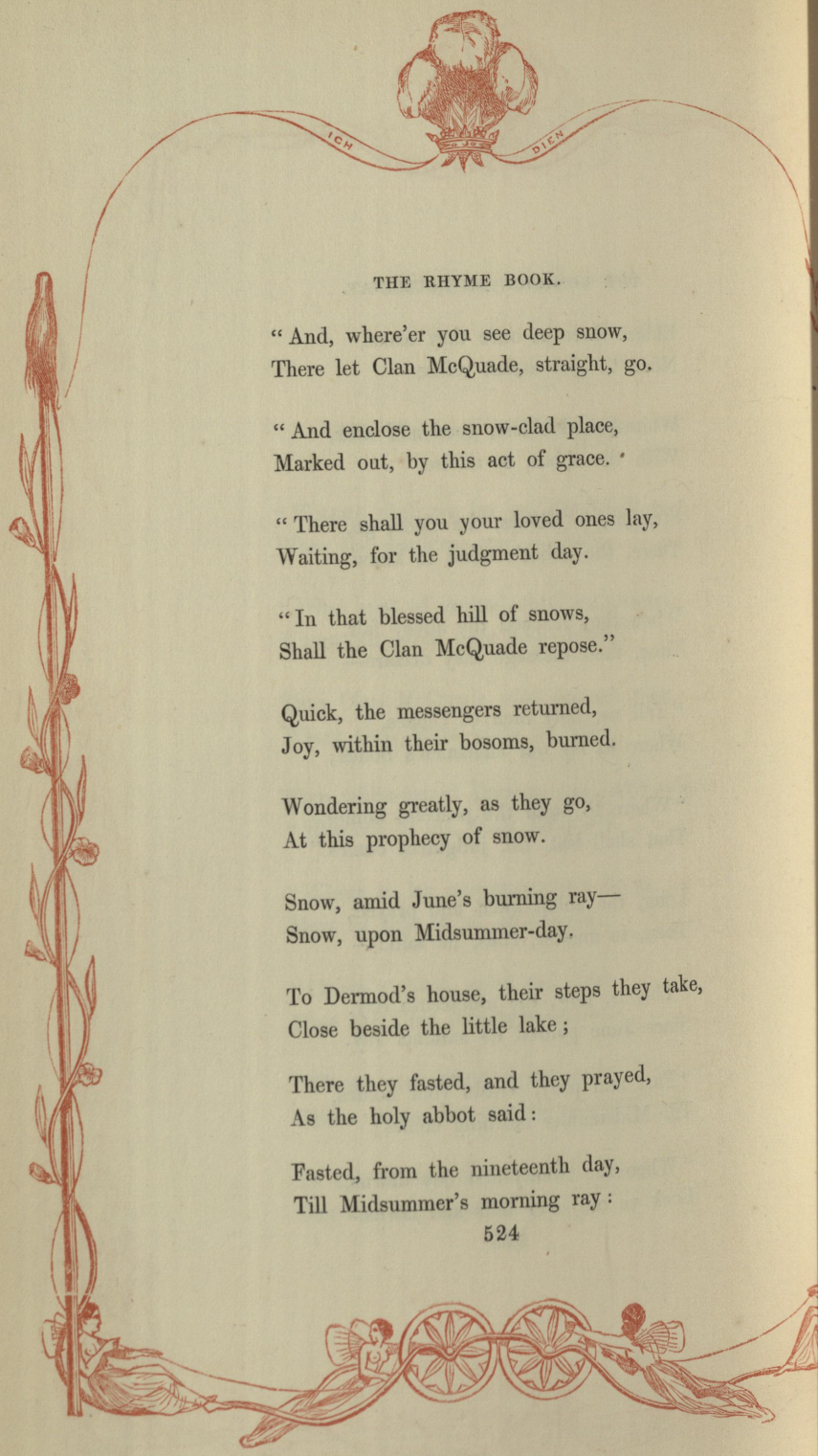
"Where to build the peaceful homes,
That shall last, till, judgment comes."

Long, the abbot knelt and prayed,
Then, in answer, thus, he said:—

"This is, now, the nineteenth day,
Since June poured its summer ray.

"Fast and pray, within your homes,
Till Midsummer morning comes;

"When the twenty-first day dawns,
Look ye out, o'er hills and lawns.



"And, where'er you see deep snow,
There let Clan McQuade, straight, go.

"And enclose the snow-clad place,
Marked out, by this act of grace.

"There shall you your loved ones lay,
Waiting, for the judgment day.

"In that blessed hill of snows,
Shall the Clan McQuade repose."

Quick, the messengers returned,
Joy, within their bosoms, burned.

Wondering greatly, as they go,
At this prophecy of snow.

Snow, amid June's burning ray—
Snow, upon Midsummer-day.

To Dermod's house, their steps they take,
Close beside the little lake;

There they fasted, and they prayed,
As the holy abbot said:

Fasted, from the nineteenth day,
Till Midsummer's morning ray:

And they prayed, with fervent soul,
As the moments, onward, roll;

Prayed that heavenly grace would shine;
Prayed that Heaven would grant the sign;

Prayed, until Midsummer sun,
In his rising beauty, shone.

Then the elders three went forth,
Round they looked, from south to north;

Now, with wonder wild, they start;
Quick, with joy, beats every heart;

O'er the lake, before their eyes,
A snow-clad hill is seen to rise;

Robed, in purest snow, it gleams,
Flashing, in the morning beams;

A little hill, that shone, so bright,
It seemed to blind their dazzled sight;

Whilst, all round the hill, was seen,
The summer's mantle of bright green,

Broidered o'er, with wild flowers gay,
Flaunting, in the morning's ray.

Then, the white-haired elders three,
Dropped down, each, upon his knee;

Each uplifts his hands, on high,
Whilst, from each, broke forth this cry—

"Blest be God, by all below,
My eyes have seen the hill of snow."

Quick, they gather Clan McQuade,
Quick, they wield the axe and spade;

Soon, with fences strong, enclose,
For burial-ground, the hill of snows.

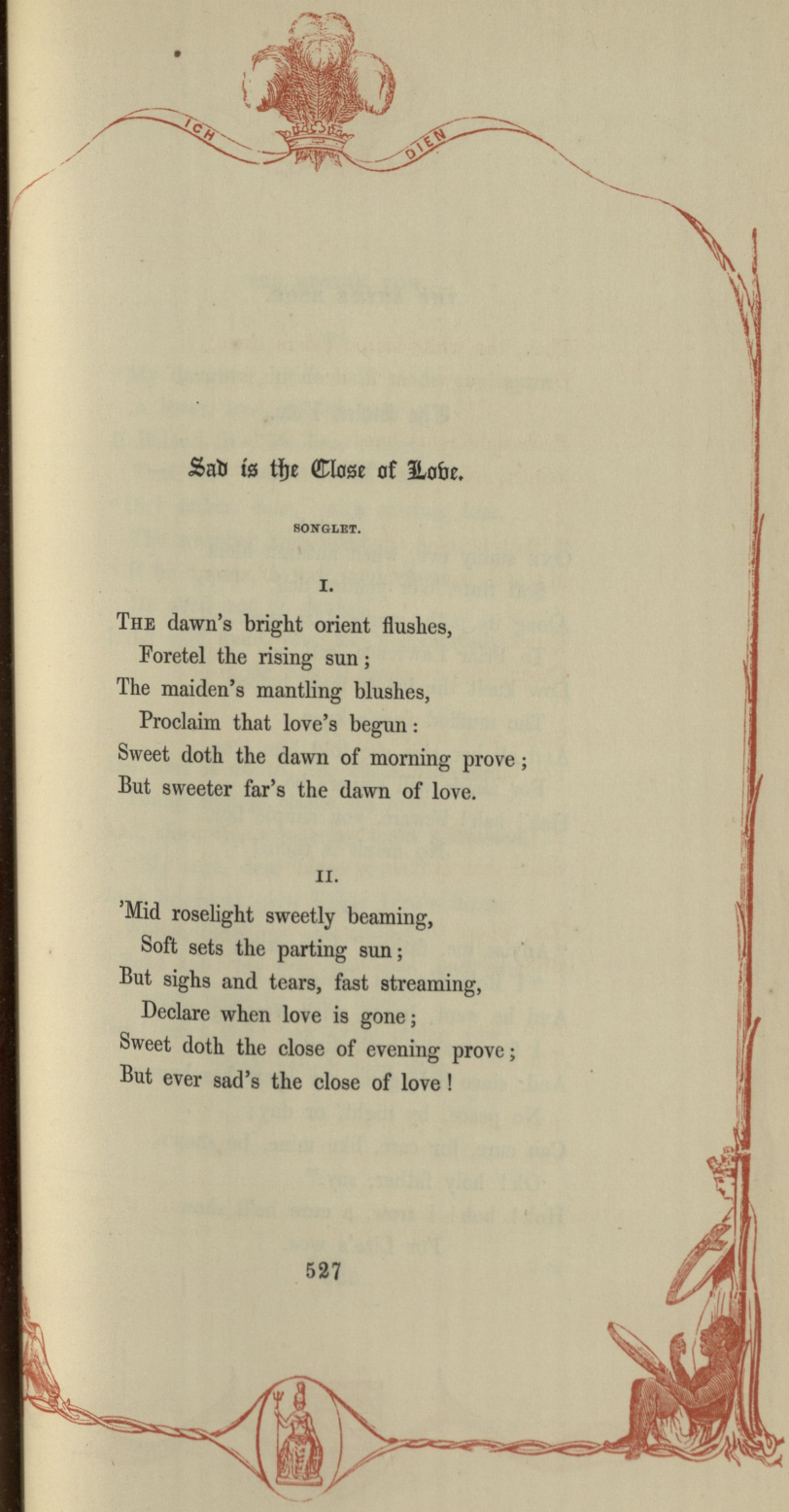
A thousand years have, o'er us, flown,
Since that miracle was shown;

Yet, where that summer snow was found,
Still, is used, for burial-ground;

And from that miracle, so famed,
The land "The Hill of Snow"* is named;

And passing pilgrims, as they go,
Cry—"Blessings on the Hill of Snow."

* Drumsna, or as now written, Drumsnat, means the Hill of Snow. The origin of this name is explained in this Romance.



Sad is the Close of Love.

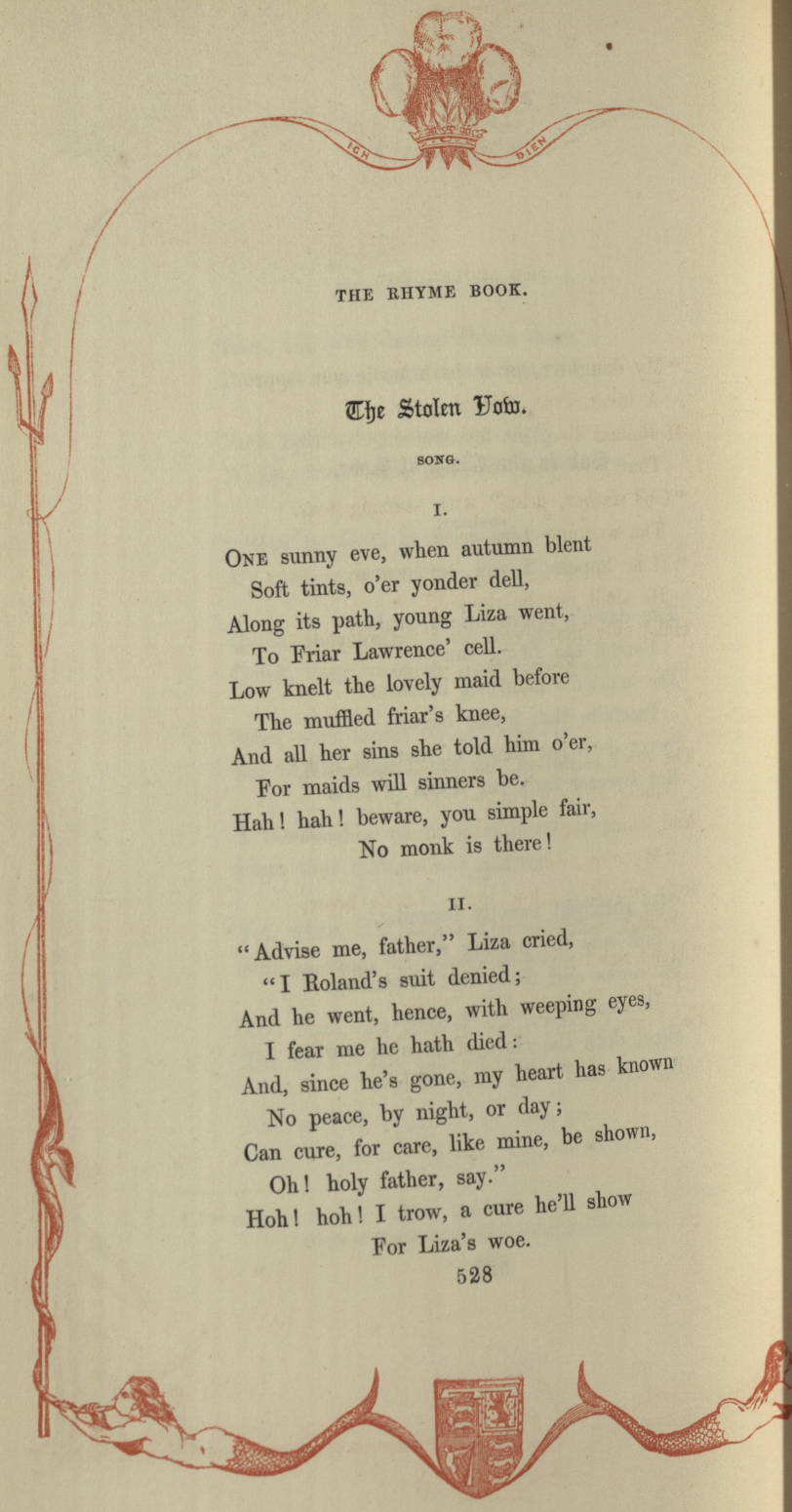
SONGLET.

I.

THE dawn's bright orient flushes,
Foretel the rising sun;
The maiden's mantling blushes,
Proclaim that love's begun:
Sweet doth the dawn of morning prove;
But sweeter far's the dawn of love.

II.

'Mid roselight sweetly beaming,
Soft sets the parting sun;
But sighs and tears, fast streaming,
Declare when love is gone;
Sweet doth the close of evening prove;
But ever sad's the close of love!



The Stolen Vow.

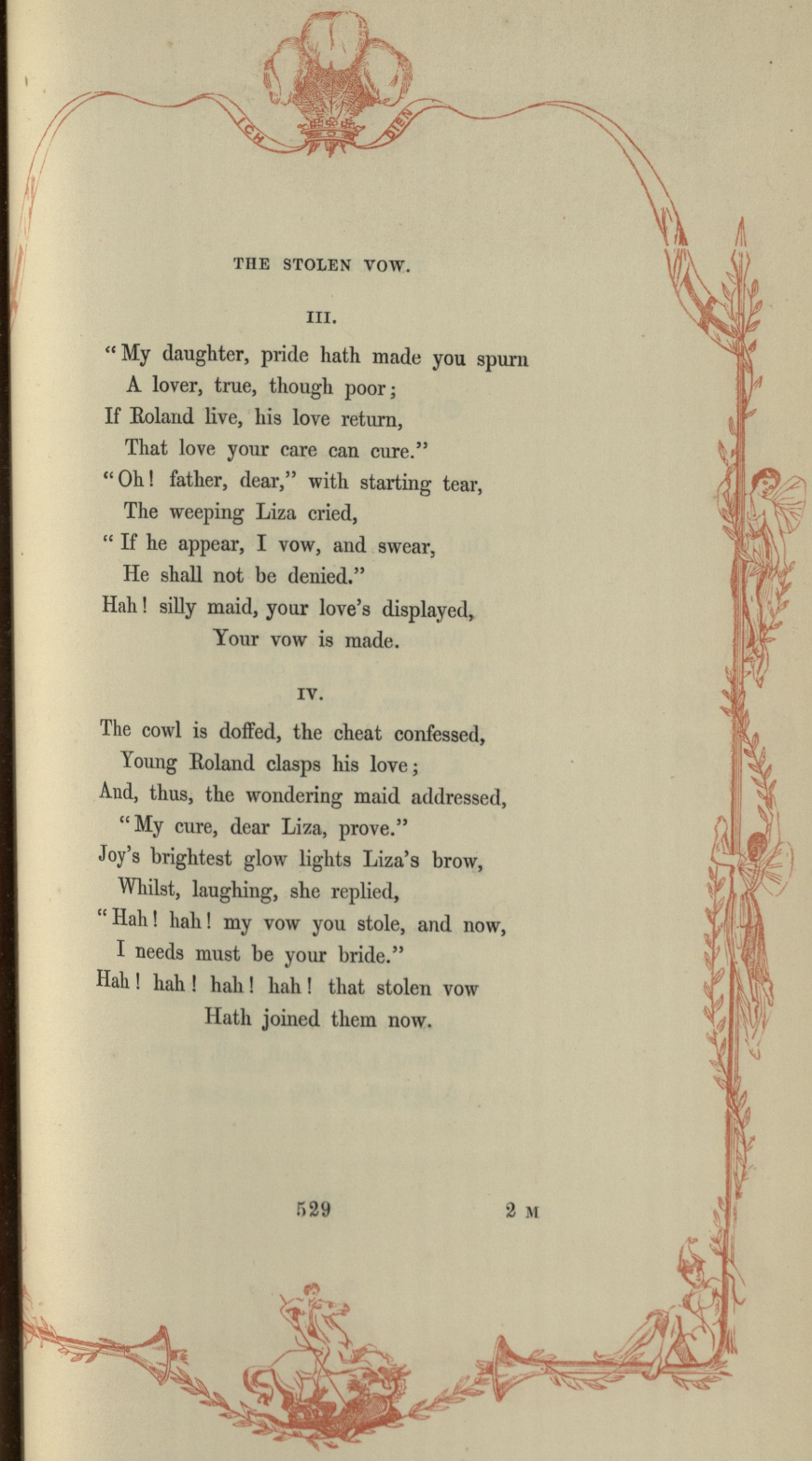
SONG.

I.

One sunny eve, when autumn blent
Soft tints, o'er yonder dell,
Along its path, young Liza went,
To Friar Lawrence' cell.
Low knelt the lovely maid before
The muffled friar's knee,
And all her sins she told him o'er,
For maids will sinners be.
Hah! hah! beware, you simple fair,
No monk is there!

II.

"Advise me, father," Liza cried,
"I Roland's suit denied;
And he went, hence, with weeping eyes,
I fear me he hath died:
And, since he's gone, my heart has known
No peace, by night, or day;
Can cure, for care, like mine, be shown,
Oh! holy father, say."
Hoh! hoh! I trow, a cure he'll show
For Liza's woe.



III.

"My daughter, pride hath made you spurn
A lover, true, though poor;
If Roland live, his love return,
That love your care can cure."
"Oh! father, dear," with starting tear,
The weeping Liza cried,
"If he appear, I vow, and swear,
He shall not be denied."
Hah! silly maid, your love's displayed,
Your vow is made.

IV.

The cowl is doffed, the cheat confessed,
Young Roland clasps his love;
And, thus, the wondering maid addressed,
"My cure, dear Liza, prove."
Joy's brightest glow lights Liza's brow,
Whilst, laughing, she replied,
"Hah! hah! my vow you stole, and now,
I needs must be your bride."
Hah! hah! hah! hah! that stolen vow
Hath joined them now.

Oh! Fairest and Dearest.

SONGLET.

I.

Oh! fairest, and dearest,
If thou could'st remain,
As, now, thou appearest,
Without change, or wane,
Thy beauty's young charms,
For ever, should be,
Thus clasped, in my arms,
A heaven, to me.

II.

But, dearest, and fairest,
Since that hope is vain;
And beauty, the rarest,
The soonest, will wane;
Oh! give me thy heart's love,
And, though beauty flee,
Thy heart's love shall, still, prove,
A heaven, to me.

The Rover.

SONGLET.

I.

THE gay swallow cometh,
When rose-buds appear;
But, far hence, he roameth,
When winter is near;
To the south's sunny bowers,
He hasteth away,
And deserteth his flowers,
When touched, by decay.

II.

None care for the swallow,
The gay summer bird;
That flies, false, and hollow,
When storms are, first, heard;
And all scorn the rover,
Who courts wealth and power;
And seems, a true lover,
But flees, when woes lower.

The Romance of Colvin.

I.

Towards Galgorm, Colvin walks;
To himself the Doctor talks:
"Spurned and poor, what would I give,
That I might, in splendour, live?"

II.

Quick, beside him, stands the Devil,
Thus, he speaks, polite, and civil—
"Thou shalt long, in splendour, live,
If thy soul, to me, thou'lt give.

III.

"Thy jackboot I'll fill, with gold,
Fill it, full, as it can hold,
If, when fifty years go round,
To give thy soul, thou'lt sign a bond."

IV.

"Done with you," the Doctor said;
"To-morrow, let the gold be paid.
What's the good of soul, to me,
While I live, in poverty?"

V.

Then, his bow the Devil made,
And, politely, thus, he said—
"On the morrow, shall the gold,
Into your jackboot, be told."

VI.

When the Devil, thence, had gone,
Thus, the Doctor mused alone—
"I must try and cheat the Devil,
Though he be both wise, and civil."

VII.

Then, the Doctor cut a hole,
Through the boot-heel, and the sole;
Cut a hole, too, through the floor,
And set the boot, that floor hole o'er.

VIII.

Round his bedroom, Colvin paced:
O'er the hole, the boot stands placed:
Now, the night has passed away,
And the Devil's come to pay.

IX.

Gold is brought in, by a flunkey,
With a black face, like a monkey;
Bowed the Doctor, to the Devil,
And, thus, spoke him, smooth, and civil—

X.

"You engage to fill this up,
Till the gold o'erflows the top;
When that's done, the bond I seal:
Is not this the way we deal?"

XI.

"Certainly, my dearest Doctor;
With me, you'll ne'er want a proctor;
Perfect gentleman am I,
What I say, I'll ne'er deny."

XII.

Then, the flunkey, from a sack,
That he carried, on his back;
In the boot, gold pieces spilled;
Soon he thought it would be filled.

XIII.

But, as fast, as in they pour,
Fell they, through the boot, and floor;
In the parlour, fell the gold—
The Devil saw, that he was sold.

XIV.

He saw the trick, the Doctor played him;
Dearly, for his soul, he paid him;
Deeply, for his cash, he mourned,
But, to break his word, he scorned.

XV.

"Off with you, my boy, and tell,
All the devils, now, in hell,
Well to sweep both land and sea,
And bring gold, galore, to me."

XVI.

Off to hell, the boy is gone,
Quick, the Devil's work is done;
Soon ten thousand demons come,
Swarming, round the Doctor's home.

XVII.

In the boot, their gold is spilled;
Soon, the room, beneath is filled:
Such a mass of golden store,
Ne'er on earth was seen before.

XVIII.

The bond is signed; the price is paid;
Parting, then, the Devil said:—
"All the souls I've bought and sold,
Have not cost me so much gold."

XIX.

With the gold, his parlour filling,
Bought he lands, from the McQuillan;
On them, built a castle fair,
Which, this day, is standing there.

XX.

Fifty years lived Doctor Colvin,
Every day, this problem solving,
How a man may buy most pleasure,
With a countless store of treasure.

XXI.

Fifty years, at length, are passed,
The present day must be his last;
Now, the doctor beats his brain,
How to cheat the De'il again.

XXII.

By him, stands a candle lighted:
Not a bit the Doctor's frighted,
When the De'il made his appearance,
Of his soul, to make a clearance.

XXIII.

When the De'il his hand had shaken,
And a chair, politely, taken,
Thus, his friend, the Doctor pressed,
With one, little, last request—

XXIV.

"I would beg, you're so polite!
While my candle keeps alight,
I might stay, *in statu quo*,
When it burns out, then we'll go."

XXV.

"Certainly, my dearest friend!
Your candle's very near its end;
In ten minutes, it will burn out,
Till that's done, you need not turn out."

XXVI.

Out the light the Doctor blew,
To the Bible, quick he flew,
'Twixt its leaves, the candle laid,
Then, laughing, to the Devil said:—

XXVII.

"You have promised, here, I'll stay,
Till this candle's burnt away;
In the Bible, you can't touch it,
And fire, never, shall approach it.

XXVIII.

"So I wish you, now, good morning,
I have done you to a turning:
I shall live, while life's amusing,
You may go, your time you're losing."

XXIX.

Then, the Devil shook his head,
And, at parting, thus, he said—
"All the rogues I've met revolving,
None can match you, Doctor Colvin."

XXX.

When, at length, the Doctor died,
Book and candle, by his side,
In his coffin, snug, were lain;
To this hour, they, there, remain.

XXXI.

Still, the candle is unburned out;
From his own, the Devil's turned out:
And the Doctor, wise, and funny,
Keeps him, still, out of his money.

The Wounded Bird.

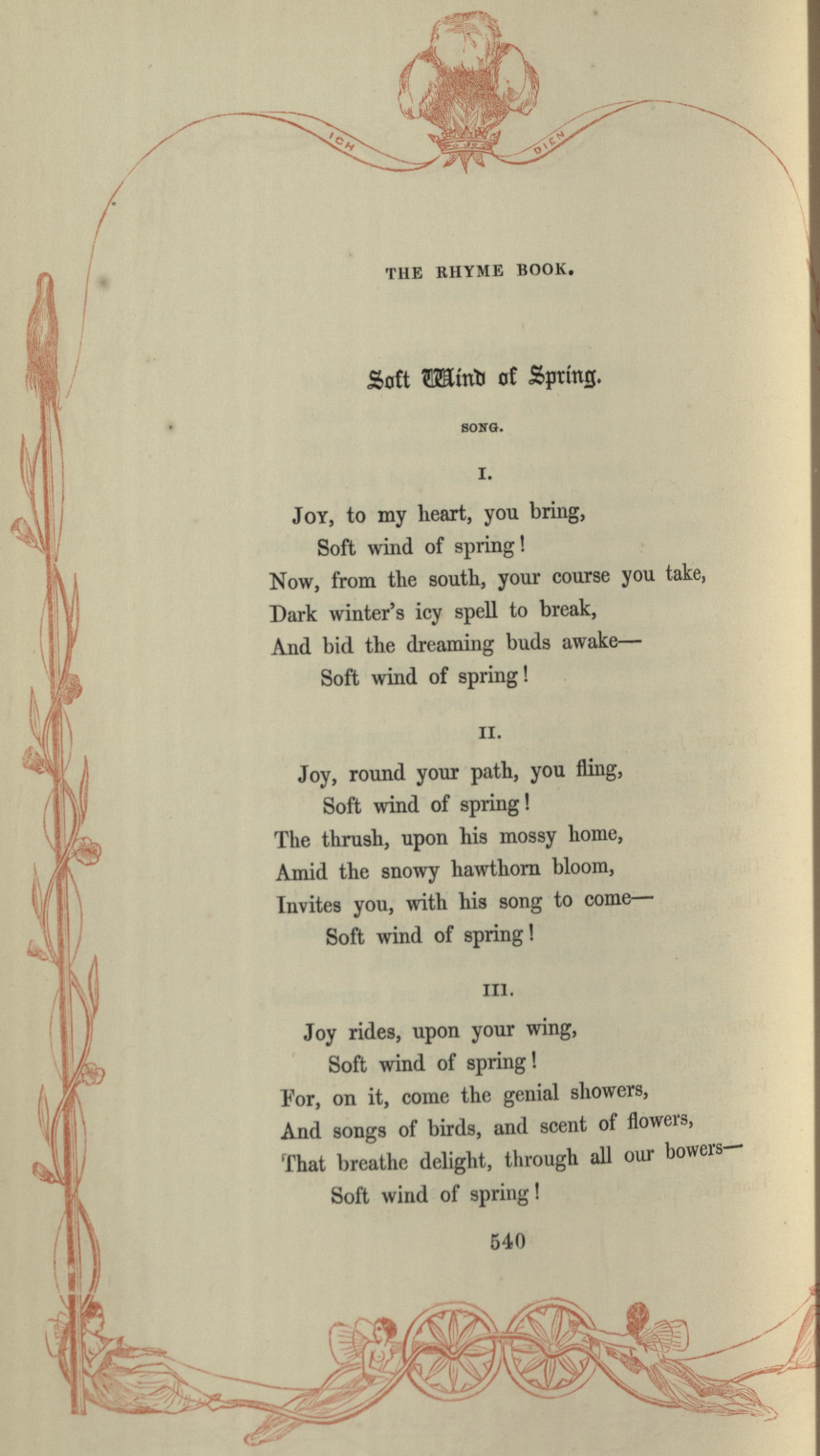
SONG.

I.

THE wounded bird! the wounded bird!
With broken wing, and blood-stained feather,
Where'er its plaintive cry is heard,
With levelled guns, the fowlers gather:
Along the reedy shore, it creeps,
With startled eye, and head, low bending;
Or dives, amid the silver deeps,
To 'scape the dreadful death, impending;
Alas! alas! its wiles are vain;
Its life-stream flows, in ruddy rain.

II.

My love-struck heart! my love-struck heart!
Thou, too, like the poor bird, art wounded;
Within thee, rankles love's keen dart,
And, with love's snares, thou art surrounded;
Bird-like, I plunge, amid life's sea;
But, like the fowler, love pursuing,
Mocks all my schemes, for liberty,
And hurls new darts, my soul subduing;
Like thee, poor bird, my heart is ta'en;
Like thine, its hopes of flight are vain.



Soft Wind of Spring.

SONG.

I.

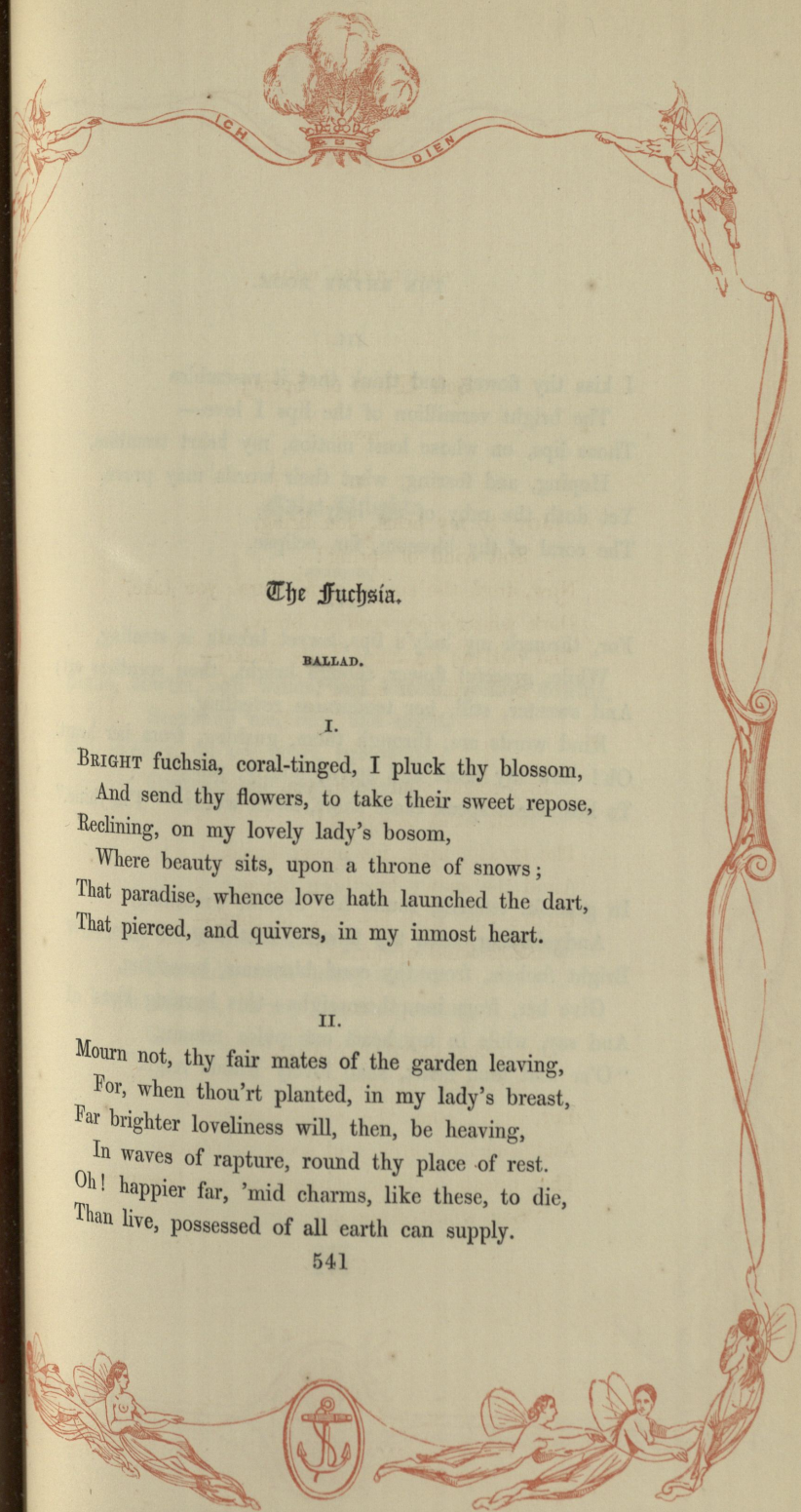
Joy, to my heart, you bring,
Soft wind of spring!
Now, from the south, your course you take,
Dark winter's icy spell to break,
And bid the dreaming buds awake—
Soft wind of spring!

II.

Joy, round your path, you fling,
Soft wind of spring!
The thrush, upon his mossy home,
Amid the snowy hawthorn bloom,
Invites you, with his song to come—
Soft wind of spring!

III.

Joy rides, upon your wing,
Soft wind of spring!
For, on it, come the genial showers,
And songs of birds, and scent of flowers,
That breathe delight, through all our bowers—
Soft wind of spring!



The Fuchsia.

BALLAD.

I.

Bright fuchsia, coral-tinged, I pluck thy blossom,
And send thy flowers, to take their sweet repose,
Reclining, on my lovely lady's bosom,
Where beauty sits, upon a throne of snows;
That paradise, whence love hath launched the dart,
That pierced, and quivers, in my inmost heart.

II.

Mourn not, thy fair mates of the garden leaving,
For, when thou'rt planted, in my lady's breast,
Far brighter loveliness will, then, be heaving,
In waves of rapture, round thy place of rest.
Oh! happier far, 'mid charms, like these, to die,
Than live, possessed of all earth can supply.

III.

I kiss thy flower, and think that it resembles
The bright vermillion of the lips I love—
Those lips, on whose least motion, my heart trembles,
Hoping, and fearing, what their words may prove.
Yet doth the ruby of my lady's lips,
The coral of thy blossom, far, eclipse.

IV.

For, through my lady's lips, sweet breath is stealing,
While, graceful flower, though bright, thou scentless art;
And sweeter, still, her tenderness revealing,
Kind words are, through them, gushing, from her heart.
Oh! how my heart and spirit, hourly, pine,
To hear them speak those short, sweet words—"I'm thine."

V.

In graceful tendrils, round her bosom, wreathing,
And shading, with thy flowers, that seat of bliss,
Bright fuchsia, from thy coral blossoms, breathing,
Give her, from me, these sighs—this burning kiss;
And say, while in my heart one pulse remain,
"O'er that fond heart, shall lovely Rhoda reign."

Calm Delight.

SONGLET.

I.

Birds, flowers, soft winds, and waters, gently, flowing,
Surround me, day, and night,
Still, sweetly, on my heart, bestowing,
Content, and calm delight.

II.

When day's toil wearies, sleep, my peace restoring,
Descends, with balmy night;
In bright dreams, on my bosom, pouring,
Content, and calm delight.

The Romance of the Bodach Glas.

I.

THE Bodach Glas! the Bodach Glas!
Beneath Ess Laiten's rocky mass,
Where falling waters rage, and foam,
Long stood thy dark and bloody home:
Ess Laiten, long, from thee, is freed,
No more, thy mangled victims bleed;
Yet terror, with its trembling tongue,
Still, tells thy tale, to old, and young.
Close gathered, round the blazing hearth,
Thou foulest fiend, of hell, or earth.

II.

Each form of beauty, and of youth,
Each look of tenderness, and truth,
Ess Laiten's demon could assume,
To lure his victims, to their doom:
If loveliness, alone, should prove,
Enough to tempt, to lawless love—
If beauty's outward form could bind,
In chains of love, the prurient mind,

Then, was the victim's lust-bound soul,
For ever, in his foul controul,
His minister of lust and blood,
Beneath Ess Laiten's foaming flood.

III.

But if youth's brightest, loveliest form,
Should fail his victim's heart to warm;
If matchless beauty should not move
His victim's soul, to thoughts of love,
Then, must the demon-spurner die;
Torn, by the demon, must he lie;
For, if he 'scape the demon's power,
The demon dies, within that hour.

IV.

If, for a while, the victim prove
Unmoved, by loveliness, to love;
If, from the Bodach Glas, he turn,
Or his soft blandishments should spurn,
Then, was each grace, that failed to charm,
Distorted, by wild passion's storm;
And shapes of lust and wrath displace,
The short-lived beauties of his face.
Such was the dreadful Bodach Glas,
The demon of Ess Laiten's pass.
How from his power and life he fell,
This simple tale shall, briefly, tell.

V.

Aurora, in the east, arose,
  Her cheek of changing beauty showing,
And, with the violet, and rose,
  The sun's course, through the blue sky, strewing.
And, now, the countless starry host,
  Before the power of light, was flying,
And yielding each cœrulean post,
  Along the plains of heaven, lying.
The dew, that slept, throughout the night,
  In blossoms, 'neath its slight weight, bending,
On wings of mist, now, takes its flight,
  From its sweet couch, towards heaven, ascending.
Led by the hours, and beauty, through the skies,
O'er highland hills, the sweet aurora flies.

VI.

On Badenoch, the morn, now shines;
The dew-drops glitter, on its pines;
The birds rise, from their mossy homes,
And, with her flocks, young Mora comes.

VII.

Gentlest and loveliest of the Gael,
  Is Mora, white-haired Kenneth's daughter;
Fair, as the lily of the vale,
  She comes, along Ess Laiten's water;
Her flocks, before her, crop the heath,
That blooms, Ess Laiten's rocks beneath.

VIII.

Her blue eyes, with her white flocks, move,
Her heart is, with her absent love;
With Muric of the raven hair,
The graceful youth of Benadare.
Choice of her heart, the valiant youth,
Within whose soul, dwell love and truth,

IX.

One of her flock has strayed away—
Oh! whither has the straggler gone?
Now left, now right, she bends her way,
To find the missing one.
She leans across the rocky ledge,
Upon the waterfall's dark edge;
And, as she looks down, on the foam,
Deep moans of anguish upward come.

X.

Some one has fallen among the rocks—
Oh! could she aid the lone one wounded?
She thinks, no more, about her flocks,
But, down the rocky pass, she bounded;
With her light crook, her steps to aid,
Light, as a roebuck, sprang the maid,
Until she reached a gloomy cave,
Upon the brink of Laiten's wave.

XI.

From the dark cave, the groans resound,
With fearless step, the maiden enters,
And sees, now, dying, on the ground,
The youth in whom her being centres—
Her Muric torn, and bathed, in gore,
Lies dying, on the cave's damp floor.

XII.

She knelt, beside him on the ground,
Her kerchief, from her neck unbound,
And strove, to stanch the deadly wound.
Upon his brow she pressed her lips,
And marked o'er every feature stealing,
That last soul-darkening eclipse,
The near approach of death revealing;
And, as she marked this dreadful shade,
In agony, thus, spoke the maid:—

XIII.

"Speak to me, dearest Muric, speak!
Though death be seated on thy cheek;
Speak to thy Mora, ere we part,
Oh! husband of my soul and heart!"

XIV.

Her voice the dying Muric knows;
Slowly, his heavy lids unclose;
The love, that, in his bosom, lies,
Lights, with its deathless beam, his eyes;
His Mora's hand he, feebly, clasps,
And, thus, his last words, faintly, gasps:—

XV.

"Fly, from this cavern, dearest, fly!
Else soul and body, both, may die;
This is the dreadful Bodach's ground,
His mangled victims lie, around:
My heart the Bodach sought to charm,
In woman's softest, loveliest form;
But beauty's lure was lost, on me,
While all my heart was filled, with thee—
Was filled, with thoughts of thee and love,
That, e'en in death, shall, deathless, prove:
And, when his demon wiles I spurned,
The fiend, in fury, on me, turned,
And rent me, with his horrid fangs,
And left me, writhing, in death's pangs:
Heart of my heart, oh! fly this place,
Your love-led footsteps, fast, retrace—
Fly, from this horrid cavern, fly!
And leave me, here, alone, to die."

XVI.

She clasped him to her throbbing heart,
Beside his mangled form, low, kneeling;
Down her pale cheeks, the tears, fast, start,
The anguish of her soul revealing:
At length, her faltering accents broke,
And, thus, with sighs, and tears, she spoke:—

XVII.

"Oh! do not break my faithful heart,
By asking me to fly;
Nor bid thy lover, from thee, part,
Because dark danger's nigh:
How dread soe'er this doom may prove,
If, only, it be thine,
By strong necessity of love,
It must—it must be mine!

XVIII.

"A rapture strange, a nameless pride,
The true heart ever proves,
In sinking, amid ruin's tide,
Along with those it loves:
This joy, now, lights my bosom's gloom,
And tells, that I, alone,
Shall guard thy life, or share thy doom,
My beautiful—my own!"

XIX.

A faint smile played o'er Muric's lips,
Now, dark, with coming death's eclipse;
He tries to speak, but voice is flown,
His thanks, fond looks may speak, alone:
One moment, struggle death, and love,
But short, alas! the strife must prove;
For filmy eye, and parted breath,
Proclaim thee victor, gloomy death!

XX.

She saw the mortal strife was o'er,
And knelt, beside him, on the floor:
In agony, her hands were pressed,
Upon her sorrow-laden breast;
Grief dimmed her eye, and dulled her ear,
Else had she seen, approaching near,
A youth of noble form and mien,
And beauty, wondrous to be seen.

XXI.

Bright, as the morn, his beauty shone;
Like eve's soft star, his eyes are glowing;
His curling locks of glossy brown,
In masses, down his back, are flowing;
By Mora's side, the stranger stands;
He takes her hand, between his hands;
And, thus, with lover's warmth, addressed,
The maiden of the mourning breast—

XXII.

"Fly, from this scene of death and woe,
Oh! maiden of the breast of snow—
Fly to my bower, where bright joys shine,
Fly, and, for ever, there, be mine!
And raptures of unending love
Shall, from thy breast, all grief remove,
And steep thy life, in floods of joy,
That, ever, flow, and, never, cloy."

XXIII.

Her head the weeping Mora raised,
And, on the glorious stranger, gazed;
Grief's clouds, across her vision, roll,
And, for a moment, dimm'd her soul:
The next, truth, o'er her sad soul, beams,
As lightning, o'er the dark sky, gleams—
"It is the fiend, that slew her love;
He comes, her constancy, to prove:
The horrid demon of the pass—
It is! it is the Bodach Glas!"

XXIV.

Quick, to her feet, the maiden sprung—
Back, from her brow, her locks she flung—
Upon her heart, her hands are pressed,
To still the heaving of her breast;
At length, by love, and grief, made brave,
Thus rang her answer, through the cave—

XXV.

"Foulest of all the fiends of hell!
Thou, by whose hand, my Muric fell!
Thy love—thy hate—alike, I scorn!
Thee, and thy proffered love, I spurn!"

XXVI.

A change came o'er the Bodach's form,
And seemed to melt each youthful charm:
Now rage, now lust, his spirit held,
And, to their shapes, his body swelled;
The storm of passion swelled his frame,
As wind, the bubbles of the stream;
And bodied forth, to mortal eyes,
Each vice's very shape and size.

XXVII.

Now, wrath, o'er other passions rose,
And, to the form of wrath, he grows:
Wrath's very shape the fiend assumes—
Wrath's fire his bloodshot eye illumes—
His features take wrath's lurid hue—
His quivering lips wrath's foam flakes glue;
And, as more furious grew wrath's storm,
Higher and higher rose his form;
Until it swelled, and filled the path,
Embodied rage—incarnate wrath!

XXVIII.

Now wrath's dark storm began to wane;
Hot lust assumes its hideous reign,
And burned, in every throbbing vein:
Lust's shape the demon's form assumed—
Wild lust, in every feature loomed—
All forms, that show lust's hideous power,
Bud forth, like blossoms, on the flower;
Transformed, by lust, the fiend of blood,
A monster demon satyr stood.

XXIX.

"Wilt thou be mine," the demon cried,
"Or die, as yonder fool has died?
Thy doom, now, hangs, upon thy breath,
Choose which thou wilt, or love, or death."

XXX.

"Death! death!" with flashing eyes, she cried,
"Death, by my murdered Muric's side:
Since I have loved, he was my life,
I lived but to be Muric's wife;
My heart, with him, was, ever, fraught—
Blended with him, was every thought—
With him, thought, heart, and life, seem fled;
Welcome the hand that lays me dead."

XXXI.

He seized her, in his iron grasp;
Around her waist, his strong arms clasp;
He sprang, with her, from earth, above,
Far out of sight of her dead love;
And placed her, on a rock's high crest,
Where long had stood the eagle's nest—
A rock, that hung, o'er Laiten's wave,
Round whose dark roots, the waters rave.

XXXII.

Once more, he took bright beauty's form—
Once more, youth lent him all its charm—
Once more, his locks, in long curls, flowed—
Once more, his eyes, with love's fire glowed—
Once more, he cried "Fair maid be mine,
And joys shall, ever, round thee, shine."

XXXIII.

She shrank, with horror, from his grasp,
With throbbing breast, and heaving gasp;
"Cease, fiend," she cried, "and let me die;
Thy love I loathe, thyself defy,
Thy threats despise, and dare thy worst—
Oh! demon, murderous and accurst."

XXXIV.

Once more, his beauty melts, away—
Once more, returns foul vice's sway;
He seems, in some dark passion's throe,
Worse, than the worst, that mortals know.
A wild convulsion shakes his form,
As shakes the oak, before the storm.
The storm, that, through, him tore its path,
Was fiercer, than the fiercest wrath:
The tempest passion, gust on gust,
Seemed wilder, than the wildest lust.
From his swollen frame, as from a root,
Strange shapes of horror, wildly shoot,
Each wilder, stranger, than the last;
Until, the maiden shrank, aghast,
And turned, from where the demon stood,
And gazed down, on the foaming flood.

XXXV.

Beneath her feet, far, far below,
Rush Laiten's waters, white, as snow.
She sees them fall, she hears them roar,
As, down the rocky ledge, they pour;
Might she not 'scape the fiend of blood,
By plunging, in that seething flood?
Could she not find a peaceful grave,
In Laiten's foam-besilvered wave?

XXXVI.

The demon, now, spreads forth his hands,
Towards where the maiden, shrinking, stands.
Horror and anguish seize her now—
His hot breath seems to burn her brow.
She clasps her hands, upon her breast,
And springs down, from the rock's high crest;
Her robe, by the light breezes, swelled,
A moment, her light weight upheld;
The next, she plunged, beneath the foam,
And found, at length, a peaceful home—
A calm, although a nameless grave,
Beneath Ess Laiten's gloomy wave.

XXXVII.

Loud howled the conquered Bodach Glas,
When, from his grasp, he saw her pass.
She has escaped, and he must die,
E'en where he stands—he may not fly,
Nor move, nor hope, for friend, or aid,
Slain, by a simple mountain maid.
His limbs are all, asunder, torn—
His dying cries, around, are borne—
And echo carries, down the pass,
The howlings of the Bodach Glas.

XXXVIII.

And, now, sweet music, softly, swelled,
  Upon the ear of evening, stealing;
And those, in demon dungeon, held,
  Came forth, with cries of joy, loud pealing;
And, as they rent the fiend's foul chain,
Thus rose, aloft, their joyful strain:—

XXXIX.

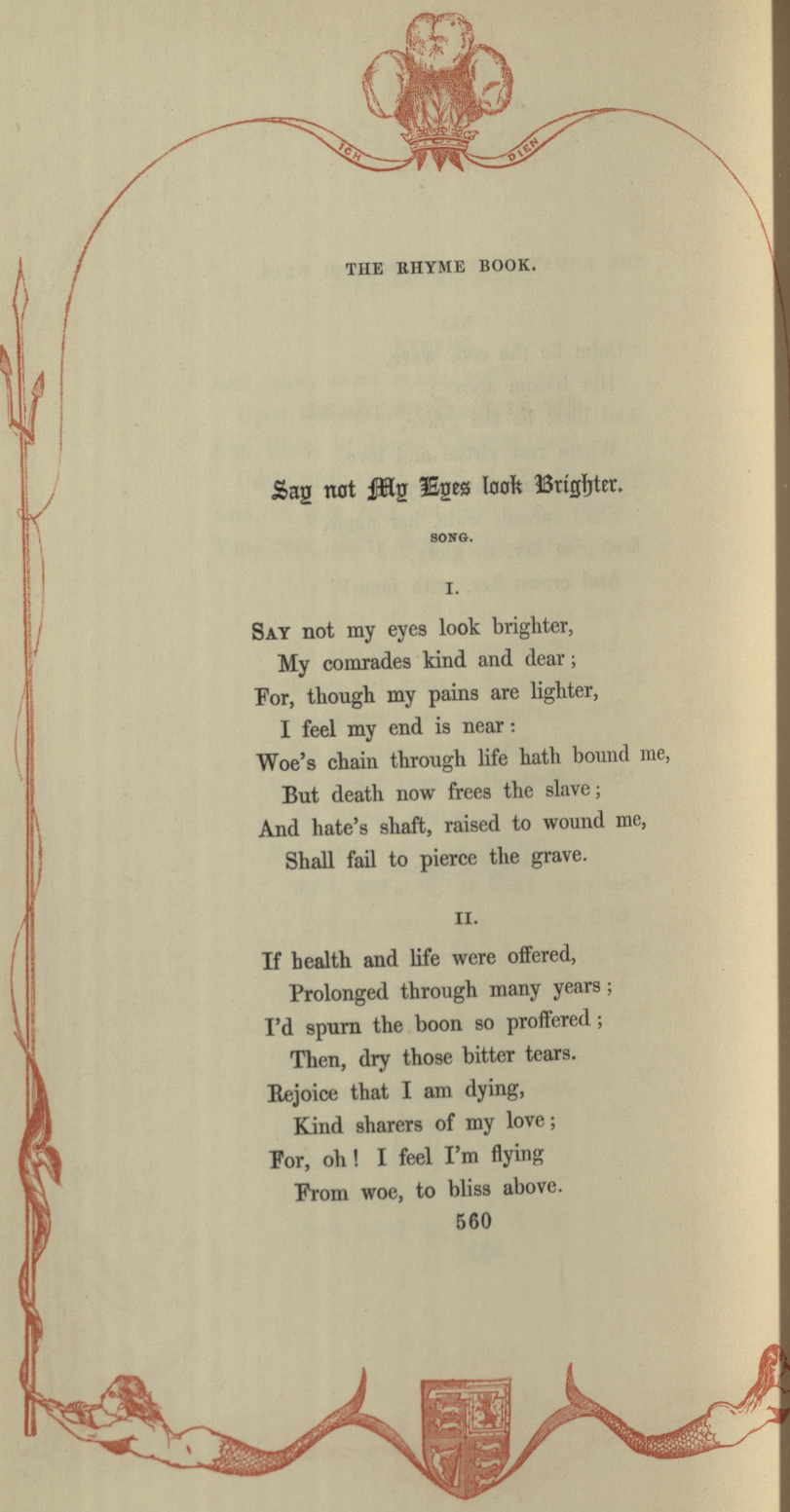
"We are free! we are free!
  From the tyrant's foul chain;
We are free! we are free!
  On the mountain again.
Long, long, have we languished,
  By demon decree,
But virtue hath vanquished,
  And, now, we are free!

XL.

"Oh! bless'd be the maiden,
  Our freedom, who gave;
Though, with sorrow o'erladen,
  Though, nameless her grave.
On virtue reliant,
  Defiant of all,
She vanquished the giant,
  And saved us from thrall.

XLI.

"Calm lie the cool wave,
Her bosom above;
And blest be the grave,
Where rest virtue and love.
The song and the story
Shall spread, wide, her name,
And give her, to glory,
And crown her, with fame!"



Say not My Eyes look Brighter.

SONG.

I.

Say not my eyes look brighter,
My comrades kind and dear;
For, though my pains are lighter,
I feel my end is near:
Woe's chain through life hath bound me,
But death now frees the slave;
And hate's shaft, raised to wound me,
Shall fail to pierce the grave.

II.

If health and life were offered,
Prolonged through many years;
I'd spurn the boon so proffered;
Then, dry those bitter tears.
Rejoice that I am dying,
Kind sharers of my love;
For, oh! I feel I'm flying
From woe, to bliss above.

The Small, Green Mound.

SONG.

I.

Why dost thou weep, oh! man of woes,
And cry that nought can save?
Is not escape from all thy woes,
Assured thee in the grave?
The small, green mound, that swells around
The poor man's lowly tomb,
A shield is found 'gainst every wound,
Seek, there, thy peaceful home.

II.

Grief ever clings to us below;
Still o'er us hangs some dread;
And joys but for a moment show,
To pain us more, when fled:
But when the mound shall swell around,
And guard thy lowly tomb;
No woe can wound, but slumber sound
Shall bless thy peaceful home.

Death.

SONG.

I.

I DREAD thee not, oh! ruthless death,
Though horror clothe thy breast;
Though writhing brow, and gasping breath,
Thy ghastly power attest.
Thy mansion is a home of rest,
Though dark its portals show,
And gives thy sorrow-stricken guest
Escape from mortal woe.

II.

I dread thee not, oh! ruthless death,
Although thy subject born;
For he, who grasps the shield of faith,
May laugh thy dart to scorn;
May high defiance, fearless, fling
At all the power of thee;
And boldly sing, death! where's thy sting?
Grave! where's thy victory?

The Romance of Shan Barna.

Shan Barna has stabled his fleet dappled gray,
In the loftiest crag of the brown Slievebay;

And there dwells Shan Barna, the outlaw wild,
With his brother, his wife, and his only child.

His little Shan Bawn, with the light, curling hair,
The sunshine, and joy, of the dark outlaw's lair.

From the top of Slievebay they keep close watch and ward,
Their lives from the fell Tory hunters to guard.

Now, Shan Barna away to the lowlands is sped,
To bring home, for his little Shan Bawn, the white bread.

Away he has sped, in the clouds of the night,
To gather the black mail from Evatt and Wright:

For both Evatt and Wright paid a monthly tax,
To save, from Shan Barna, their cattle and stacks.

A pound to Shan Barna they each of them paid,
And a quarter of beef and a stone of bread.

But the fell Tory hunters were all on the watch,
By fraud or by force, brave Shan Barna to catch.

Now the fierce Tory hunters were fifty men strong,
And black Jemmy Hamilton led them along.

At the foot of the mountain, in ambush, they lay—
Shan Barna, his child, and his brother to slay;

And to get the blood-money upon their heads laid,
For that is the fell Tory hunter's base trade.

Now Shan and his brother have raised Evatt's tax,
And the bread and the beef is safe stowed on their backs.

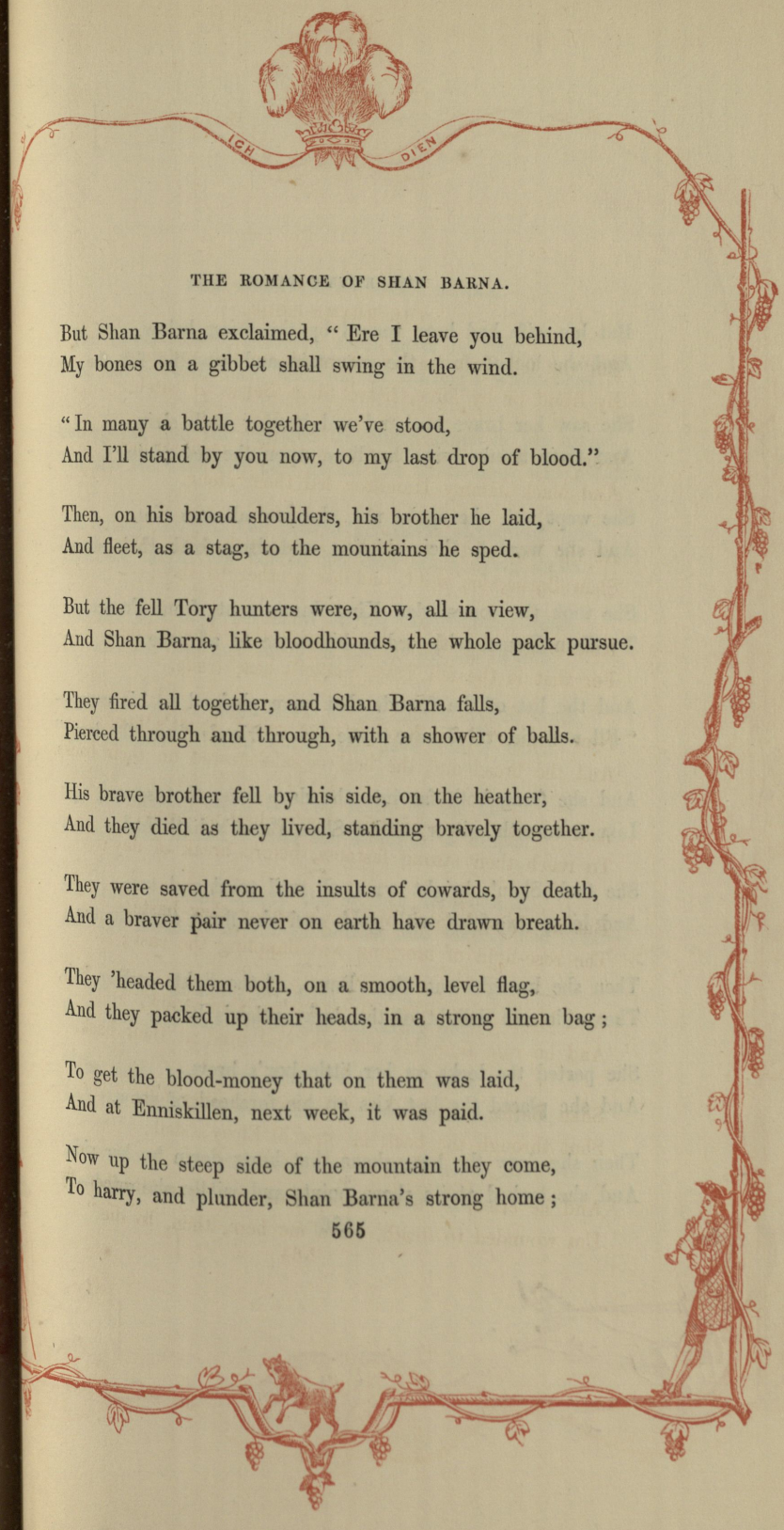
And to the high mountain they're hasting away,
To reach their strong fastness, before break of day;

But as through Stra M'Elroy's valley they haste,
The rose-light of morning was dappling the east;

And black Jemmy Hamilton lay on their track,
And he rose from his ambush, and fired at their back.

Shan Barna escaped, but his brave brother fell,
Shot through the back in Stra M'Elroy's dell;

And he cried, "To the mountains, my brave brother, fly;
I'm wounded to death, leave me here, then, to die."



But Shan Barna exclaimed, "Ere I leave you behind,
My bones on a gibbet shall swing in the wind.

"In many a battle together we've stood,
And I'll stand by you now, to my last drop of blood."

Then, on his broad shoulders, his brother he laid,
And fleet, as a stag, to the mountains he sped.

But the fell Tory hunters were, now, all in view,
And Shan Barna, like bloodhounds, the whole pack pursue.

They fired all together, and Shan Barna falls,
Pierced through and through, with a shower of balls.

His brave brother fell by his side, on the heather,
And they died as they lived, standing bravely together.

They were saved from the insults of cowards, by death,
And a braver pair never on earth have drawn breath.

They 'headed them both, on a smooth, level flag,
And they packed up their heads, in a strong linen bag;

To get the blood-money that on them was laid,
And at Enniskillen, next week, it was paid.

Now up the steep side of the mountain they come,
To harry, and plunder, Shan Barna's strong home;

But his wife had been roused by the firing below,
And she looked from the mountain and saw the fell foe:

She saw her brave husband and brother both slain,
And their trunks lying headless, upon the red plain.

She wept not, she spoke not, she saw all was o'er,
And she went to their shieling, and drew forth their store.

She took the commission King James sent, from France,
To Shan Barna, with orders his cause to advance.

And the list of the friends that were pledged to his cause—
"I'll not die, till I save these brave friends from the laws."

And she flung both far into the deep lake, that spread,
Like a smooth mirror, under Shan Barna's high bed.

She took Shan's bright arms, all well tried and true,
And his purse filled with gold, and she flung them in too.

Then she brought out Shan Bawn, of the light, curling hair,
The pride and delight of the dark outlaw's lair.

She parted the locks on her little boy's brow,
And she placed the last kiss on his forehead of snow.

Then she drew the long skene that hung down by her side,
And she looked at its sharp point, and wildly she cried—

"The blood-money, dearest! shall never be paid,
That the cowards have laid, on my darling's white head."

She spoke, and she plunged the sharp skene in his breast,
Till she felt that the hilt 'gainst the breast-bone was pressed.

She raised towards the heaven her dark, streaming eyes,
That she might not behold her dear son's dying sighs.

But she still kept her hand on his skene-cloven heart,
Till she felt the last throb of his young life depart.

Then she carried him down to the lake's crystal wave,
And beneath its deep waters she gave him a grave.

She brandished, aloft, the red skene in the air,
For she felt in her bosom the strength of despair.

She stood in wild beauty the smooth lake beside,
And she looked o'er the mountain, and fiercely she cried—

"Foul Tory hunters, begotten in hell,
Well may you raise now that dastardly yell:

"The eagle has fallen, but not in fair strife,
And the heather is red with the stream of his life;

"The strong mountain eagle your false hands have slain—
Alas! ne'er to soar o'er his mountains again.

"Come, cravens, and see how the wild outlaw's wife,
Will be true to her husband, in death, as in life.

"Oh! fond one, and brave one, through sorrow and shame,
To me thou wert ever unchanging, the same;

"No foes, and no dangers, brought terrors to thee,
If a victory o'er them gave pleasure to me.

"Oh! dearer to me art thou, mangled and slain,
Than all that the rest of the world may contain;

"And prouder I feel, in thus dying for thee,
Than if earth's greatest monarch my suitor should be!"

She spoke, and she plunged in her breast the sharp knife;
But ere, through the deep wound, had ebbed forth her life,

Far, and wildly, she leaped in the lake's crystal wave,
And, beneath its deep waters, she found a calm grave.

And thus died Shan Barna, the outlaw wild,
His brother, his wife, and his only child.

When I Court the Sweet Breeze.

SONG.

I.

When I court the sweet breeze, 'mid the blossoming trees,
Your cheek, in each rich bloom, my fancy still sees;
When I wander, in sleep, through the region of dreams,
In each landscape of Dreamland, your loveliness beams;
As I read the learned volume, along each wise line,
To the eyes of my heart, your brown eyes softly shine:
Oh! nought, from *their* vision, your form can remove,
While you are so lovely, and I so in love.

II.

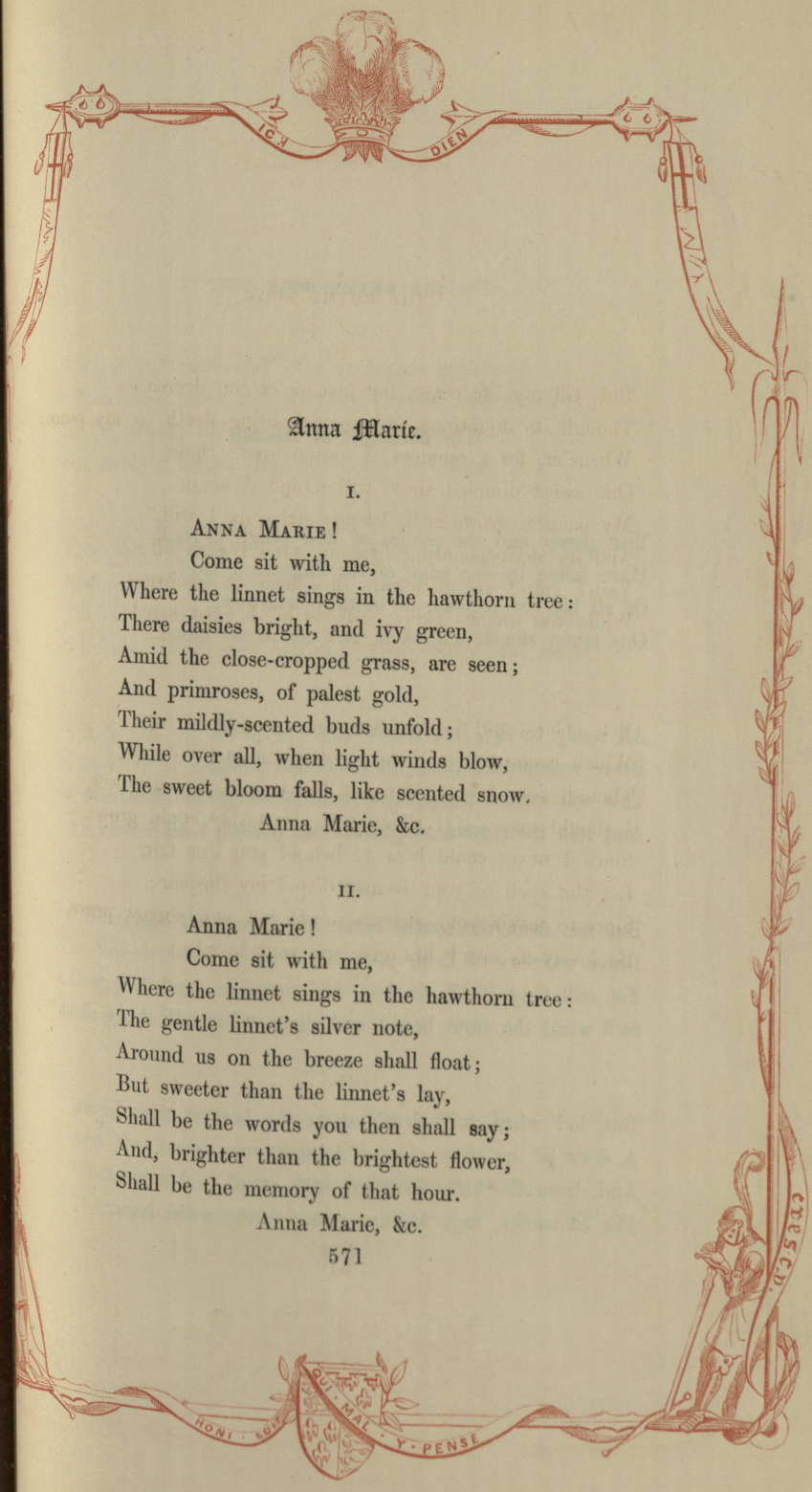
Strange terrors will dart, through my love-troubled heart,
Whene'er from your presence I'm forced to depart;
Each friend that comes near, as a rival I fear;
In each whispered word, some new danger I fear;
My life seems to hang, in suspense, on your breath;
Each change in your looks seems a sentence of death:
These doubtings, and terrors, what power can remove,
While you are so lovely, and I so in love?

III.

But, till my life cease, my love ne'er can decrease;
Though its doubtings and anguish bring death to my peace:
Whene'er, for a moment, I loosen love's chain,
One sweet dimpled smile will rebind it again:
My passion grows still, let me strive as I will,
And its swift-mounting fires my fond bosom fill:
Vain! vain! are all efforts this flame to remove—
While you are so lovely, still! still! I must love!

IV.

Yet, ne'er could I pray that the love-lighted ray,
Which beams in your eyes, should in lustre decay;
Though your bosom of snow, has caused me such woe,
I should grieve if I thought it less lovely could grow:
Since I never could bear to behold you less fair,
Let the spell of your beauty dispel my despair;
Since to lessen your charms would but new sorrow prove,
Be lovely as ever! but give me your love!



Anna Marie.

I.

Anna Marie!
Come sit with me,
Where the linnet sings in the hawthorn tree:
There daisies bright, and ivy green,
Amid the close-cropped grass, are seen;
And primroses, of palest gold,
Their mildly-scented buds unfold;
While over all, when light winds blow,
The sweet bloom falls, like scented snow.
Anna Marie, &c.

II.

Anna Marie!
Come sit with me,
Where the linnet sings in the hawthorn tree:
The gentle linnet's silver note,
Around us on the breeze shall float;
But sweeter than the linnet's lay,
Shall be the words you then shall say;
And, brighter than the brightest flower,
Shall be the memory of that hour.
Anna Marie, &c.

The Romance of Aileach.

I.

THE power and the armies of Red Hugh O'Neill
Have fallen by the edge of the Sassenach steel;
Of all his red legions, in battle o'erthrown,
One troop stands unbroken, and one troop alone.

II.

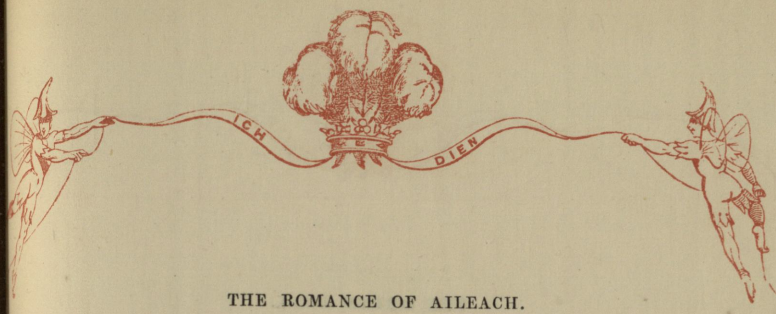
All ready to die, but resolved not to yield,
Brave remnants of many a red battle-field,
This war-wasted troop raise their broad banner still,
And rein their good war-steeds on Aileach's high hill.

III.

But see, from the south, comes the Sassenach host;
Brave warriors of Erin, your last hope is lost!
Yet still they stand, fearless, and moveless, and true;
Still wield the stout brand, and shout "Lambdh dearg aboo."

IV.

But, lo! when swift death seems the best of their hopes,
A door in the steep side of Aileach, now opes;
And, from the high doorway, with wand in his hand,
The enchanter, sage Merlin, comes forth to the band.



V.

"Enter in! enter in!" the enchanter exclaimed,
"Enter in! enter in! warriors fearless, and famed;
In the depths of the mountain, a refuge you'll find;
For safety's before you, but death is behind."

VI.

Then the warriors wheeled round, as the sage showed the way,
And entered the mountain, in martial array,
Till they reached, in its centre, a high-vaulted dome;
"Behold," said wise Merlin, "your refuge and home.

VII.

"Here rest ye, in safety, and peaceful repose,
Forgotten by friends, and defended from foes,
Unweakened by age, unpolluted by crime,
All armed, and girded, and biding your time.

VIII.

"Here rest ye, in slumber, unbroken, and still,
In this dome of enchantment beneath Aileach's hill;
Here dream ye of heroes, and glories sublime,
All ready for action, and biding your time.

IX.

"When the wrongs of green Erin o'er earth shall be borne,
And the hearts of her people, with anguish, be torn;
When death's a relief, and endurance a crime,
Then rise from your slumbers, for that is your time.

X.

"When the wood is so dry that the least spark will light,
Then march forth from Aileach, and rush to the fight;
When the dread hour of vengeance on spoilers shall chime,
Then start from your slumbers, for that is your time."

XI.

His wand of enchantment he waved then around,
And the horse and the horseman sank down on the ground;
There in slumber they lie, still in manhood's strong prime,
All armed, and girded, and biding their time.

Lethe's River.

SONGLET.

I.

Alas! time's swift stream
Is Lethe's river;
Bright loves o'er it gleam,
Then sink for ever;
Brief! oh! brief's their stay,
Time's stream adorning;
Then they pass away,
'Mid tears and mourning.

II.

But when these depart,
New loves soon shining,
Bid man's changeful heart,
Cease from its pining;
First love's golden beam
Fades then, for ever;
And, thus, time's swift stream
Is Lethe's river.

Dreamland.

I.

I HAVE no house, or land, or gold,
  Upon this dull, cold, earth remaining,
But an estate in Dreamland hold,
  Where summer sunshine knows no waning.
While soulless slaves, with sleepless care,
  For power and wealth are daily straining,
To happy Dreamland we'll repair,
  All tyrants, slaves, and wealth disdaining.
Hurrah! to Dreamland let us go,
And spurn this sordid world below.

II.

Gold's worthless dross you do not find,
  Within the realms of Dreamland lying,
But treasures of the noble mind,
  All priceless, countless, and undying.
The glorious thought—the unselfish aim,
  That treats all mankind, as if brothers—
The love of country and of fame—
  The death-blow met for good of others—
The proofs from time to time man gives,
That, still, God's spirit in him lives.

III.

The gold-made great you do not meet,
Within the realms of Dreamland moving;
But those whose titles to be great,
Are stamped by all mankind's approving
See the pale poet's noble brow,
With heaven-sent lustre brightly glowing;
See Cato comes to meet you now,
The way to baffle tyrants showing;
Tully and Brutus join our band,
And grasp you with a friendly hand.

IV.

See Hampden's freedom-lighted eyes,
Are beaming from his face of beauty—
"Save! save my country!" still he cries,
Still ponders on the Briton's duty.
Thermophylæ's three hundred now,
As comrades true are Hampden meeting;
And Washington's heroic brow
Lights up with joy, his brother greeting.
All that are true, and pure, and brave,
Meet here, unsevered by the grave.

V.

Here we devise full many a plan,
  To heal the heart, and banish sorrow,
And give the woe-benighted man,
  A dawn of hope, a happy morrow.
To coral isles his steps we lead,
  And build for him, a smiling bower,
And choose for him a verdant mead,
  And plant, for him, the fragrant flower;
And bid grief from his soul depart;
And joy once more illume his heart.

VI.

But to be fit to join the bands,
  Who Dreamland's happy realms inherit,
Unstained, and pure, must be your hands,
  Unchained, and fearless, be your spirit—
Shake from your soul the sordid dust,
  That still life's traveller is soiling;
In truth and virtue place your trust,
  And for fame's wreath be ever toiling;
And then you shall be fit to be,
One of this noble company!

Anger.

SONG.

I.

When anger flashes on your cheek,
The burning words restrain;
And let not passion, madly break,
The links of love's bright chain:
The flame, that for a moment rules,
And glows, with ruddy glare,
When, sinking to the earth, it cools,
Leaves blackness and despair.

II.

Oh! count how many years were spent,
In weaving love's bright chain;
How, o'er it, smiles and tears were blent—
Then make not all these vain:
Break not these golden bonds! oh! think,
When once they're torn apart,
They'll ne'er unite—but each rent link
Will rankle in the heart.

The Romance of Strongbow.

I.

THE Irish host is at hand—
Ululu! ululu!
'Gainst Strongbow's band, glares each brand,
Ululu!

II.

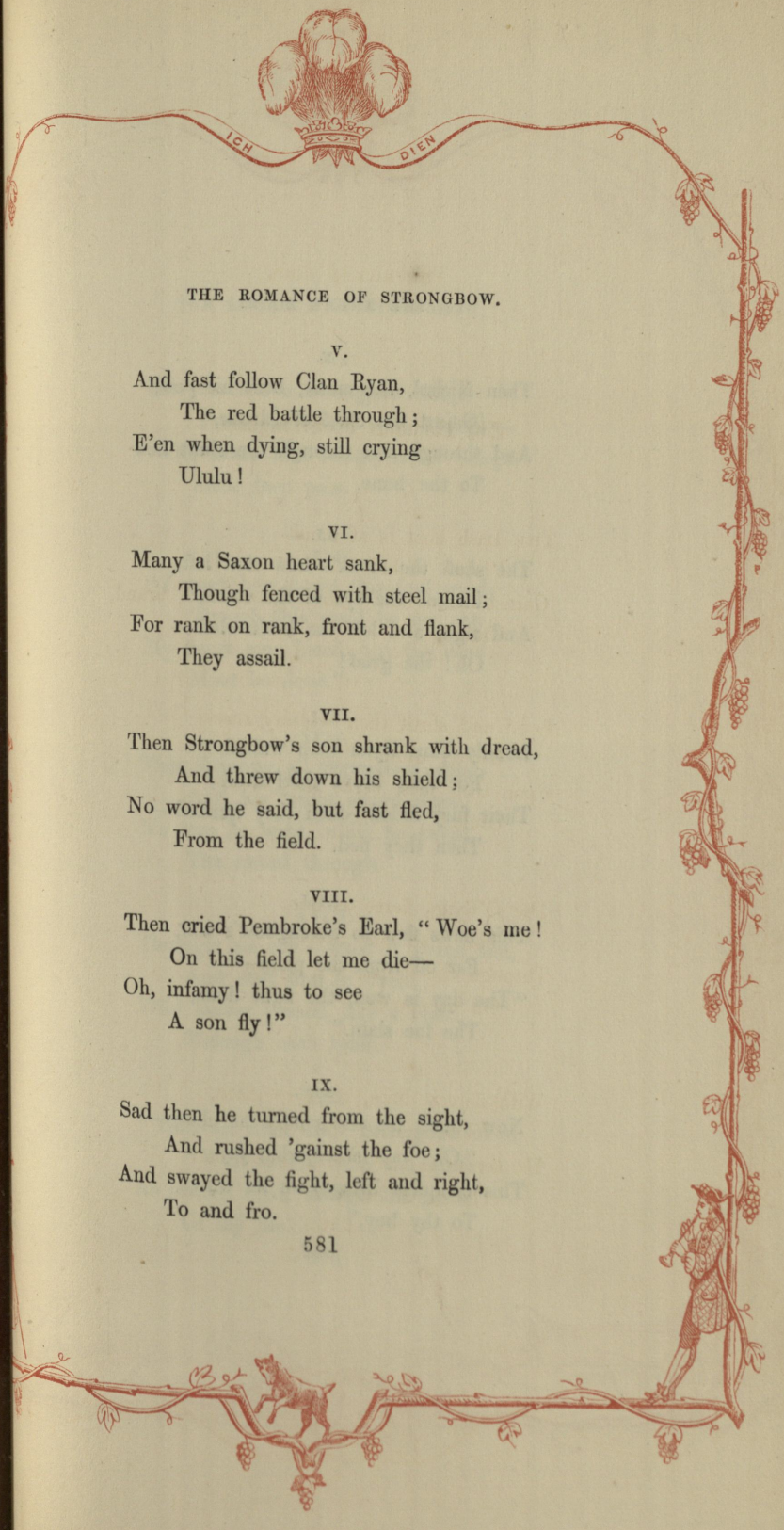
Loud and shrill their war-cry rose—
Ululu! ululu!
Upon their foes, fierce they close—
Ululu!

III.

The O'Ryan, fierce as lion,
The Irish host leads;
Through the flying, and dying,
On he speeds.

IV.

With fiercest hate, his eyes glare,
While smiting the foe;
He seems to dare, with breast bare,
The death blow.



V.

And fast follow Clan Ryan,
The red battle through;
E'en when dying, still crying
Ululu!

VI.

Many a Saxon heart sank,
Though fenced with steel mail;
For rank on rank, front and flank,
They assail.

VII.

Then Strongbow's son shrank with dread,
And threw down his shield;
No word he said, but fast fled,
From the field.

VIII.

Then cried Pembroke's Earl, "Woe's me!
On this field let me die—
Oh, infamy! thus to see
A son fly!"

IX.

Sad then he turned from the sight,
And rushed 'gainst the foe;
And swayed the fight, left and right,
To and fro.

X.

Then Nichol, the monk, bent his yew,
'Gainst the chief of Idrone,
And through and through the shaft flew
To the bone.

XI.

The shaft the monk's bow that left,
Pierced the eye of the chief;
And right and left the brain cleft—
Oh! the grief!

XII.

Loudly Clan Ryan then wailed,
For their brave chief dead;
Their fury failed—then they quailed—
Then they fled.

XIII.

This news flew to Strongbow's son,
Far off from the plain—
"The day is won, the fight done,
The foe slain."

XIV.

Now round his sire's neck he clings—
"Oh! my father what joy
This conquest brings, on its wings,
To thy boy."

XV.

His craven son Strongbow flings
From his breast with disdain—
"The snake that stings, never brings
Such deep pain.

XVI.

"I must hew down this foul weed,
Though this weed be my son;
My heart may bleed, but the deed
Must be done."

XVII.

Then fronting all Strongbow stept,
And his bright sword drew;
No tear he wept, while he swept
The sword through.

XVIII.

Through his son's waist it swept fast,
And cleft him in twain;
Wild horror passed, like a blast,
Through each brain.

XIX.

"Thus all shall die," Strongbow cried,
"Who shrink from the strife:
As he has died, though the pride
Of my life.

XX.

"When I spared not my own son,
For deserting his place;
God's will be done, but let none
Hope for grace.

XXI.

"We've crossed the loud, sounding sea,
To rule and not fly;
And who I see flinch, or flee,
He shall die."

Aileen Aroon.

SONG.

I.

Wilt thou stay, or come with me, loved Aileen Aroon?
All are sleeping around, 'tis the summer night's noon;
All in slumber are bound, save the love-lorn eyes
Of thy Kenneth, who waits thee beneath the night skies.
All is still, all is hushed, 'neath the soft summer moon,
Wilt thou stay, or come with me, loved Aileen Aroon?

II.

I have passed through the shadow of Dermod's high tower;
But love saved thy Kenneth from Dermod's dark power:
Fleet and fierce is the bloodhound, that lies in his hall,
But the light foot of love is the fleetest of all.
All is still, all is hushed, &c.

III.

Six brothers of Kenneth, with bright skeans attend,
Our bark to direct, and our flight to defend;
Each will lose the last drop of life's blood from his heart,
Ere the kerns of dark Dermod shall tear us apart.
All is still, all is hushed, &c.

IV.

All is still, all is hushed, 'neath the dusk wings of night;
Now! now! is the hour for our love-lighted flight:
Let my fond arms bear thee to Corrib's dark shore,
No power, then, can tear thee from Kenneth O'More.
All is still, all is hushed, &c.

The Niger.

SONG.

I.

The Niger dives beneath the sands,
To hide him from the hot sun's burning:
And I must flee to foreign lands,
To 'scape thy bright eyes bitter scorning:
But, though beneath the sands he flow,
We, still, can hear his torrent rushing;
And, though, to foreign lands I go,
My heart will feel love's fount, still, gushing.

II.

The Niger, when he nears the sea,
Mounts up to meet the breezes blowing;
And, if thoud'st breathe consent to me,
To foreign lands I'd ne'er be going:
How bright our stream of years would prove,
For ever, then, with sunshine glowing,
And gliding, 'mid sweet scenes of love,
To the dark sea around life flowing.

The Romance of Welsh, of Waterford.

I.

In the year of Christ, I ween,
Fifteen hundred and seventeen,
The British fleet at anchor lay,
To the east of Bolougne Bay.

II.

Comes a Frenchman to the tide,
Tall, and armed, with port of pride;
William De La Rue his name—
Great his deeds and high his fame.

III.

He, the British host defies—
"Island robbers," loud he cries,
"He of you, that dares to land,
Shall be slain by my right-hand."

IV.

Nicholas Welsh, of Waterford,
Stood Kildare's stout ship a-board;
At each word the Frenchman speaks,
Rushed the hot blood to his cheeks.

V.

When the British he defies,
Starts the tear to Welsh's eyes:
But when insults deep he gave,
Plunged stout Welsh amid the wave.

VI.

Plunged unarmed in the tide,
Save his broadsword by his side;
Quick he swam the white waves o'er;
Soon he reached the hostile shore.

VII.

From his dress the brine he shook;
In his hand his sword he took;
Cried he "Braggart draw thy brand,
Welsh stands singly, on thy land."

VIII.

Long the Frenchman laughed, and loud,
Cried he then, with bearing proud,
"For thy sins, a pardon crave;
Soon thou'lt fill a bloody grave."

IX.

Then he drew his stalwarth brand;
Slowly crossed he o'er the strand;
Loudly rang his armour bright;
Proudly waved his plume of white.

X.

Twice he struck at Welsh's head;
Twice escape stout Welsh has made;
To his sword alone he trusts,
Warding off the Frenchman's thrusts.

XI.

De La Rue now thrusts again,
At brave Welsh, with might and main;
Deftly down brave Welsh has stooped;
Through the air the falchion swooped.

XII.

Ere could come another blow,
Closed stout Welsh upon his foe;
Holds him firm, in iron grasp,
Round his waist, his strong arms clasp.

XIII.

In his arms his foe he seized;
High in air his foe he raised;
Smashed him down upon his head;
Now stout De La Rue lies dead.

XIV.

Quickly Welsh now plied his blade,
Soon smote off his foeman's head;
Shook it in the Frenchmen's face,
As from Bolougne now they race.

XV.

Now the sea again he sought;
In his teeth the hair he caught;
And as back his way he made,
In his mouth he held the head.

XVI.

As stout Welsh the head thus bore,
From it streamed the rushing gore,
Marking with a crimson stain,
All his course across the main.

XVII.

Now he gains his vessel's side,
Quick they raise him from the tide;
In his mouth the head is held,
From his neck the blood still welled.

XVIII.

Now his comrades' shoulders o'er,
Welsh is raised, all stained with gore;
Through the fleet now flew the word—
"Hurrah! for Welsh, of Waterford."

XIX.

Loud and long the cheering rose;
Grim the severed head now shows,
Held aloft upon the sword
Of stout Welsh, of Waterford.

If She Grieveth.

SONGLET.

I.

If she grieveth,
When he leaveth
For an hour;
If she blusheth
When he rusheth
To her bower;
Lightly, the maiden's fault reprove,
She suff'reth from the wounds of love.

II.

If he faileth,
Though she waileth
His delay;
If he spurneth,
When she mourneth
Love's decay;
Deeply, the lover's fault reprove,
He trifleth with the wounds of love.

The Broidered Flower.

SONG.

I.

LEAVE thy vain task, oh! lady fair,
Nor weave the broidered flower;
For brighter hues, beyond compare,
Are blooming round thy bower:
The simple rose, that wildly blows,
And scents the summer air,
More beauty shows, by far than those,
That blush in tapestry rare.
Then leave thy task, &c.

II.

The brightest joys, that life can prove,
Unprized, thus, round us bloom:
Content, and peace, and gentle love,
The heart-flowers of sweet home:
These flowers, so fair, these joys, so rare,
As Heaven's best boon implore;
But spend no care, and breathe no prayer,
For power or golden store.
Leave thy vain task, &c.

The Grave Spoilers.

BALLAD.

I.

They dragged our heroes from the graves,
In which their honoured dust was lying;
They dragged them forth—base, coward slaves—
And hung their bones on gibbets flying.
Ireton, our dauntless Ironside,
And Bradshaw, faithful judge, and fearless,
And Cromwell, Britain's chosen guide,
In fight, in faith, and council, fearless.
The bravest of our glorious brave!
The tyrant's terror in his grave.

II.

In felon chains, they hung the dead—
The noble dead, in glory lying;
Before whose living face they fled,
Like chaff before the tempest flying.
They fled before them, foot and horse,
In craven flight their safety seeking;
And now they gloat around each corse,
In coward scoff their hatred wreaking.
Oh! God, that men could own, as kings,
Such paltry, dastard, soulless, things.

III.

Their dust is scattered o'er the land
They loved, and freed, and crowned with glory;
Their great names bear the felon's brand;
'Mongst murderers is placed their story.
But idly their grave-spoilers thought,
Disgrace, which fled in life before them,
By craven judges could be brought,
To spread, in death, its shadow o'er them.
For chain, nor judge, nor dastard king,
Can make disgrace around them cling.

IV.

Their dry bones rattle in the wind,
That sweeps the land they died in freeing;
But the brave heroes rest enshrined,
In cenotaphs of God's decreeing:
Embalmed in every noble breast,
Inscribed on each brave heart their story,
All honoured shall the heroes rest,
Their country's boast—their race's glory.
On every tongue shall be their name;
In every land shall live their fame.

V.

But fouler than the noisome dust,
  That reeks your rotting bones encasing,
Shall be your fame, ye sons of lust,
  And sloth, and every vice debasing!
Insulters of the glorious dead,
  While honour in our land is dwelling,
Above your tombs shall Britons tread,
  And cry, while scorn each breast is swelling—
"HERE LIE THE DASTARD, CAITIFF SLAVES,
WHO DRAGGED OUR HEROES FROM THEIR GRAVES."

The Romance of the Phantom City.

I.

As on the cliffs one morn I wandered,
That hang o'er Shannon's mouth;
And upon long-lost loved ones pondered,
I looked far towards the south;
And marked a shadow passing o'er
The placid tide, that kissed the shore;
Deeper, and stranger, still it grew,
While wonder thrilled my bosom through.

II.

I saw these shadows soon assuming
The form of spires and towers;
And now a noble town seemed looming,
Encircled with fair bowers;
And, while I looked, I heard the rushing
Of waters, towards the city gushing;
And all seemed quickly drowned and gone,
All save one noble tower alone.

III.

'Mid groans, as if from crowds of dying,
A warrior seemed to ride;
Forth from this tower, I marked him flying,
Behind him sat his bride;
Together ocean's force they braved;
Oft, towards the town, their hands they waved,
But all their struggles were in vain—
They sank amid the surging main.

IV.

While spell-bound by these scenes amazing,
Thus acted on the deep,
I turned and saw a stranger gazing,
With eyes that seemed to weep;
Haggard and pale the stranger seemed;
Beneath a cowl, his sunk eyes gleamed;
And when to go I turned around,
Thus came his words with hollow sound—

V.

"Stay, oh! stranger old and hoary—
Stay, and hear my mournful story—
Strange the sight you now have seen;
Stranger still my tale, I ween:
From my lips, old man, alone,
May this tale of woe be known;

Doomed for penance, here I stay,
Till the earth shall melt away;
Once in every century,
May this tale be told by me.

VI.

" Century, on century,
O'er that land has rolled the sea;
Yet, where heaves that ocean flood,
Once a noble city stood;
You have seen its phantom now,
Gleaming o'er the ocean's brow;
Once in every hundred years,
There the phantom town appears;
How that town was 'whelmed below,
List to me, and you shall know.

VII.

" Ulad o'er that city reigned;
Great the glory he had gained;
High his power, and wide his grounds,
Reaching to fair Leinster's bounds.

VIII.

" Ulad's gorgeous banquet shines,
Stored with choicest meats and wines;
His queen has borne a daughter fair;
Joy has brought his princes there;

High the feast, and great the mirth,
In honour of his daughter's birth:
When, within the banquet hall,
Fronting king and nobles all,
Rushed a stranger dark and tall.
From his robe a scroll he drew,
Writ by prophet, old, and true;
And while thus the scroll he read,
O'er the banquet horror spread—

IX.

"'Oh, king! when thy daughter a stranger shall wed,
His hand, with the blood of her sire, shall be red;
Then thy city, so fair, the broad Shannon shall cover,
And this hall prove the grave of the maid and her lover.'

X.

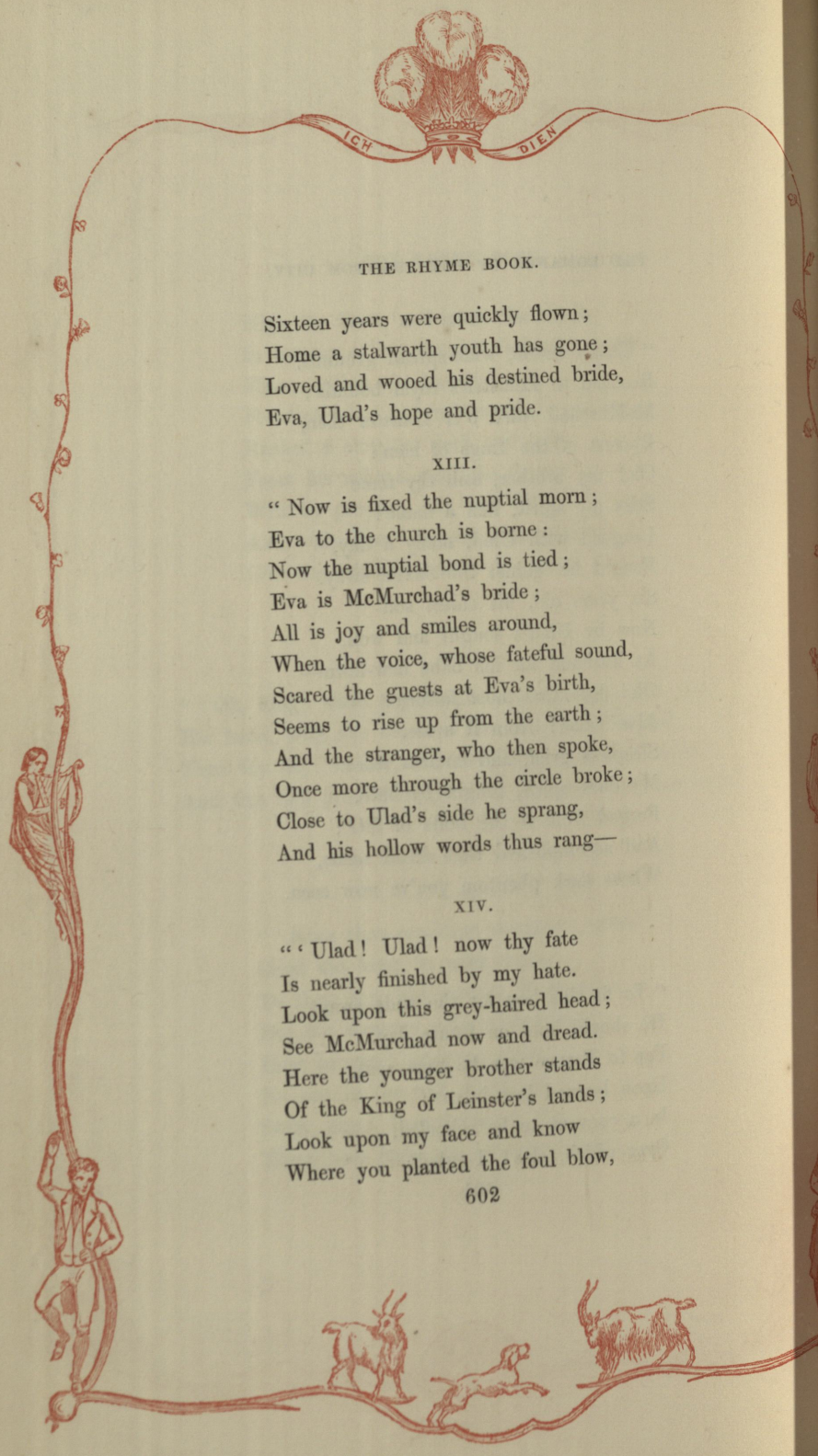
"'Seize that croaking stranger! seize!'
Cried the king, in wild amaze;
To their feet, the guards all bound;
But the stranger ne'er was found;
How he came, or went away,
No one in the hall could say—
Swift, alas! I sped that night,
When hate bade me wing my flight.

XI.

" Ulad's fertile, wide-spread grounds,
Reached to Leinster's royal bounds;
McMurchad ruled o'er Leinster then,
Bravest of the kings of men:
Oh! my brother, still thy fame
Stirs my spirit, like a flame!
Leagued with Ulad, many a day,
Fought he 'gainst the Saxon sway.
Six years old, his eldest son
Now by Ulad's sought and won,
As husband for his babe new-born—
Oh! betrothal most forlorn:
Alas! alas! from it arose,
Sleepless grief, and endless woes.
My dark spirit, taught by hate,
Forged from it the bolts of fate;
And accomplished that dread scene,
Whose dark phantom you've now seen.

XII.

" To fit this boy for the wide sway,
He should hold on future day,
Far to France was he then sent,
Upon learned lore intent;
In a convent to be schooled,
Over which, alas! I ruled:



Sixteen years were quickly flown;
Home a stalwarth youth has gone;
Loved and wooed his destined bride,
Eva, Ulad's hope and pride.

XIII.

"Now is fixed the nuptial morn;
Eva to the church is borne:
Now the nuptial bond is tied;
Eva is McMurchad's bride;
All is joy and smiles around,
When the voice, whose fateful sound,
Scared the guests at Eva's birth,
Seems to rise up from the earth;
And the stranger, who then spoke,
Once more through the circle broke;
Close to Ulad's side he sprang,
And his hollow words thus rang—

XIV.

"'Ulad! Ulad! now thy fate
Is nearly finished by my hate.
Look upon this grey-haired head;
See McMurchad now and dread.
Here the younger brother stands
Of the King of Leinster's lands;
Look upon my face and know
Where you planted the foul blow,

Whence the tree of hate has sprung,
Which round heart and soul has clung;
Round my soul its roots were twined,
'Neath its shade my heart has pined;
Heart and soul by it was rotted—
Peace from life by it was blotted;
Now it bears ripe fruit for thee;
In that fruit thy ruin see.
Listen now, and know the path,
Ruin comes to thee from wrath.

XV.

"'Hate's dark poison in me burned,
From the hour you struck and spurned;
Searching soul, and racking brain,
How revenge I might obtain.
From a sorcerer of the north,
I thy destiny drew forth;
It was I who read to thee,
In this hall that destiny.
Each day since I've sought to bind,
In that destiny entwined,
Thee, and all this hated place,
Which had mocked at my disgrace;
Now ruin hangs o'er it and thee:
That ruin I am come to see.

XVI.

" ' Know, proud king, my brother's son,
Long unto his grave has gone;
To my charge in France consigned,
Soon beneath my care he pined;
Well I knew he was to wed
Thy daughter, and his fate I sped.
With this hand the boy I slew,
That through him I might strike you.
In his place a beggar's brat,
Who for alms had often sat,
Reared I for thy child and thee—
Turn, and there thy bridegroom see!
Stranger now thy daughter weds;
Fate is closing round your heads;
Soon his sword shall drink thy blood;
Soon thy city feel the flood.'

XVII.

" ' Die, thou minion!' Ulad cried—
' Thus fate's web I shall divide;
With this arm the spell I break—
With this sword my vengeance wreak!'
Quick upon the youth he rushed,
Soon his heart's blood would have gushed;

But I sprang between the two,
Saved the youth, but got the blow—
Got the blow, and bleeding fell,
With my life preserved the spell.

XVIII.

" Now the bridegroom drew his blade;
Bravely his defence he made;
Blindly at him Ulad flew,
But he fell, pierced through and through.
Then was destiny fulfilled—
Then the father's blood was spilled
By the daughter's husband's sword.
Ocean from its depths was stirred—
Soon I heard the rising flood,
Roused by Ulad's streaming blood.
' Fly! youth, fly!' I faintly cried,
' Save thyself, and save thy bride;
Hear you not the raging wave?
Fly and 'scape a watery grave!'

XIX.

" When these words I faintly said,
All in horror swiftly fled;
His black war-horse, fleet as wind,
Mounts the youth, his bride behind.
Swift they fled, alas! too late,
From the ruin brought by hate.

XX.

" Now the mighty ocean rushes,
O'er the town, in foaming gushes;
Those who staid, and those who fled,
All were numbered with the dead.
Bravely then the bridegroom tried,
Through the foam, to save his bride;
But while boldly onward urging,
Came a mighty billow surging,
Raised them high upon its crest,
Then whelmed them in eternal rest.

XXI.

" Once in every hundred years,
To mortal eyes the town appears;
Rising from the deep it gleams,
Bright beneath the sun's warm beams;
Then, on yonder rocky shore,
Those dread deeds are acted o'er;
And I, alas! the guilty monk,
By whose hate that city sunk,
Must stand by and watch those deeds,
Though my spirit writhes and bleeds."

XXII.

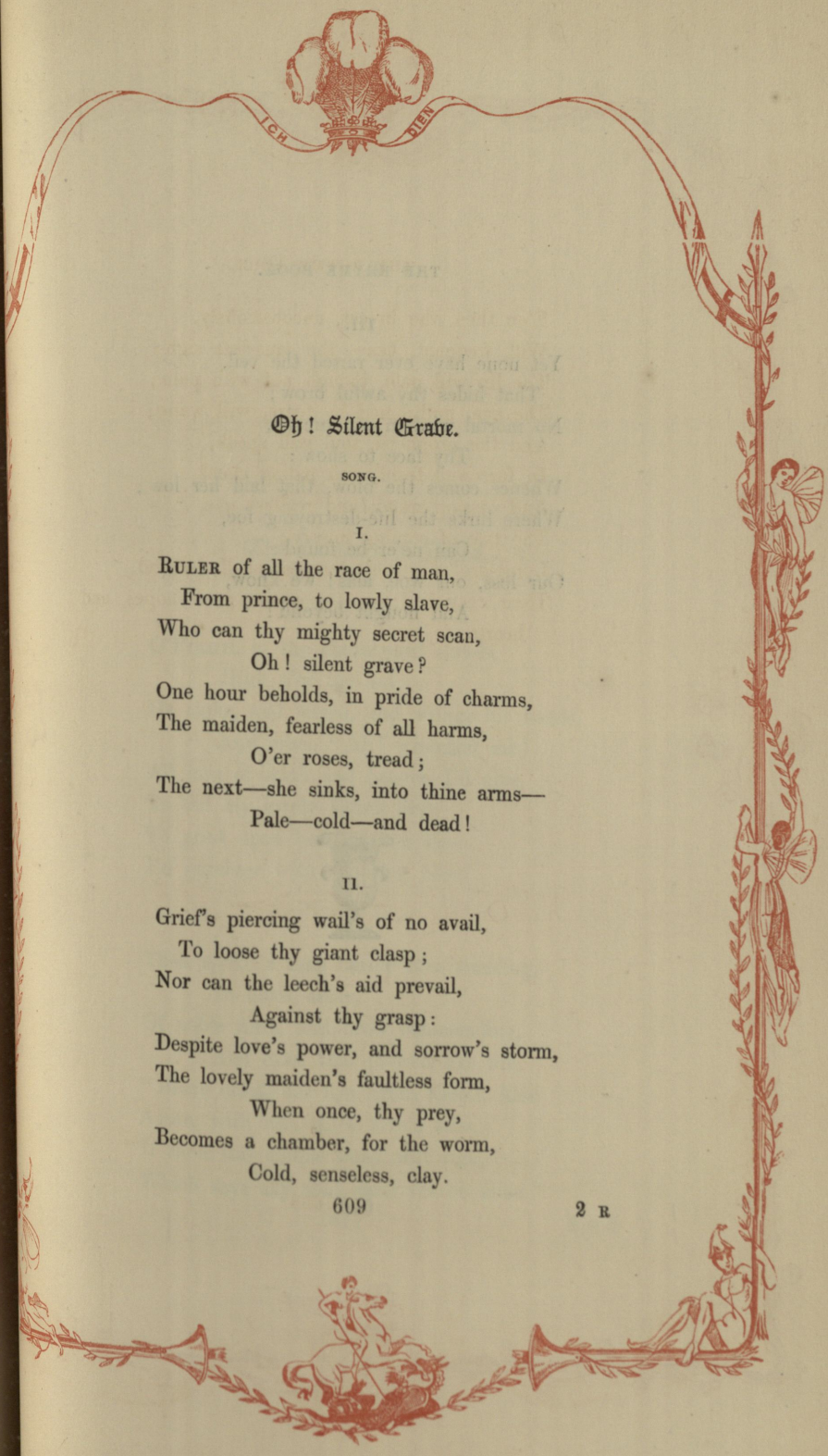
I turned from looking o'er the main,
To view the monk's dark face again;
But from earth the monk had passed,
And mingled, once more, with the blast.

Shades of Coming Woe.

RHYME.

For many a calm and sunlit hour,
Before the tempest bursts, in power,
Old ocean, from his troubled breast,
Heaves sigh, on sigh, as if oppressed;
As if the thoughts of coming woe
Furrowed, with grief, his antique brow:
The windless waves will toss, and roar;
The causeless foam will blanch the shore;
The seagulls shriek, in startled swarm,
As if they saw the coming storm;
And sadness sinks, upon the deep,
Long ere the whirlwind comes, to sweep
Its waters, with death-dealing hand,
And dash them, boiling, on the land:
And thus the shades of coming woes
Flit, darkly, o'er the mournful brows
Of those whom fate, to sorrow, dooms,
Although, around them, pleasure blooms;
E'en, while all cares are put to flight,
And joys their flowery pathway light,
And all seem calm, and all seem bright;

E'en then, the breast, unconsciously,
Will, frequent, heave the causeless sigh;
The lip will pale, though not with pain;
The eye, undimmed by tears, will wane;
And the prophetic soul will speak,
In furrowed front, and paling cheek,
And tossing mind, and restless eye,
The tale of coming misery;
Long ere affliction's tempest shall descend,
Their cherished loves to wreck, their hopes, and hearts, to rend.



Oh! Silent Grave.

SONG.

I.

Ruler of all the race of man,
From prince, to lowly slave,
Who can thy mighty secret scan,
Oh! silent grave?
One hour beholds, in pride of charms,
The maiden, fearless of all harms,
O'er roses, tread;
The next—she sinks, into thine arms—
Pale—cold—and dead!

II.

Grief's piercing wail's of no avail,
To loose thy giant clasp;
Nor can the leech's aid prevail,
Against thy grasp:
Despite love's power, and sorrow's storm,
The lovely maiden's faultless form,
When once, thy prey,
Becomes a chamber, for the worm,
Cold, senseless, clay.

III.

Yet none have ever raised the veil,
That hides thy awful brow;
No mortal wisdom can prevail,
Thy face to show:
Whence comes the blow, that laid her low;
Where lurks the life-destroying foe,
Can ne'er be found:
Our loss, our woe, alas! we know,
And nought beyond!

The Romance of Ethna.

I.

O'Firgil in the churchyard stands,
High o'er the sea;
He sighs, and weeps, and wrings his hands,
And cries, "Ah! wretched me!
All joys of earth and heaven I'd give,
To bid my lovely Ethna live;
To print upon her lips one kiss,
I'd purchase with all other bliss."

II.

Then spoke a man beside him standing,
In black attire,
Of noble form, and brow commanding,
And eyes, that glowed like fire,
"Brave chief, her lips again thou'lt kiss,
Again, with her, enjoy love's bliss,
If thou this simple bond wilt sign,
Which says thy soul shall yet be mine."

III.

He signed the bond, with trembling hands,
And gave it back;
By Ethna's tomb, the stranger stands,
Attired in robes of black;
With his strong hand, the tomb he hits;
Beneath his touch, the marble splits,
And opening, to O'Firgil shows,
His Ethna, in her winding clothes.

IV.

Pale, ashy pale's the maiden's cheek,
And glazed her eye;
Vainly O'Firgil now may seek,
For answering word or sigh:
But when the wondrous stranger laid
His hand upon the maiden's head,
Life stirred, again, within her form,
Relighting each extinguished charm.

V.

To her pale cheek the blood's restored,
With rosy hue;
Like wine in ivory chalice poured,
Most lovely to the view:
With looks of love her dark eyes glow;
Her lips, again, like rubies show;
Again, awakes each sleeping charm;
And life and beauty rule her form.

VI.

"Snatch, now, the kiss," the stranger cries,
"Be quick, and sure;
Me, oft, the tomb-dweller defies,
Against my power secure:
They've searched the mighty mystery;
The hidden motive they can see;
Their mortal loves, full oft, they spurn;
Then snatch the kiss, less death return."

VII.

O'Firgil sprang to clasp his love;
But Ethna's hands,
With signs of stern commanding move,
And fix him where he stands:
"Would'st thou," she cried, "for one poor kiss,
Yield all thy hopes of heavenly bliss,
And sell thy soul to demon power,
For the short transport of an hour.

VIII.

"Oh! Ethna of the peerless charms,"
O'Firgil cried,
"Once more, I'll clasp thee in my arms,
Whatever may betide."
But, as to snatch the kiss he rushed,
The tears from Ethna's dark eyes gushed;
And springing from her opened grave,
The maiden hurried towards the wave.

IX.

Upon the beetling rock she stood,
And looked below,
Where tossed, and roared, the ocean flood,
With foam, like heaving snow;
And cried, "O'Firgil, now, thou'lt prove,
How much beyond thy weak, fond love,
Is that which fills a woman's soul,
And rules, and guides, with firm controul.

X.

"Thoud'st sell thy soul, to gain one kiss,
From wild desire;
For this, thoud'st yield up heaven's bright bliss,
And meet the deathless fire:
But, though my love's as warm as thine;
Though for the kiss as much I pine;
All joys, all love, all hope, I'd give,
To bid my lover, stainless, live.

XI.

"Joy, life, and love, I here resign,
For thee! for thee!
If Heaven's bright hopes may yet be thine,
I care not what mine be:
Thou hast not ta'en the fatal kiss;
Still! still! for thee lives heaven's bright bliss;
See, what thy priceless soul to save,
True love and Ethna, for thee, brave!"

XII.

She flung her from the beetling rock,
Amid the wave,
And plunged, and sank, with sudden shock,
And died her love to save!
Amidst the breakers, foaming white,
Fair Ethna passed from mortal sight;
And sought in them her second tomb,
To save her lover from his doom!

Oh! Soft Brown Eyes.

SONGLET.

I.

Oh! soft brown eyes!
In whose mild depths, love's sweetness lies,
And gentle kindness dwells;
Beneath your looks, so warm, and bright,
How leaps my heart, with wild delight,
Oh! how my bosom swells!

II.

Oh! soft brown eyes!
Like stars, in memory's heaven, you rise,
When, forced, from you, to part;
To my mind's vision, still, you're near;
Still, through my night of absence, peer;
And light my darkened heart.

The Lip's Task.

SONG.

I.

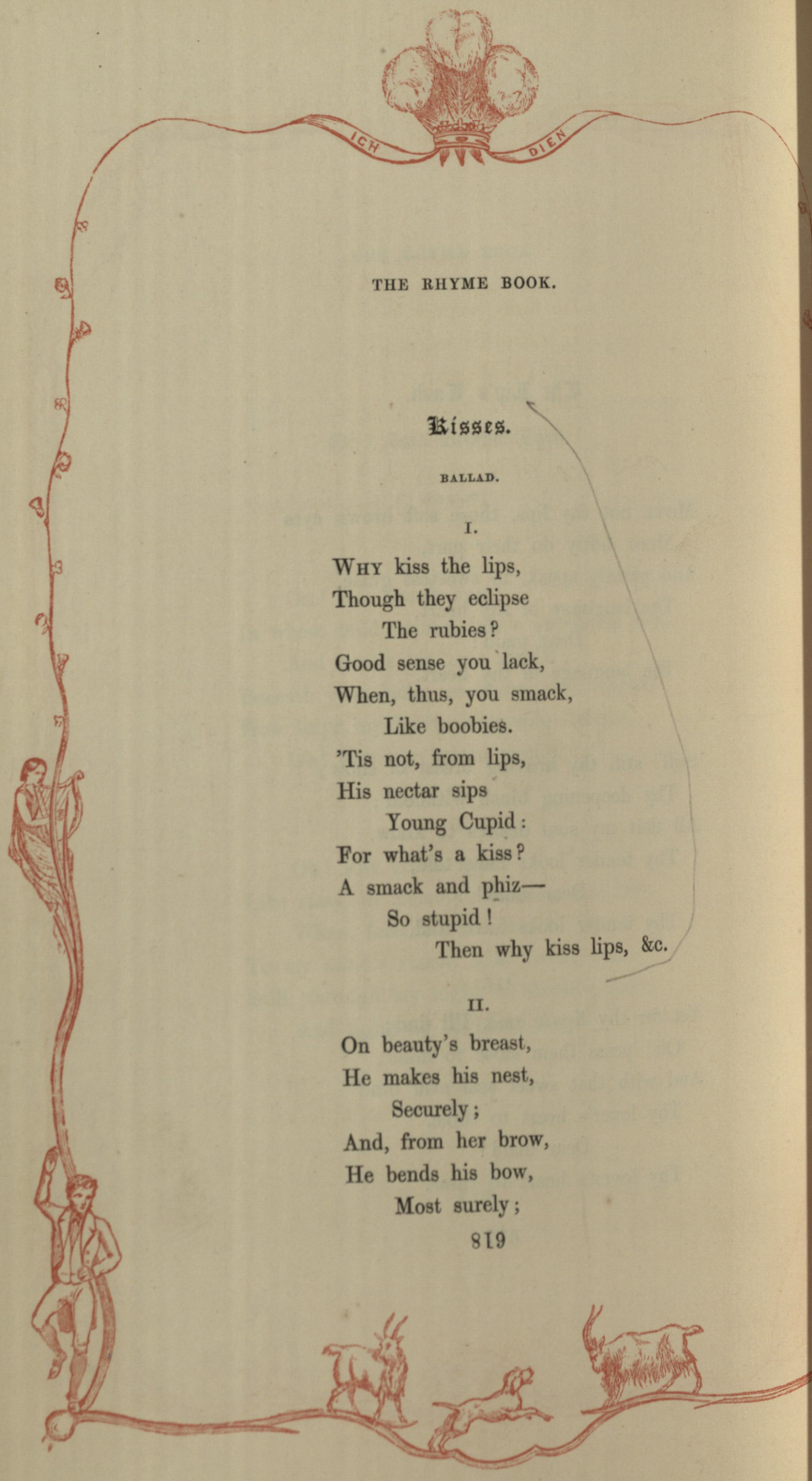
Move not thy lips, those soft brown eyes
More deftly do their part,
And plainly speak, in sweetest guise,
The language of thy heart,
Dear maid!
The language of thy heart.

II.

Still! still thy heaving breast of snow;
Thy deepening blush withhold;
All that my soul desires to know,
Thy tender looks have told,
Dear maid!
Thy tender looks have told.

III.

Yet for thy lips a task I'll find;
Oh! press them close to mine;
And with that sweet seal ever bind
Thy lover's heart to thine,
Dear maid!
Thy lover's heart to thine.



Kisses.

BALLAD.

I.

Why kiss the lips,
Though they eclipse
The rubies?
Good sense you lack,
When, thus, you smack,
Like boobies.
'Tis not, from lips,
His nectar sips
Young Cupid:
For what's a kiss?
A smack and phiz—
So stupid!
Then why kiss lips, &c.

II.

On beauty's breast,
He makes his nest,
Securely;
And, from her brow,
He bends his bow,
Most surely;

KISSES.

He lurks, with wiles,
In dimpled smiles
Of Misses;
But never wins,
With lips, or chins,
Or kisses.
Then why kiss lips, &c.

III.

It don't surprise
That diamond eyes
Should pose us,
And beauty breaks,
O'er blushing cheeks,
Like roses;
Round lovely forms,
Hang countless charms,
And blisses;
But lips can't move,
The hearts to love,
With kisses.
Then why kiss lips, &c.

IV.

To clasp the waist,
Displays a taste
For flirting;
And looks of love
The heart will move,
'Tis certain:
To flirt and toy,
May seem a joy,
To Misses;
But joy or fun
I can see none,
In kisses.
Then why kiss lips, &c.

The Romance of Jack O'Lantern.

FIRST FYTTE.

I.

GREATER churl was never known,
On this earth than stingy John;
From his door the poor were turned,
Unrelieved, and cursed, and spurned.

II.

One night Jack was homeward coming,
Midnight, round his path was glooming;
As he reached a river's side,
Some one near him, moaned and cried.

III.

"For the love of Heaven," he said,
"Mercy have, and lend me aid;
Way-worn traveller am I,
Leave me here, and I shall die."

IV.

Stingy Jack's hard heart was touched;
Quick the stranger he approached;
Raised him up upon his mare;
Brought him home, and fed him there.

V.

Gray-haired wanderer down he lay,
But, before the break of day,
To the bed of Jack he hies,
Winged like zeraph of the skies.

VI.

Heavenly beauty graced his face;
Heavenly brightness filled the place;
When Jack, starting up, had woke,
Thus the angel smiling spoke.

VII.

"Though called a churl by all around,
Mercy in your heart I've found;
Ask three gifts, I'll give them you,
And my blessing add thereto."

VIII.

Greatly at all this Jack wondered;
Long, what he should ask, he pondered;
Scratched he often his shock head,
Then, thus, to the angel said.

IX.

"I wish whoever takes my chair,
May be fastened firmly there,
He to chair, and chair to ground,
Till my leave to go be found.

X.

"Next I pray, whatever fools
Meddle with my box of tools,
May be fastened to the wall,
Till, to let them go, I call.

XI.

"Thirdly, sir, I would implore,
That, who breaks my sycamore,
May be fixed fast to the tree,
Till I choose to set him free."

XII.

"All these boons I grant to you,
And my blessing add thereto;"
Saying thus, the angel sighs,
As, from thence, to heaven, he flies;

XIII.

For when choice, like this, is given,
If the chooser ask not heaven,
Never more, by deeds or prayer,
Shall the spurner enter there.

XIV.

But, although thus doomed to hell,
Stingy Jack, on earth, throve well;
Large his flocks, and strong his health,
Wide his lands, and great his wealth.

SECOND FYTTE.

I.

Now years have flown, and youth is gone,
And Jack's last day is come;
And the Devil sends a servant up,
To fetch the old man home:
At Jack's hall door the servant knocks,
And bids him come away;
Jack opes the door, and asks him in,
And says, "Sit down, I pray."

II.

In Jack's own seat, the servant sits,
And there is fastened tight;
Jack takes his flail, and without fail,
He flogs him left and right:
And, as he scored, the flunkey roared,
At length he firmly swore,
That if set free, from thence he'd flee,
And never come back more.

III.

When thus he'd sworn, Jack set him free,
And off he went with speed;
But many a servant, besides him,
The Devil has at need:

Next day, another one was sent,
And ordered without fail,
That Stingy Jack he should bring back,
And also fetch his flail.

IV.

The second servant now came in,
With cautious step and slow;
And told Jack, in his master's name,
To hell he straight must go.
Says Jack, "This brogue I first must mend;
Barefoot I could not crawl;
So put your hand in yonder box,
And hand me down my awl."

V.

Within the box he poked his hand,
And there is tightly held;
Then Jack applied his famous flail,
Until the flunkey yelled;
He yelled and roared, while old Jack scored,
Until as the first swore,
The second flunkey swore to go,
And trouble Jack no more.

VI.

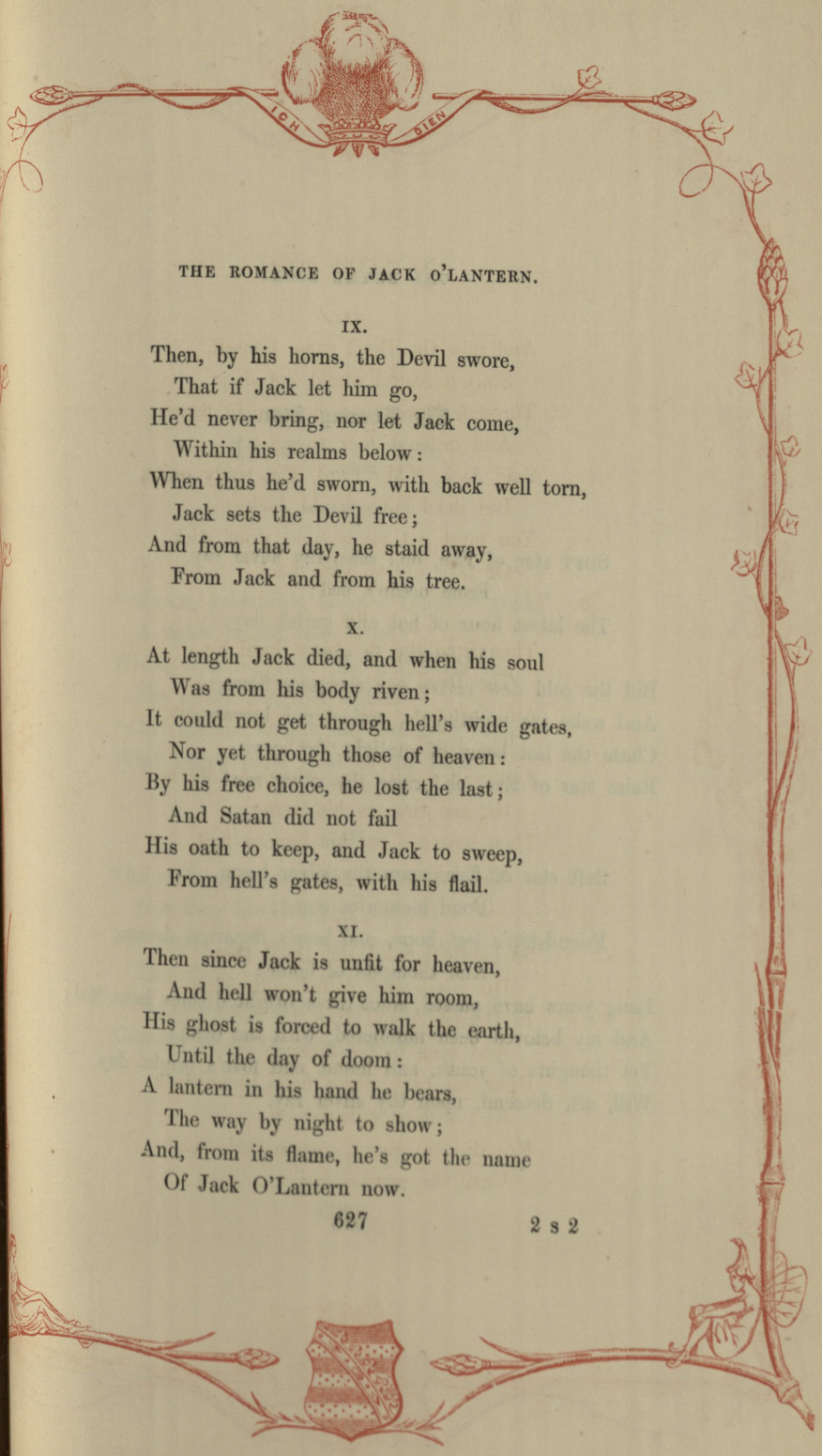
And now the Devil came himself,
Since servants would not do;
Through Mangerton, he rose in flame,
And ordered Jack to go.
Said Jack, "My Lord, I'm ready quite,
But dead lame is old Jack;
You must get me a good stout stick,
Or take me on your back."

VII.

Then from the Sycamore hard by,
The Devil seized a bough;
And fastened tight, and helpless quite,
The Devil is left now:
Jack yelled with joy, when the old boy
He saw thus in his power;
Then hastened for his famous flail,
And laid it on galore.

VIII.

So loudly howled the Devil then,
His roars were heard quite plain,
In Germany, and Italy,
And even in far Spain:
Upon his back, three flails broke Jack,
And still he lathered on;
Nor did he stay his work that day,
Until the setting sun.



IX.

Then, by his horns, the Devil swore,
That if Jack let him go,
He'd never bring, nor let Jack come,
Within his realms below:
When thus he'd sworn, with back well torn,
Jack sets the Devil free;
And from that day, he staid away,
From Jack and from his tree.

X.

At length Jack died, and when his soul
Was from his body riven;
It could not get through hell's wide gates,
Nor yet through those of heaven:
By his free choice, he lost the last;
And Satan did not fail
His oath to keep, and Jack to sweep,
From hell's gates, with his flail.

XI.

Then since Jack is unfit for heaven,
And hell won't give him room,
His ghost is forced to walk the earth,
Until the day of doom:
A lantern in his hand he bears,
The way by night to show;
And, from its flame, he's got the name
Of Jack O'Lantern now.

The Evening Star.

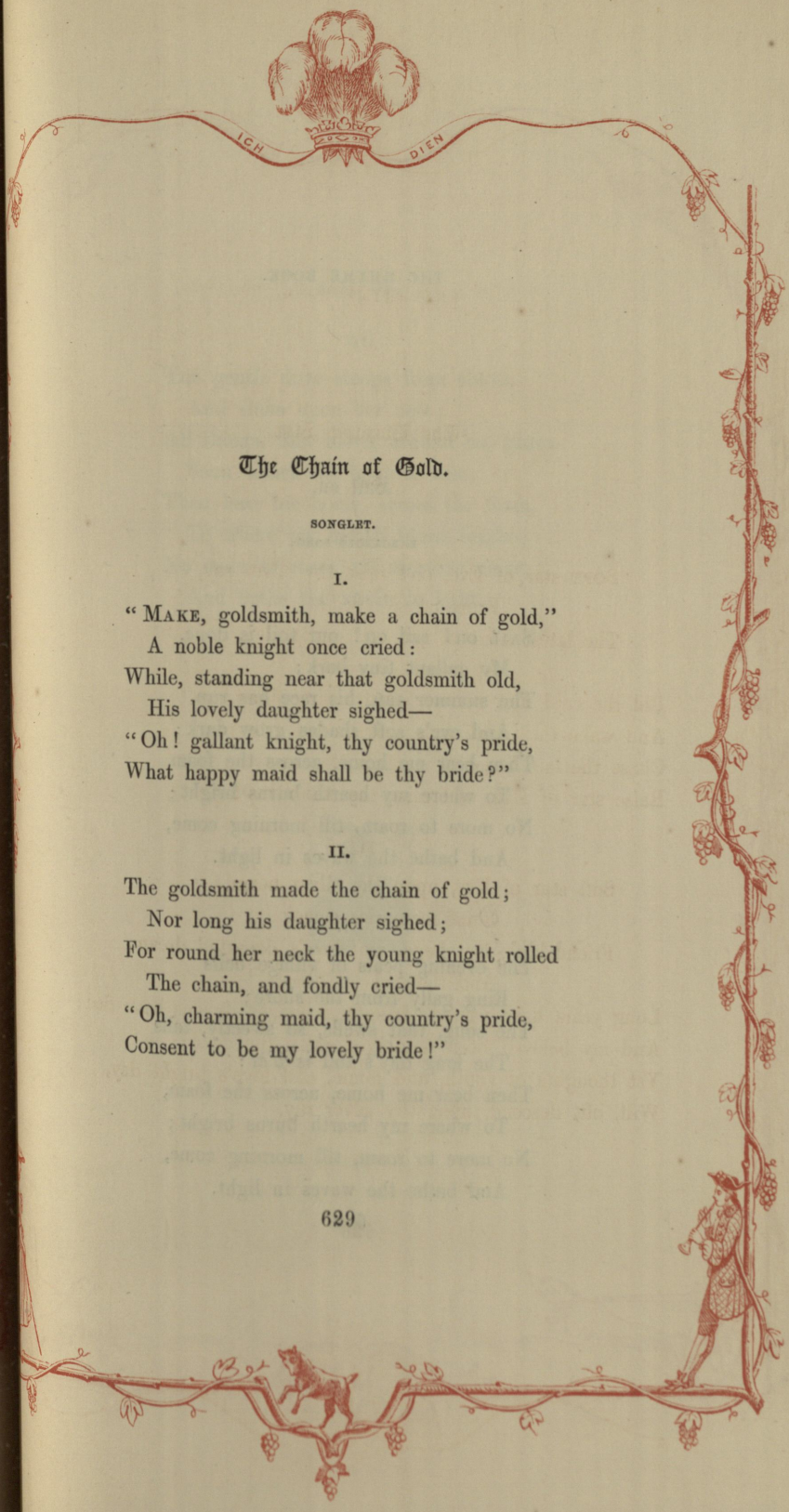
SONG.

I.

Soft star of Eve, oh! raise thy silver ray,
From ocean's bed;
The latest hour of hot and garish day,
At length, is sped:
Bid the cold dew revive our drooping flowers;
And wake the nightingale, amidst our bowers;
Chase the last beam of sunlight, far away;
Raise star of Eve, oh! raise thy silver ray!

II.

Soft star of Eve, upon thy silver beam,
Fond memories come;
Friendship's lost hope, and love's departed dream,
And thoughts of home:
Long years have passed, since these bright dreams have fled;
And my beloved been numbered, with the dead;
Yet thoughts of youth, and home, and love's bright day,
Will, oft, descend, upon thy silver ray.



The Chain of Gold.

SONGLET.

I.

"MAKE, goldsmith, make a chain of gold,"
A noble knight once cried:
While, standing near that goldsmith old,
His lovely daughter sighed—
"Oh! gallant knight, thy country's pride,
What happy maid shall be thy bride?"

II.

The goldsmith made the chain of gold;
Nor long his daughter sighed;
For round her neck the young knight rolled
The chain, and fondly cried—
"Oh, charming maid, thy country's pride,
Consent to be my lovely bride!"

Sail on.

BARCAROLE SONG.

I.

Sail on! sail on! our toil is done,
My gallant tiny bark;
The summer sun, his race has run,
And eve's soft shades grow dark:
Then bear me home, across the foam,
To where my hearth burns bright;
No more to roam, till morning come,
And bathe the waves in light.

II.

The evening peals of village bells
Ring gaily from the shore;
The song, that swells, so sweetly, tells
The long day's toil is o'er:
Then bear me home, across the foam,
To where my hearth burns bright;
No more to roam, till morning come,
And bathe the waves in light.

III.

Yon gentle dove stoops from above,
And sinks upon her nest;
All things, that move, around us, prove
Soon comes the hour of rest:
Then bear me home, across the foam,
To where my hearth burns bright;
No more to roam, till morning come,
And bathe the waves in light.

The Romance of the Bald Barrys.

I.

THE blessed thorn, with wide-spread boughs,
In Kildinan's churchyard grows,
Covered all with blossoms white,
Charming both the smell and sight.

II.

M'Adam through the churchyard goes;
Sees he where the hawthorn grows;
Much admires the lovely tree;
And thus speaks he eagerly.

III.

"Let that thorn be carried straight,
And planted at my castle gate;
Raise with care the knotted root;
Soon in Lisnegar 'twill shoot."

IV.

Back the crowd in horror start;
Terror fills each clansman's heart;
None are found so lost and lorn,
As to touch the blessed thorn.

V.

Then, in wrath, the Barry said,
"Is there none of all I've fed,
Who will now his chief obey,
And transplant the hawthorn tree."

VI.

Then spoke out his brother dear,
David Barry void of fear,
"M'Adam has seven brothers brave,
Who'll obey, or fill their grave."

VII.

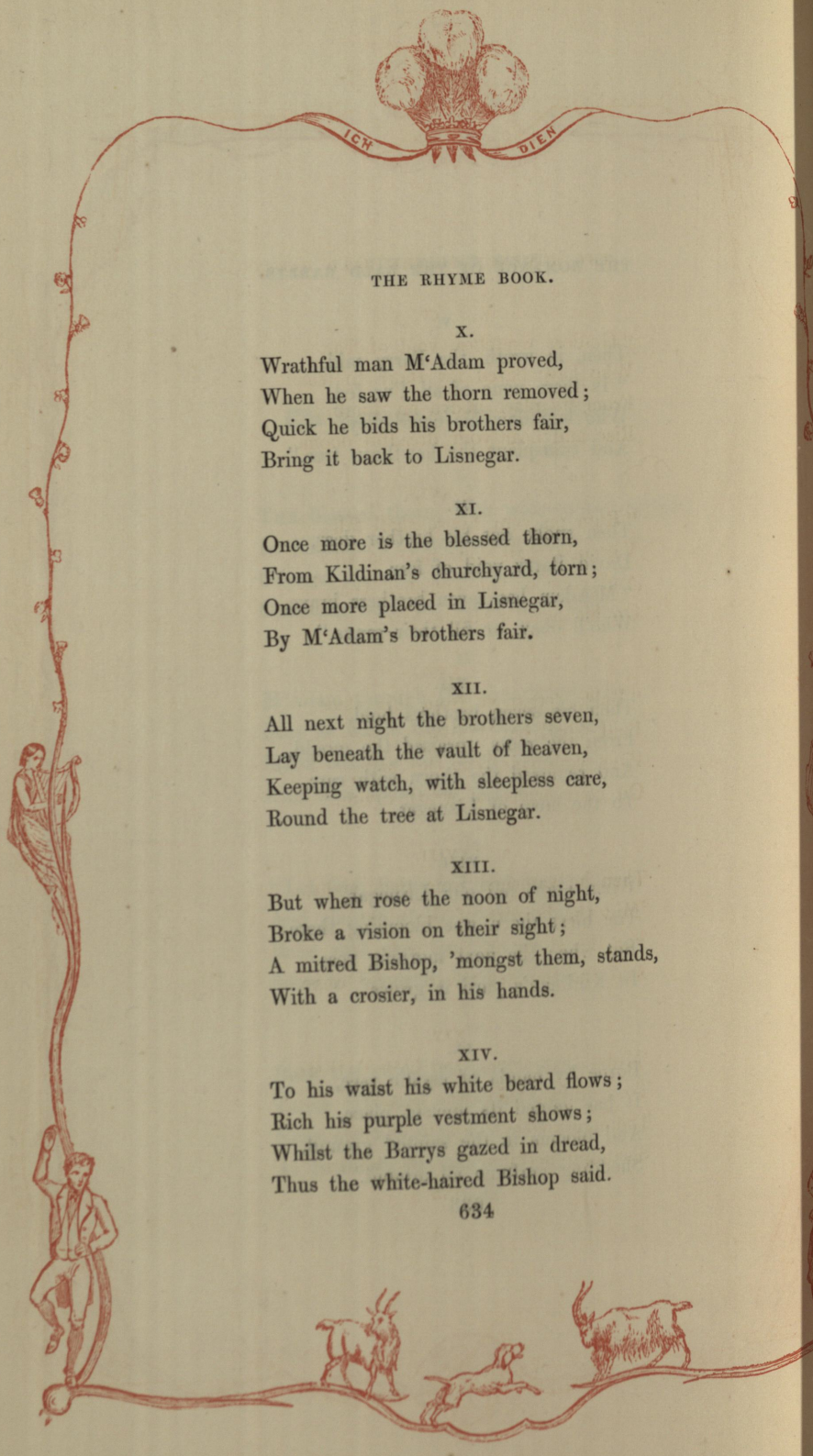
Then his seven brothers bold,
From the roots upraised the mould,
And removed the thorn with care,
To the lawn of Lisnegar.

VIII.

When night fell o'er Lisnegar,
The blest thorn was blooming there;
But when the next morning rose,
In Kildinan's yard it grows.

IX.

Borne by hands of mystic race,
It has gained its ancient place,
And blooms in the sainted ground,
Shedding perfume all around.



X.

Wrathful man M'Adam proved,
When he saw the thorn removed;
Quick he bids his brothers fair,
Bring it back to Lisnegar.

XI.

Once more is the blessed thorn,
From Kildinan's churchyard, torn;
Once more placed in Lisnegar,
By M'Adam's brothers fair.

XII.

All next night the brothers seven,
Lay beneath the vault of heaven,
Keeping watch, with sleepless care,
Round the tree at Lisnegar.

XIII.

But when rose the noon of night,
Broke a vision on their sight;
A mitred Bishop, 'mongst them, stands,
With a crosier, in his hands.

XIV.

To his waist his white beard flows;
Rich his purple vestment shows;
Whilst the Barrys gazed in dread,
Thus the white-haired Bishop said.

XV.

"Godless wretches, void of fear,
Who have dared my thorn to tear
From its place above my tomb,
Rise and hear your dreadful doom.

XVI.

"Ruin on your house shall fall;
Vagrants shall your race be all;
And none of you ere shall bear,
On his head a single hair.

XVII.

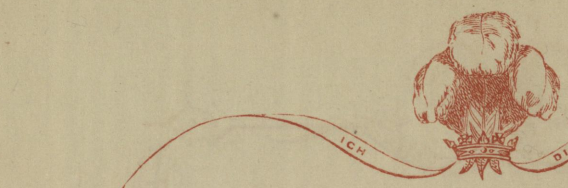
"Bald, depart ye from this place;
Bald, shall be M'Adam's race;
Ever shall you bear this sign,
On your heads, of wrath divine."

XVIII.

Then he vanished from their sight,
'Mid the horrors of the night;
For the storm in fury woke,
And the thunder round them broke.

XIX.

'Midst that storm, the blessed thorn,
To Kildinan back was borne;
There, unto this day, it blooms,
Shedding perfume o'er the tombs.



XX.

Dead that night M'Adam lay;
And, when broke the morning ray,
Hairless were his brothers found,
Lying senseless on the ground.

XXI.

Till Lisnegar's last Barry died,
On them did this curse abide;
And that race for valour famed,
"The Bald Barrys," thence, were named.

XXII.

Hairless, was each Barry born—
Hairless, lived, a mark for scorn—
Hairless, to their graves were borne—
Hairless, to the dust return.

XXIII.

Till all M'Adam's race were dead,
Hairless was each Barry's head;
Scalp, and chin, and brows, all bare,
Lived, and died they, without hair.

XXIV.

Shorn of all their ancient pride,
Bald, and scorned, the Barrys died;
Such the curse by Barry borne,
Doomed for moving the blest thorn.

Long Live the Sun.

SONG.

I.

THE dawn, with roses, strews the sky;
Day has begun;
On hill, and dale, the sweet birds cry,
Long live the sun!
Long live the lord of heat and light,
Bright vanquisher of gloomy night,
Who leads us forth, in joyous flight—
Long live the sun!

II.

The shades of night, now, paling, see,
Their power is gone;
The stars, like bashful maidens, flee,
Before the sun;
And, still, the gay birds, sweetly, sing,
All hail! to bright day's glorious king!
Who heat, and light, and joy, doth bring—
Long live the sun!

The Sovereigns of the Soul.

SONG.

I.

Our triumph, brethren of the song,
Though late, shall surely come;
And grateful mankind, yet, shall throng,
As pilgrims to our tomb.
Earth's tyrants may, by force, and crime,
Maintain a brief controul;
But we shall reign, defying time,
The sovereigns of the soul.

II.

If from the bard shall never fall
One soul-degrading word;
If honour's praise, and freedom's call,
Amidst his songs be heard;
Though tyrants should, by force and crime,
In chains such poet bind,
He, yet, shall reign, defying time,
A sovereign of the mind.

III.

When, through the ranks of freedom's fight,
  Our thrilling verse shall run;
When our sweet songs shall yield delight,
  Our empire is begun!
No tyrant, then, by force or crime,
  Can o'er us hold controul—
Oh! then we'll reign, defying time,
  The sovereigns of the soul.

Away!

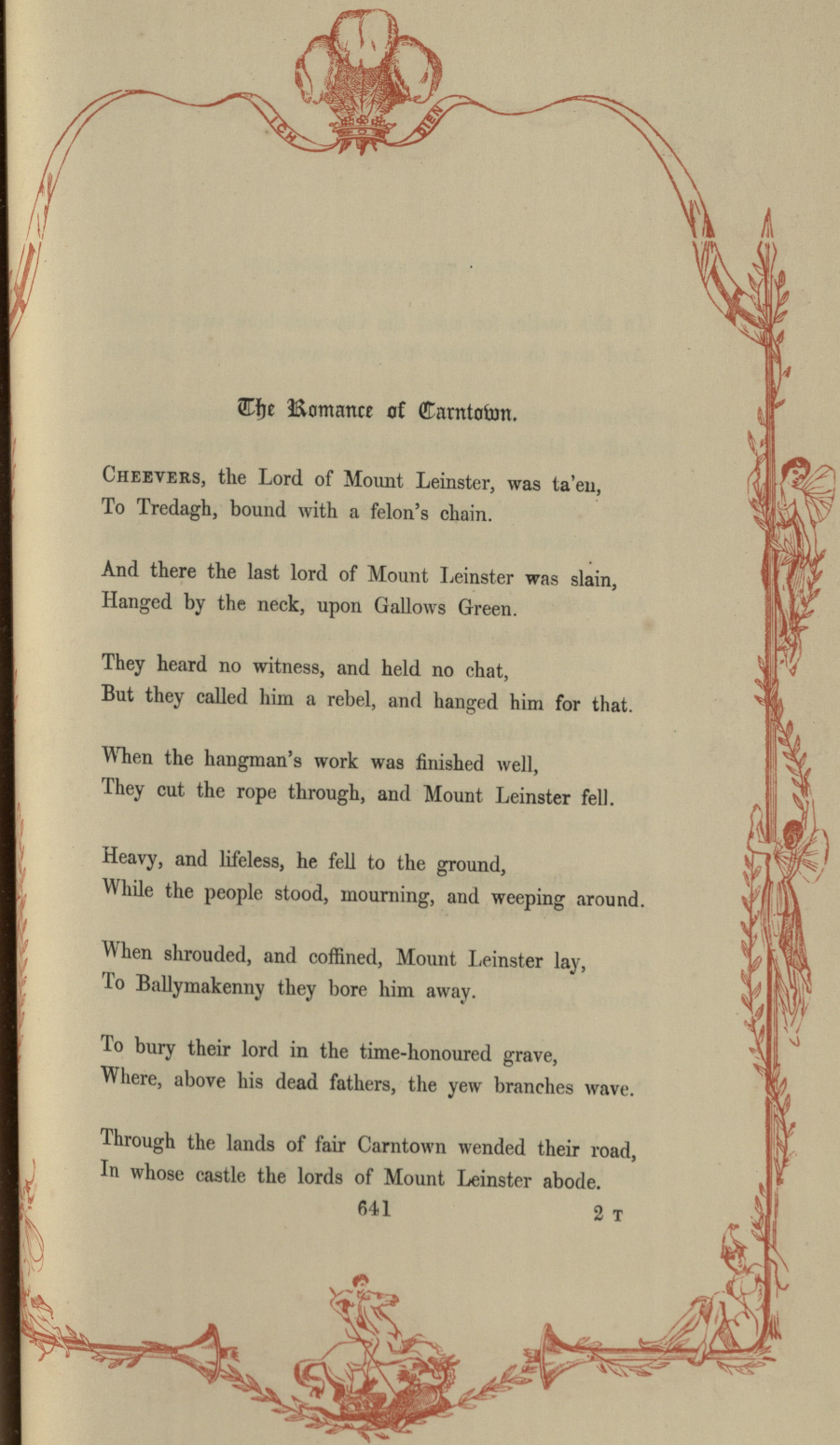
SONGLET.

I.

THE zephyr bears the thistle-down,
Far from its native meadow blown,
Away! away!
And each light breath of passion moves
Thy faithless heart to worthless loves,
Away! away!

II.

The scentless weed the wise uproot,
And cast it 'neath the passer's foot,
Away! away!
And thus thy faithless heart I spurn,
And from thy worthless beauty turn,
Away! away!



The Romance of Carntown.

CHEEVERS, the Lord of Mount Leinster, was ta'en,
To Tredagh, bound with a felon's chain.

And there the last lord of Mount Leinster was slain,
Hanged by the neck, upon Gallows Green.

They heard no witness, and held no chat,
But they called him a rebel, and hanged him for that.

When the hangman's work was finished well,
They cut the rope through, and Mount Leinster fell.

Heavy, and lifeless, he fell to the ground,
While the people stood, mourning, and weeping around.

When shrouded, and coffined, Mount Leinster lay,
To Ballymakenny they bore him away.

To bury their lord in the time-honoured grave,
Where, above his dead fathers, the yew branches wave.

Through the lands of fair Carntown wended their road,
In whose castle the lords of Mount Leinster abode.

In this castle, for ages, the Cheevers bore sway;
And now to informers 'tis given away.

From the time-honoured race of Mount Leinster 'tis riven,
And as blood-money to the informer 'tis given.

Near Carntown's castle, a small streamlet flows,
That meares Cheever's lands, from the lands of his foes,

And marks with its channel, and serves as a fence,
Where the lands of the lords of Mount Leinster commence.

And now, to this streamlet, the mourning train come,
As they bear the dead lord to his last, narrow home.

Close by the stream, Cheevers' mother they met,
Pale was her cheek, though her eye was not wet.

"Kinsmen and friends of Mount Leinster," she cried,
"Hear now the cause that your brave lord has died;

"To get Carntown's lands, and its castle so fair,
Mount Leinster lies murdered, and stretched on that bier;

"No crime he committed, no treason he knew,
But to rob these lands from him, my brave son they slew.

"Ye know if his victim the murderer touch,
The blood bursting forth will the murder avouch.

"Now open the coffin, and lift out his hand,
And lay the cold fingers on Carntown's land;

"And if, for these lands, brave Mount Leinster was slain,
From his cold lips, the blood-stream shall burst forth, like
rain."

They opened the coffin, and took forth his hand,
And in silence they laid it on Carntown's land.

Awe hushed the sad mourners, and stilled every breath,
As they tried, at her bidding, this test of his death.

The moment his cold hand the green sod had brushed,
From his mouth, and his nose, in dark streams, the blood
gushed.

It gushed, in a torrent, his cold bosom o'er,
And his white shroud is dyed, with dark streamlets of gore.

Close to the coffin his aged mother stood,
With her finger, she pointed their eyes to the blood.

Pale grew her cheek, as she stretched forth her hand,
And cried—"His murderer was his land!"

Then echoed her words all the mourning band—
Yes! yes! his murderer was his land!

When Others left Me.

SONG.

I.

When others left me in my woes,
You never proved untrue;
And I have borne fate's heaviest blows,
Sustained by love and you:
Let sorrow all its fountains ope,
No woe my breast can move,
Whilst o'er the ruins of my hope
Still bloom the flowers of love.

II.

Rich in the treasure of your heart,
Want's terrors I defy;
Tho' pow'r, and wealth, and friends depart,
Still! still! I can reply,
Let sorrow all its fountains ope,
No woe my breast can move,
Whilst o'er the ruins of my hope
Still bloom the flowers of love.

We'll War with Care.

SONG.

I.

Now icy winds the bosom chill,
  The snow lies deep and white;
The inky clouds descend the hill,
  And dismal looms the night:
The thunder echoes round about,
  The lurid lightnings glare;
But while the winter wars without,
  Within we'll war with care.

II.

We'll draw all round the cheerful blaze,
  And raise the merry song;
And tell the tales of happier days,
  When hope and love were young:
We'll send the ruby wine about,
  And fill our bumpers fair;
And, thus, while winter wars without,
  Within we'll war with care.

The Romance of the Fairy Cure.

I.

Nelly Phelan's child is ailing;
Hour by hour, the babe is failing;
Squeeling, kicking, biting, whining,
To an atomy, he's pining.

II.

Once he was a fine, wee fellow;
Now he's wrinkled, thin, and yellow:
Playful then he was, and civil;
Now he's cross grained, as the Devil.

III.

To a wise woman Nell's walking;
Long time they're in secret talking;
First she heard of Nell's description:
Then she wrote out a prescription.

IV.

"Take this cure, although a strange one;
It is needed when they change one;
By it you'll the fairies bother,
Get your child, and choke the other.

V.

"You must make the fairy speak out,
Ere your child, from them, you take out:
If you follow what's here written,
You shall find the biter's bitten."

VI.

Cried Nell, "Be sure that I'll observe it;
If I fail I'll not deserve it:
I would walk the wide world over,
If my child I could recover."

VII.

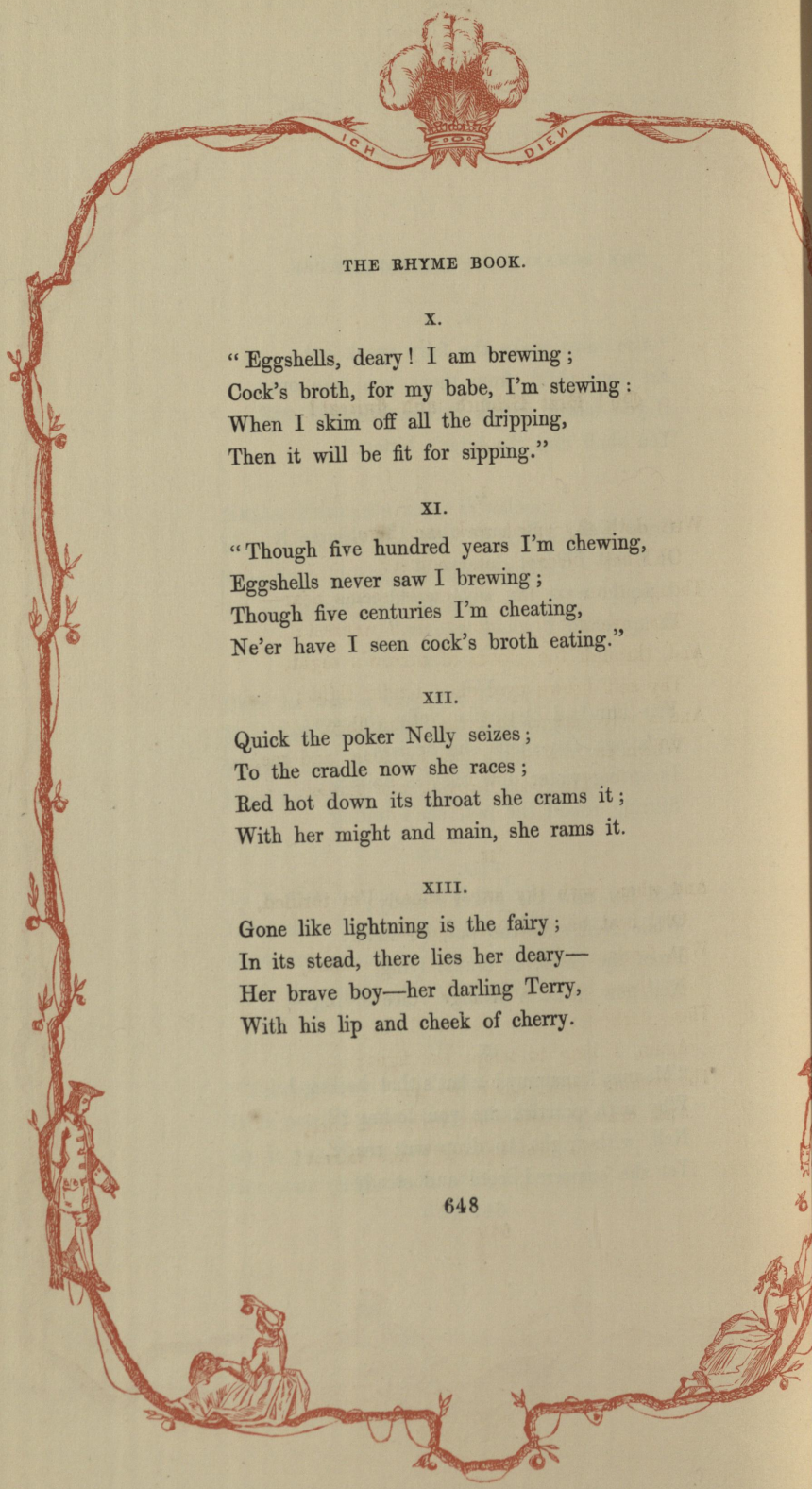
Five hundred eggshells Nelly chooses;
In a pot, the shells she bruises;
In spring water now they're boiling;
Stirring round the pot, she's toiling.

VIII.

Red hot now the poker's ready;
While Nell stirs the pot, so steady:
From the child, in cradle lying,
Nell now hears a strange voice crying—

IX.

"Mammy! mammy! what's that boiling?
Why with potstick are you toiling?"
Nell, with fright, to drop was ready,
Yet she answered, cool and steady:



X.

"Eggshells, deary! I am brewing;
Cock's broth, for my babe, I'm stewing:
When I skim off all the dripping,
Then it will be fit for sipping."

XI.

"Though five hundred years I'm chewing,
Eggshells never saw I brewing;
Though five centuries I'm cheating,
Ne'er have I seen cock's broth eating."

XII.

Quick the poker Nelly seizes;
To the cradle now she races;
Red hot down its throat she crams it;
With her might and main, she rams it.

XIII.

Gone like lightning is the fairy;
In its stead, there lies her deary—
Her brave boy—her darling Terry,
With his lip and cheek of cherry.

Oh! Best Beloved, and Fairest!

SONG.

I.

Why doth thy spirit seek me, here,
Oh! best beloved, and fairest?
Though thou art far, thy smile seems near—
That sweet bright smile, thou wearest:
And, through the gloom of sorrow's night,
Thy soft brown eyes shed tender light;
And a voice seems to come, from thee,
Which says, strike home, for love, and me,
Thy best beloved, and fairest!

II.

And when, with thy sweet tones, I'm thrilled,
Oh! best beloved, and fairest!
With fearless might, my soul seems filled,
By these brave words, thou hearest:
Then, dark despair is put to flight;
Again, I long to tempt the fight;
The rushing strife, again, to see,
And, bravely, strike, for love, and thee,
My best beloved! and fairest!

The Lover's Prayer.

SONG.

I.

If I could think the day to see,
When from my constant heart,
Its love should pass away, and we
Could tearless part:

II.

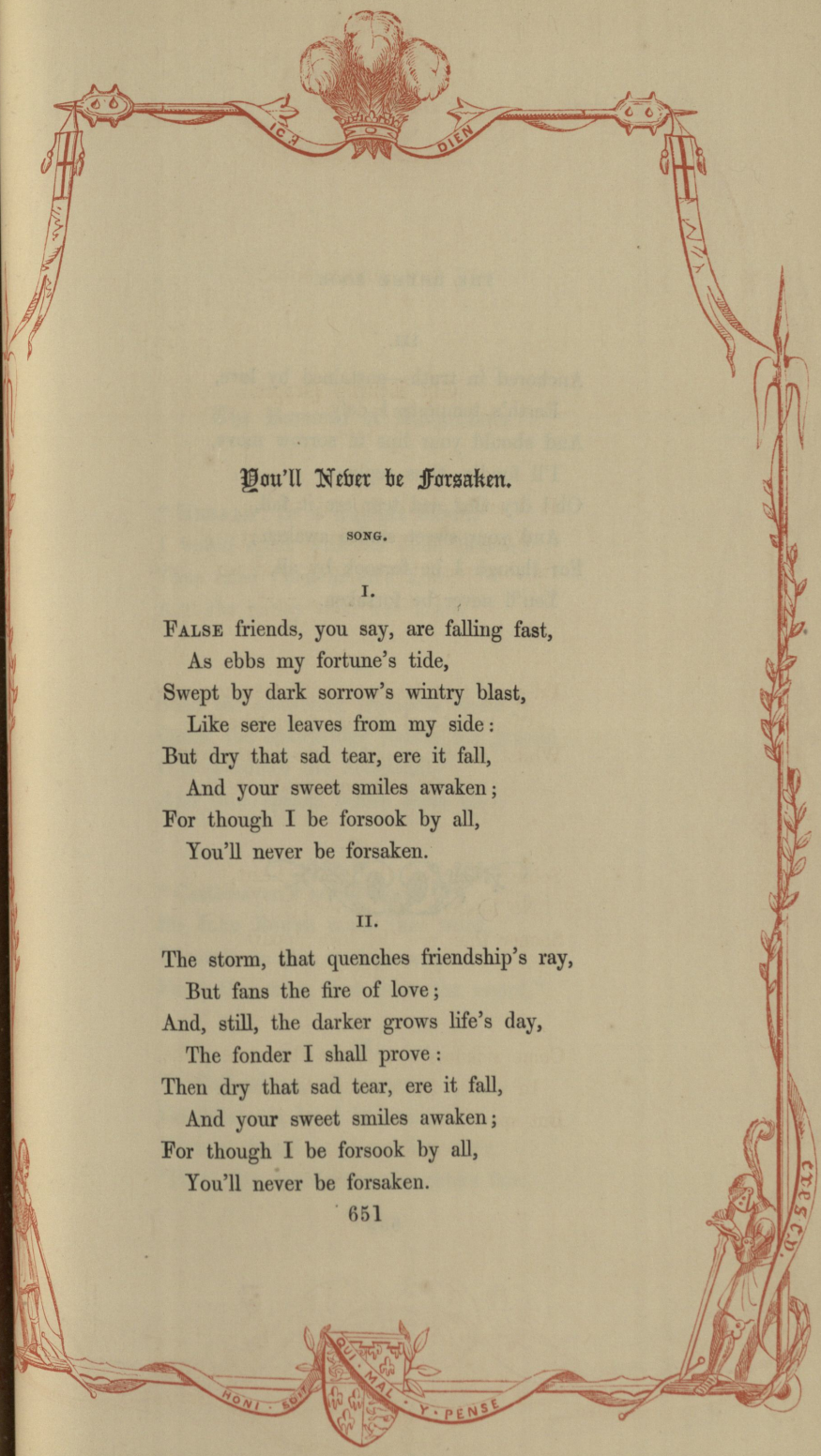
I'd pray that heaven would take me now,
While clasped to thy fond breast;
Whilst my rapt soul drinks in thy vow
Of love confessed.

III.

Sooner than feel thy gentle heart,
No longer beat for me;
Sooner than see thy love depart
In apathy:

IV.

Come sickness! come the thousand pains,
In which death steeps his darts;
But spare! in mercy, spare love's chains,
That bind our hearts.



You'll Never be Forsaken.

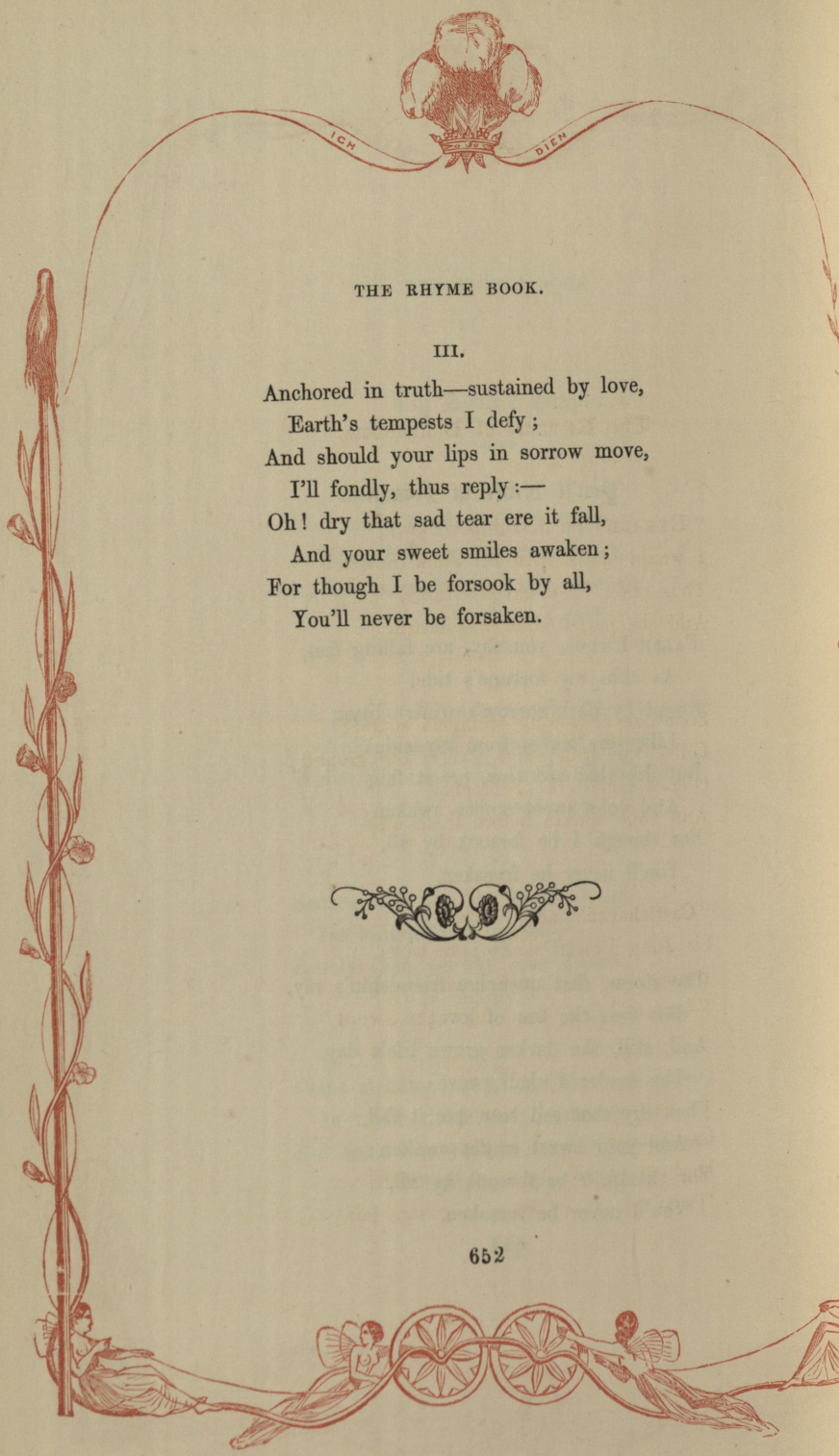
SONG.

I.

False friends, you say, are falling fast,
As ebbs my fortune's tide,
Swept by dark sorrow's wintry blast,
Like sere leaves from my side:
But dry that sad tear, ere it fall,
And your sweet smiles awaken;
For though I be forsook by all,
You'll never be forsaken.

II.

The storm, that quenches friendship's ray,
But fans the fire of love;
And, still, the darker grows life's day,
The fonder I shall prove:
Then dry that sad tear, ere it fall,
And your sweet smiles awaken;
For though I be forsook by all,
You'll never be forsaken.



III.

Anchored in truth—sustained by love,
  Earth's tempests I defy;
And should your lips in sorrow move,
  I'll fondly, thus reply:—
Oh! dry that sad tear ere it fall,
  And your sweet smiles awaken;
For though I be forsook by all,
  You'll never be forsaken.

The Romance of Ballyadams.

I.

"Herald! be a trumpet blown,
I would speak with Sir John Bowen!"
Thus cried Castlehaven's Lord,
And the parley soon was heard.

II.

Soon the answering trumpets sound;
Quick the drawbridge strikes the ground;
O'er it comes the Seneschal,
And thus speaks before them all—

III.

"Castlehaven's noble Lord,
Sir John Bowen sends thee word,
Dinner's on the castle board,—
Feast thee first, then draw the sword."

IV.

To Ballyadams, all alone,
Castlehaven's Lord is gone;
High at board is placed his chair,
'Twixt Sir John's two daughters fair.

V.

Lovely as the budding rose,
Each young blushing maiden shows;
Sweeter than the song of bird,
Are their gentle voices heard.

VI.

When the feast had gaily sped,
Thus Lord Castlehaven said—
"Good Sir John, thou hast not here
Culverin nor cannoneer;

VII.

"Yield, then, Ballyadams' tower,
To the high confederates' power;
Yield, my friend, and I will take,
The terms, that thou thyself shalt make."

VIII.

"Now, my Lord, to me attend;
Thou hast been my early friend;
Didst thou ever know me break
Oath that ever I did take?"

IX.

"Stainless has thine honour been,"
Cried the Earl, "Well I ween,
Whatsoe'er thou say'st to me,
With my life I'll guarantee."

X.

"Then, my Lord, an oath I make;
If this tower you seek to take;
If my walls by shot be riven,
Thus I'll do, so help me heaven.—

XI.

"I shall hang my daughters fair,
Fastened each upon a chair,
Right in front of the wide breach;
Through their breasts thy shot must reach."

XII.

Started Castlehaven's Lord,
Wondering at that desperate word;
Then, to the pale maids, he turned,
Deeply for their fate he mourned.

XIII.

Took he then each maiden's hand,
As beside the board they stand;
Kissed he then each maiden's cheek,
And thus gallantly he spake—

XIV.

"God be with thee, stout Sir John,
I shall let thy fort alone;
Though for this I lose my head,
Harm I will not either maid.

XV.

"Though my life the council take,
For that I their orders break;
Death from them I'd rather dree,
Than that these should die by me."

XVI.

Then he marched his troops away,
Far they were ere close of day:
Thus was Ballyadams' tower
Saved by beauty's gentle power.

Courtenay.

BALLAD.

I.

THE noble Courtenay's near his death,
His cheek is sunk and wan;
With heaving comes his gasping breath,
His strength is almost gone:
But as they raise his feeble head,
His soul seemed deeply moved;
And thus with flashing eye he said,
To those who wept and loved,
Lost! lost! is all the wealth I leave,
But mine is, still, the wealth I gave!

II.

The prayer that I've refused to grant,
For mercy or relief;
The poor that I've allowed to want,
Now pierce my soul with grief:

The worthless gold I thus retained,
In spite of pity's claim,
By heartless avarice seems gained,
And fills my breast with shame—
Lost! lost! is all the wealth I leave,
But mine is, still, the wealth I gave!

III.

My worthless heir, with hopes elate,
Now longs my death to hear;
Each moment seems too long to wait,
Until I'm on my bier;
The gold, that I denied the poor,
To spendthrift now must fall;
In gambling, wantonness, and pride,
'Twill soon be squandered all—
Lost! lost! is all the wealth I leave,
But mine is, still, the wealth I gave!

IV.

But all the wealth that I have spent,
To lighten misery;
My gold in charity that went,
Seems biding, still, with me:
Like soft dew on the withered flower,
Its memory cheers my heart;
And gives it hope in this dread hour,
When soul and body part—

Lost! lost! is all the wealth I leave,
But mine is, still, the wealth I gave!

v.

No heir can take this glorious store,
No force or fraud deprive;
'Tis paid in blessings of the poor,
While I remain alive;
And when my soul ascends to heaven,
I know from holy word,
The wealth that to the poor I've given,
I've lent unto the Lord—
Lost! lost! is all the wealth I leave,
But mine is, still, the wealth I gave!

The Initiation.

MASONIC SONG.

I.

Oh! fount of light, whose source is lost,
In dark primeval time,
The wretch's shield, the sage's boast,
Adored in every clime,
Let this new brother, kneeling low,
Faithful and secret move;
Oh! teach him, what all masons know,
That heaven is breathed in love.

II.

Oh! be to him a beacon light,
Upon the rock of truth;
And guide his bark of life aright,
Amid the storms of youth:
And when the stroke of death descends,
From pangs his parting save;
And grant him girt by faithful friends,
A stainless mason's grave.

Arise! Arise!

SONG.

I.

ARISE! arise! and bless my eyes,
My beautiful! my own!
The soft dawn dyes the eastern skies,
The lark is heavenward flown;
His song's sweet tone pours wildly down,
As upward still he flies;
On heather brown and flower half blown,
The dew, like diamond, lies.

II.

But all in vain, to ease love's pain
Doth nature smile so bright;
From heart and brain, love's heavy chain
Puts thoughts of joy to flight:
With beauty's light dispel the night,
That o'er my heart doth reign,
And love requite, with love's delight,
My own—my heart's fair Queen!

The Romance of the White Ship.

I.

O'Daly sat at his castle gate,
At chime of eight;
When a servant cried, with mouth oped wide,
"O'Keeffe rides here from the southern side:"
And another said, on looking forth,
"O'Brosnian's coming from the north;
M'Swine from west, M'Caull from east,
With a hundred men in their train at least."

II.

"Mother of Mercy!" O'Daly cried,
And deeply sighed,
"With this host of guests what shall I do,
To cheer their souls in Knockagru?
My usquebaugh is finished quite
The last drop of it went last night,
My brandy's done, my wine's all gone,
What shall I do, ochone! ochone!"

III.

He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
In wild despair;
And wandered forth across the hill,
That's meared by the spreading mountain rill;
Through a broad bed the waters creep,
But scarce a hand's breadth are they deep;
Each pebble on the bottom's seen,
As plain, as bright flowers on the green.

IV.

He looks up at the summer skies,
And wildly cries,
"Was e'er O'Daly found before,
Without a wine or brandy store?"
Then at the shallow stream looked down—
Are Conn O'Daly's senses gone?
He rubs his eyes, and looks again,
But still it's there, distinct, and plain.

V.

Upon the stream a brave ship rides,
With lofty sides;
Its hull, and masts, and sails, all white,
Shine dazzling to the sight:
It seems to ride at anchor now,
Though scarce inch deep's the stream below,
And though far distant lies the main,
With many a cataract between.

VI.

The crew move quickly, left and right,
All dressed in white,
Obedient to their chief's commands,
Who on the deck now stands;
Superb, in dress, and form, and mien,
A nobler captain ne'er was seen;
And when O'Daly he espies,
He waves his hand and kindly cries,

VII.

"O'Daly I am grieved to find,
That one so kind,
For lack of means should be distressed;
But set your mind at rest;
I have been sent to cure your grief,
And bring, for all your wants, relief;
You shall have wine and brandy too,
Enough for all at Knockagru."

VIII.

Then cried O'Daly, "Noble chief,
For this relief,
With thanks, I give a hundred kine,
The fattest shall be thine."
But quick the captain waved his hand,
In sign of high and stern command;
And cried, "Those who this ship have sent,
All bargain-making would resent."

IX.

Quick moved the sailors, left and right,
All dressed in white;
And, pipe on pipe, of brandy fine,
And French and Spanish wine,
Upon the river's bank, they bear,
And lay them down in order there;
And when, on board, returned the crew,
The white ship vanished from his view.

X.

A hundred sliding cars it took,
To bring this stock
Of wines most rare and brandy too,
To feast the guests at Knockagru:
Never was feast more nobly spread;
Never were guests more nobly fed;
Never had wine such glorious taste;
Never was brandy drank so fast.

XI.

Ten days at Knockagru they staid,
And feasting made;
Above all hosts O'Daly's name
Is given, by bards, to fame:
And since that day the mountain ford,
From whence his house with wine was stored,
In memory of that deed so famed,
THE FORD OF THE WHITE SHIP is named.

Love's Logic.

SONG.

I.

YOUNG Roland on fair Ella gazed,
With looks so warm, and eyes so loving,
The blush upon her cheeks was raised,
Her maiden bashfulness approving.

II.

Then Roland clasped the lovely maid,
And kissed her cheeks, like roses glowing;
And to the bashful Ella said,
With wily words, love's logic showing,

III.

"I raised these roses on your cheeks,
And now I use my right to cull them;
For thus the rule of justice speaks,
Let him who plants the roses pull them."

When Autumn Winds are Sighing.

SONG.

I.

When autumn winds are sighing,
Then sad thoughts, round us, come,
Of those we loved, now, lying,
Within the silent tomb:
Then, nature's face looks dreary,
With cold, and gloom, opprest;
And hearts feel sad, and weary,
And long to be, at rest.

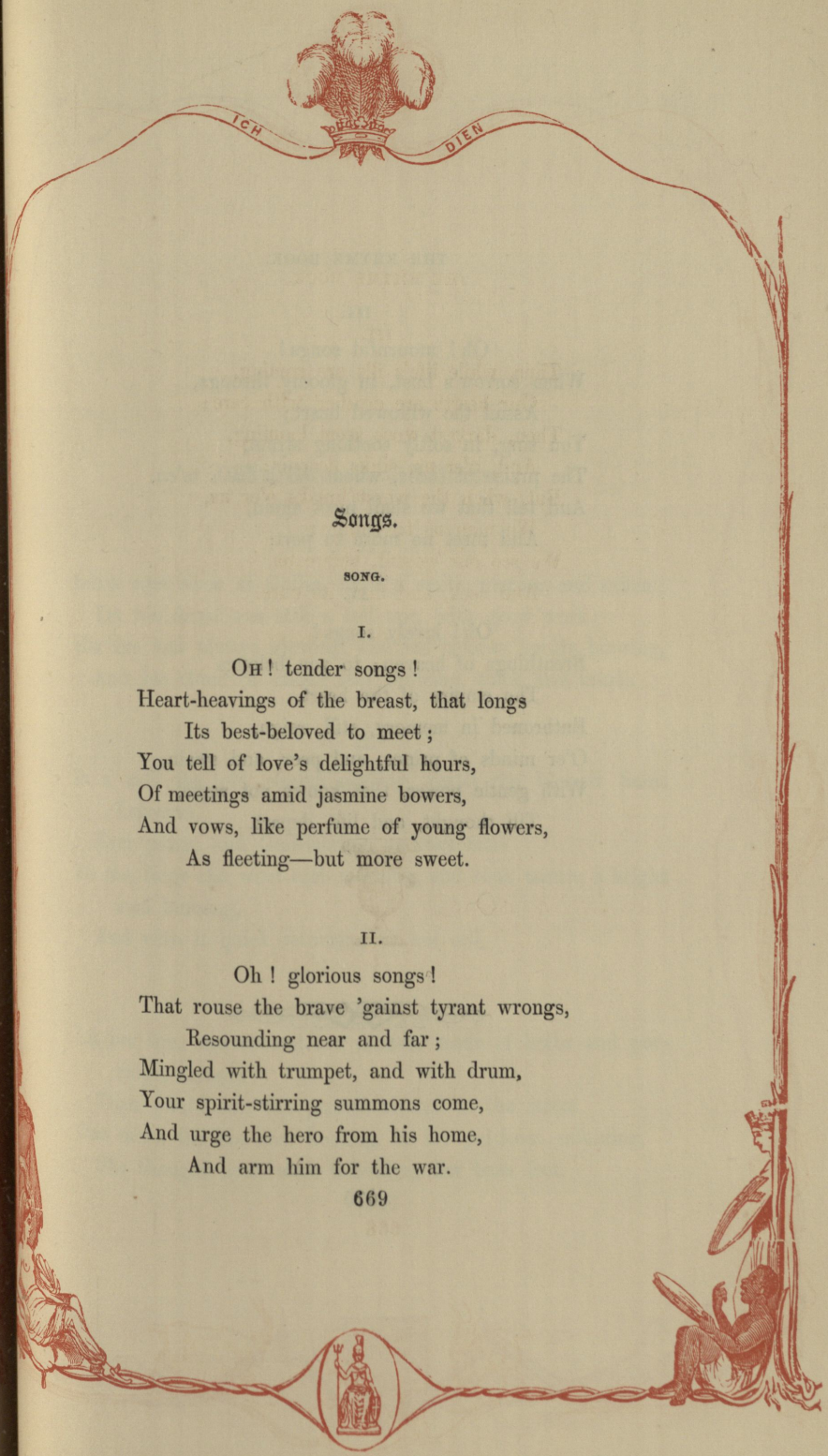
II.

But, when the winter's waging,
Its war of snow and storm,
We care not, for its raging,
But guard us, 'gainst its harm:
Then, cheerful fires are blazing,
Then, circle, song, and tale;
And wine, our hearts, is raising,
With streams of nut-brown ale.

III.

Thus, while life's ills are coming,
Our hearts are crushed with care;
Then, darkest woes seem looming,
And, o'er us, sinks despair:
But, when the worst breaks o'er us,
We man us to endure;
We see our wound, before us,
And seek, and find, its cure.





Songs.

SONG.

I.

Oh! tender songs!
Heart-heavings of the breast, that longs
Its best-beloved to meet;
You tell of love's delightful hours,
Of meetings amid jasmine bowers,
And vows, like perfume of young flowers,
As fleeting—but more sweet.

II.

Oh! glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet, and with drum,
Your spirit-stirring summons come,
And urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

III.

Oh! mournful songs!
When sorrow's host, in gloomy throngs,
Assail the widowed heart;
You sing, in softly soothing strain,
The praise of those, whom death hath ta'en,
And tell that we shall meet again,
And meet no more to part.

IV.

Oh! lovely songs!
Breathings of heaven; to you belongs
The empire of the heart.
Enthroned in memory, still, reign,
O'er minds of prince, and peer, and swain,
With gentle power, that knows not wane,
Till thought, and life, depart.

The Romance of Lateeran.

I.

Long ages since at Cullin, lived a smith, morose, and sullen;
Yet his forge was still a full one, with good work;
His fire was always glowing, and his bellows loudly blowing,
And his cloud of smoke still showing, thick and murk.

II.

In a cell the old church nearing, dwelt the blessed Saint Lateeran,
Ever pious, and God-fearing, as they tell:
To the forge she went each morning, and took thence a bright coal burning,
And with it quick returning to her cell,

III.

Lit her fire, and cooked her dinner, made of herbs and porridge, thinner
Than would suit the poorest sinner, in the street.
One morn the hot coal holding, in her petticoat enfolding,
She thought none were beholding her bare feet.

IV.

She thought no one was gazing, so her petticoat upraising,
  She held the bright coal blazing, in her skirt;
But the old smith, sharp, and cunning, saw her legs, as she
  was running,
  And said to her in funning, making sport—

V.

Oh, bless me what a pity, that thy legs, so white and pretty,
  Should ne'er go to the city, to be shown;
For the part of them thou barest, is of snowy hue the fairest,
  And their beauty is the rarest, e'er was known.

VI.

But the wicked smith was jeering, with a most unholy
  sneering,
  At the simple Saint Lateeran, with a grin:
Though the smith was thus reviling, Saint Lateeran looked
  down smiling,
  Pride her simple heart beguiling, into sin.

VII.

With pride her cheek was glowing, as she saw her ancles
  showing,
  White as hills, when it is snowing on their breast;
And her legs, so smooth and taper, they could vie with
  queens in shape, or
  Could dance, or cut a caper, with the best.

VIII.

Then said the saint replying, while her legs she still was eyeing,
There's no use in denying, that they're white;
But saints, you know, Con Roughty, set no value on their beauty,
More than if it were a shoetie, day or night.

IX.

While thus the saint was flirting, the coal she held her skirt in
Set fire, 'tis most certain, to her gown;
But, miracle amazing, though all round the fire was blazing,
The saint it spared from seizing, up, or down.

X.

The fire around her pouring, with blazing, and with roaring,
Rose o'er the saint's head soaring, into air;
But though the fire blazed round her, and like a girdle bound her,
It did not burn, or wound her, not a hair.

XI.

This miracle was given, to the prayers of good Saint Kevin;
And it cured her from pride's leaven, ever more;
Soon grief her breast came smiting, for her saintly duty slighting,
And in vanity delighting, for an hour.

XII.

And she cried, "Curse on you, Roughty, you have made me break my duty,
With vain thinking on my beauty, and my youth;
Grief in my bosom rankles, for vain glory in my ancles,
Forgetting heaven, and thankless for its truth.

XIII.

"May the saints your forge fire deaden; may your bellows be like leaden;
And iron never redden, night or day;
For your jeering, and your gulling, may no smith e'er live in Cullin,
Young or old, or gay or sullen, I here pray."

XIV.

Though a thousand years have nigh run, yet this curse does still environ;
And fire won't redden iron, in this town;
No smith can gain a penny, for a fire won't light for any,
Be it blown by few or many, priest, or clown.

XV.

The smiths are all transported, and the nails are all imported,
Since her legs Lateeran sported, as we told;
And horses that want shoeing, to Millstreet must be going,
Or without their shoes be doing, young and old.

The Rosy Cross.

MASONIC SONG.

I.

'Tis finished now, by that high vow,
Breathed with pure heart and humbled brow,
Thy pledge of faith is given;
Then take this mystic rose and ring,
And let their maxims to thee cling,
And smooth thy path to heaven—
Prince of the Rosy Cross arise!
Be true, be valiant, and be wise!

II.

Pure, as this white unsullied rose,
That in its stainless beauty glows,
Let virtue make thy soul;
And endless, as this mystic ring,
Let love's bright fount within thee spring,
And all thy acts controul—
Prince of the Rosy Cross arise!
Be true, be valiant, and be wise!

The Secret Dread.

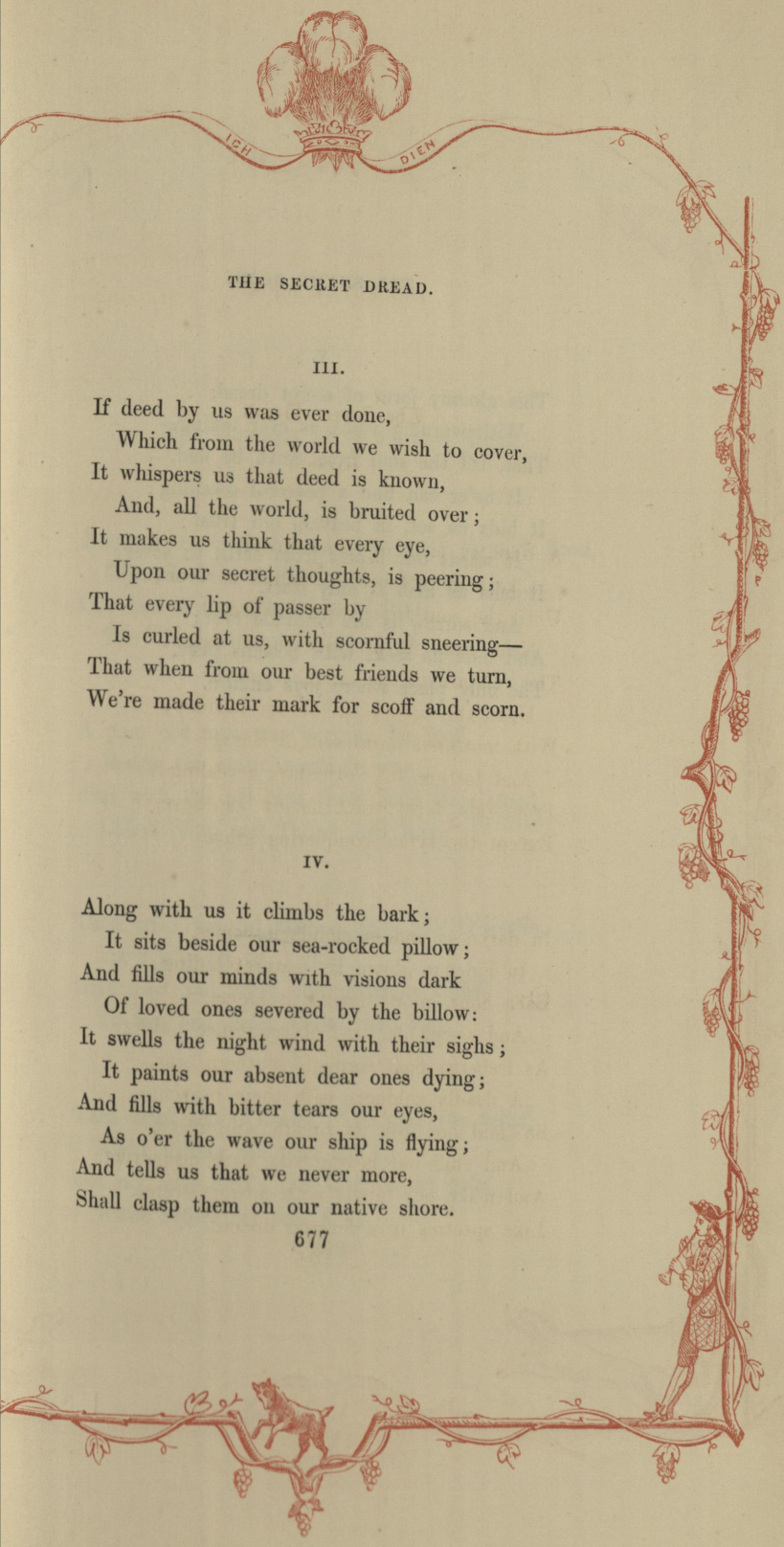
BALLAD.

I.

A GLOOMY form of secret dread,
  Like a gaunt spectre, haunts us ever;
Until the soul from earth be fled,
  Ne'er from its presence can it sever:
The vampire of the mind, it preys,
  Upon the life-stream of our feelings;
With muttered horrors it dismays,
  And tortures us with dark revealings:
From this dark tyrant nought can save,
Except the tyrant-conquering grave.

II.

In darkness and in clouds it comes,
  In hideous gloom its features hiding;
Each hour, more terrible it looms,
  And seems its time of vengeance biding:
As icebergs float through southern seas,
  A deadly coldness with them bearing;
So 'mid our joys its breath will freeze,
  And chill our hearts with dark despairing,
And make our minds with horrors teem,
Like spectres in a fevered dream.



III.

If deed by us was ever done,
  Which from the world we wish to cover,
It whispers us that deed is known,
  And, all the world, is bruited over;
It makes us think that every eye,
  Upon our secret thoughts, is peering;
That every lip of passer by
  Is curled at us, with scornful sneering—
That when from our best friends we turn,
We're made their mark for scoff and scorn.

IV.

Along with us it climbs the bark;
  It sits beside our sea-rocked pillow;
And fills our minds with visions dark
  Of loved ones severed by the billow:
It swells the night wind with their sighs;
  It paints our absent dear ones dying;
And fills with bitter tears our eyes,
  As o'er the wave our ship is flying;
And tells us that we never more,
Shall clasp them on our native shore.

V.

This gloomy form of secret dread,
With warning voice, is ever telling,
That, till the soul from earth be fled,
It ne'er can find a peaceful dwelling:
It bids us set, in heaven, our trust;
It warns our hearts from earth to sever;
It tells us man is only dust,
And sorrow is his comrade ever;
And bids us seek, with bosoms pure,
The only place where joys endure.

The Romance of O'Keeffe's Dogs.

I.

Before his foes, through brake and through flood,
O'Keeffe is now fleeing with speed;
One loaf is the only store of food,
The Chief has got for his need.

II.

A poor old man was begging for food,
Beside the steep mountain way;
And with the old man three little dogs stood,
Called Slan, and Thowl, and Ray.

III.

Then cried the old man, "Have pity O'Keeffe,
Have pity on us, I pray;
Give food and relief, oh! generous Chief,
To me, and Slan, Thowl, and Ray."

IV.

Then cried the O'Keeffe, "To give you relief,
Right willing old man am I;
But my only food's this loaf, to my grief,
While before my foes I fly.

V.

"And if I should faint for want of food,
Upon the steep mountain side;
With my heart's best blood, in gory flood,
The heather would soon be dyed."

VI.

"From famine I die," cried the poor old man,
"Oh! give me some food, I pray;
Have mercy on me, O'Keeffe, if you can,
And on Slan, and Thowl, and Ray."

VII.

His only loaf then broke the O'Keeffe,
To save the poor dying man;
And he gave it to him in kind relief,
And to Thowl, and Ray, and Slan.

VIII.

He bent down the poor man's dogs to feed,
Little Thowl, and Slan, and Ray;
And they gobbled the bread, with hungry greed,
And leaped up in joyful play.

IX.

But when he raised his eyes from the ground,
The old man away was gone;
And in his place, a lady was found,
More fair than the young May morn.

X.

Like dew-drops clear, her bright eyes appear,
Her neck's like the drifted snow;
And while she thus speaks, like music clear,
Her soft sweet accents flow.

XI.

"Behold food and wine, in return for thine,
Oh! noble-hearted Chief!
Who did not repine, when asked to resign,
Thine all, for the poor's relief."

XII.

Then a table appeared all richly spread,
With meats and with wines most rare;
And when with these O'Keeffe had been fed,
Again spoke the lady fair.

XIII.

"My three little dogs I give to thee,
Good Slan, and Thowl, and Ray;
And though no mortal their forms may see,
They shall follow thee night and day.

XIV.

"Both night and day, Slan, Thowl, and Ray,
Shall guard Glen Avon's Chief;
And ne'er shall betray, for food or pay,
The footsteps of brave O'Keeffe.

XV.

"When foes round thee prowl, Slan, Ray, and Thowl,
With moanings deep and low,
Together shall growl, and whine, and howl,
The steps of thy foes to show.

XVI.

"And when they shall scan death's features wan,
And his shadow cold and dark,
Then Ray, Thowl, and Slan, as loud as they can,
Shall cry aloud and bark."

XVII.

When thus she had spoken she passed from view,
And melted in air away;
But the little dogs follow unseen, though true,
Good Slan, and Thowl, and Ray.

XVIII.

With steady pace, Slan, Thowl, and Ray,
Keep up with Glen Avon's Chief;
And their little feet patter along the way,
As they gallop along with O'Keeffe.

XIX.

From thence no foes could O'Keeffe enclose,
No snare could his feet betray;
For with whine and with howl, Slan, Ray, and Thowl,
Would show where the danger lay.

XX.

And since that day, Slan, Thowl, and Ray,
Guard ever Glen Avon's Chief;
And when a Chief dies, each barks, and cries,
In grief for the brave O'Keeffe.

Liberty.

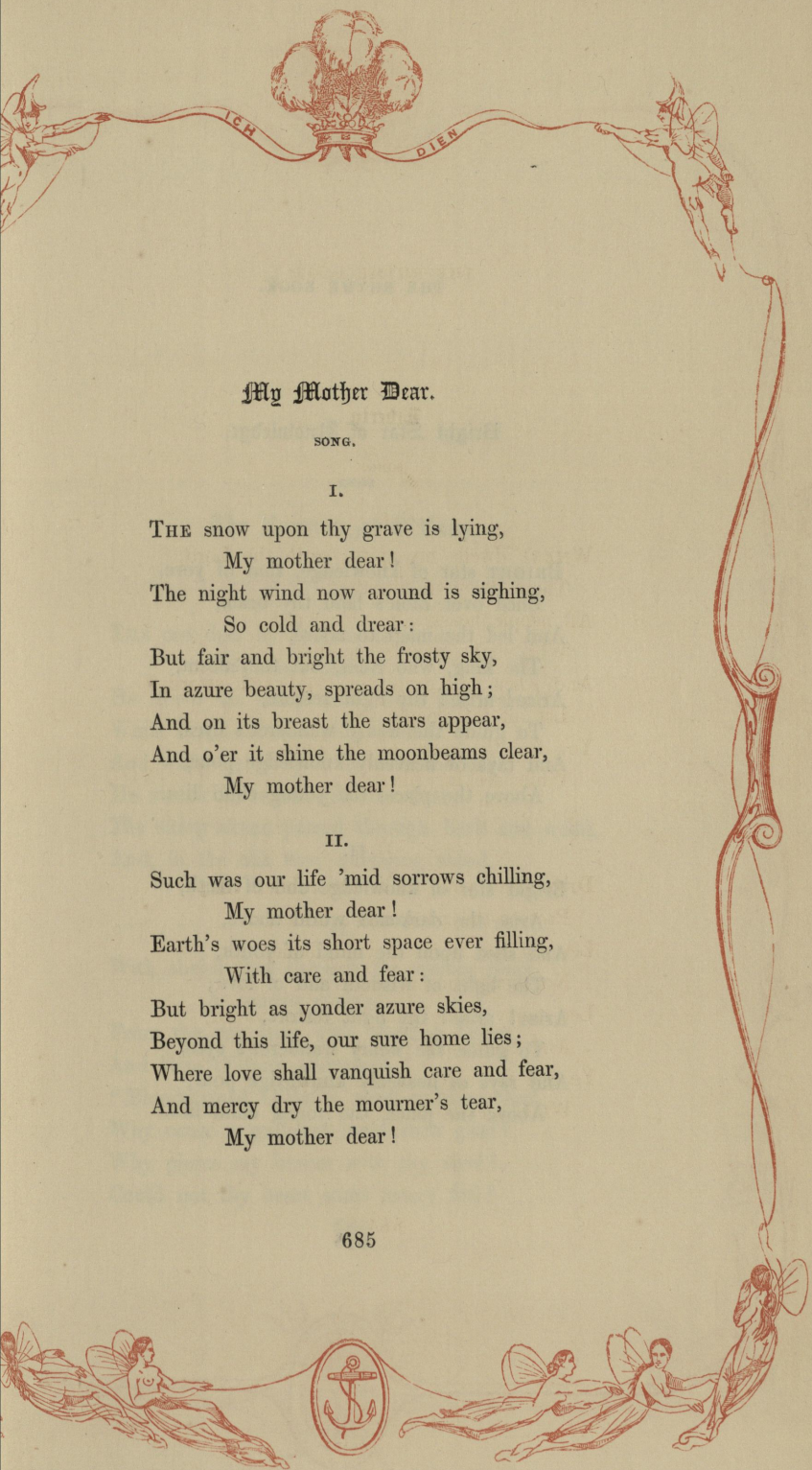
SONG.

I.

WHERE dwells my spirit, saith the Lord,
  There dwelleth liberty;
All people hearken to this word,
  Who strike now to be free:
And when you draw your stalwarth sword,
  Let all the people see,
You feel the spirit of the Lord,
  While seeking liberty.

II.

Drive from your ranks the robber vile;
  Protect the poor man's home;
Let not the thirst of gold defile,
  Nor vengeance overcome:
Let mercy guide your stalwarth sword,
  And then shall people see,
Ye feel the spirit of the Lord,
  While seeking liberty.



My Mother Dear.

SONG.

I.

THE snow upon thy grave is lying,
My mother dear!
The night wind now around is sighing,
So cold and drear:
But fair and bright the frosty sky,
In azure beauty, spreads on high;
And on its breast the stars appear,
And o'er it shine the moonbeams clear,
My mother dear!

II.

Such was our life 'mid sorrows chilling,
My mother dear!
Earth's woes its short space ever filling,
With care and fear:
But bright as yonder azure skies,
Beyond this life, our sure home lies;
Where love shall vanquish care and fear,
And mercy dry the mourner's tear,
My mother dear!

Bright Star of Knowledge.

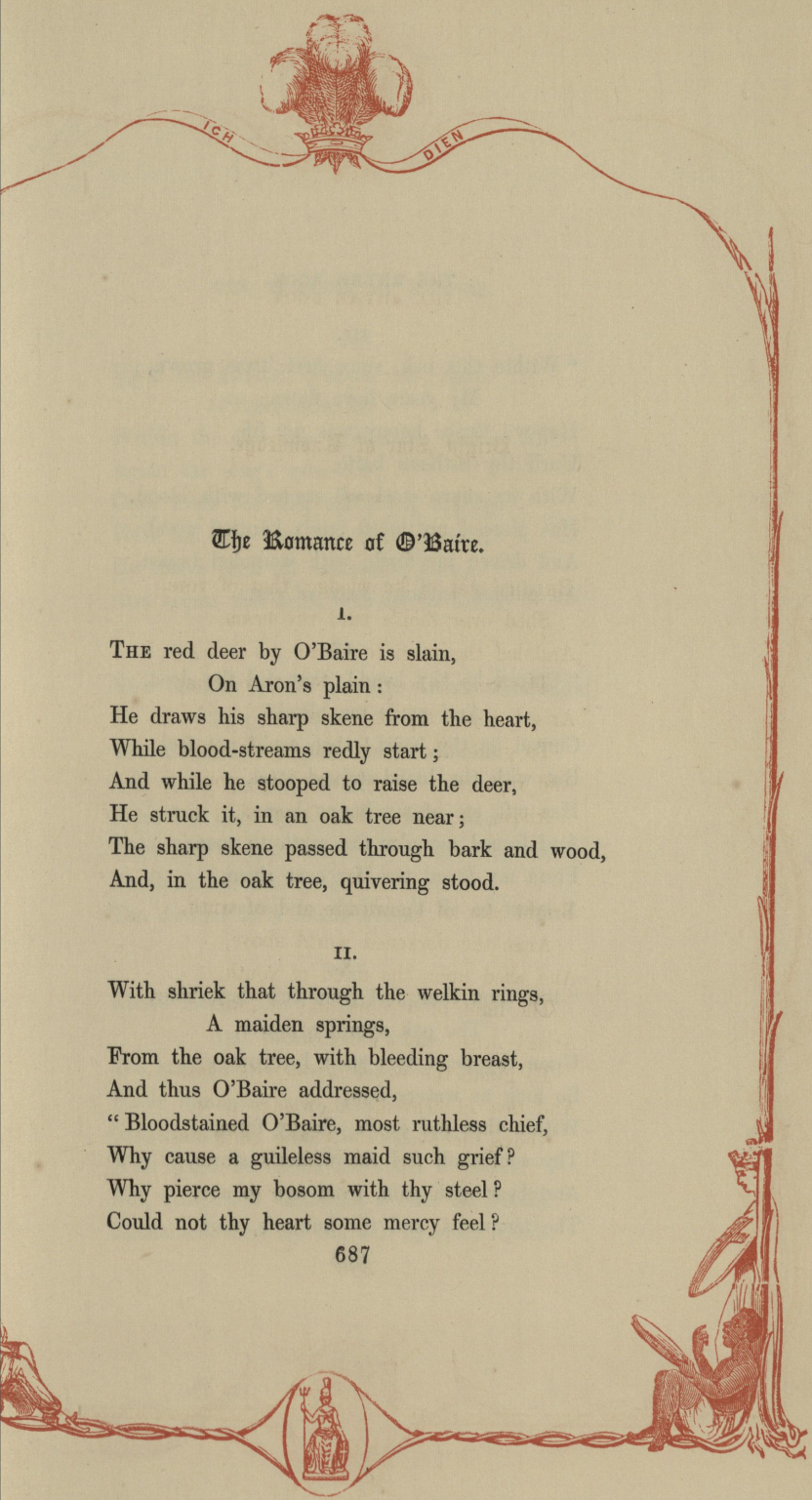
SONG.

I.

BRIGHT star of knowledge, that of yore,
Shed over Zion's land thy beam,
And led the magi to adore,
The king, who rules, but to redeem,
Arise! arise! thy light restore,
To guide the weary wanderer's eyes,
And rays of heavenly knowledge pour,
Above the place, the young child lies.

II.

Bright star of knowledge and of truth,
Arise the darkened world above,
And shed upon the mind of youth,
The light of wisdom and of love;
Arise! arise! thy light restore,
To guide the weary wanderer's eyes,
And rays of heavenly knowledge pour,
Above the place, the young child lies.



The Romance of O'Baire.

I.

THE red deer by O'Baire is slain,
On Aron's plain:
He draws his sharp skene from the heart,
While blood-streams redly start;
And while he stooped to raise the deer,
He struck it, in an oak tree near;
The sharp skene passed through bark and wood,
And, in the oak tree, quivering stood.

II.

With shriek that through the welkin rings,
A maiden springs,
From the oak tree, with bleeding breast,
And thus O'Baire addressed,
"Bloodstained O'Baire, most ruthless chief,
Why cause a guileless maid such grief?
Why pierce my bosom with thy steel?
Could not thy heart some mercy feel?



III.

"Within this oak, since first 'twas grown,
My years have flown;
Happy! thrice happy was my life,
Until thy ruthless knife,
With its sharp steel, all stained with blood,
Has pierced my loved tree's knotted wood,
And driven me forth, with wounded breast,
An outcast without place of rest.

IV.

"Cursed be thy hand! that did the deed,
And made me bleed!
Cursed be thy heart! that could not feel,
But with thy blood-stained steel,
Has reft me of my happy home,
And forced me o'er the earth to roam;
From my loved tree for ever riven,
A sport to all the winds of heaven.

V.

"But thou shalt feel from this dark hour,
The oak nymph's power,
Upon thy head this spell I throw—
So long as waters flow,
Within that red deer's shaggy form,
Thy soul shall feel the winter's storm,
And bear with pain, from age to age,
The tempest's, and the hunter's, rage."

VI.

Upon the ground, beneath that spell,
O'Baire now fell;
Within the deer has passed his soul—
Again the stag's eyes roll;
Once more the stag upstarting springs;
With his loud roar the welkin rings;
He tosses high his branching horn,
And seems the earth beneath to scorn.

VII.

Now bounds he fast through brown Glenvaigh,
Away! away!
The mountain's highest crest he seeks,
And there his fury breaks;
From his dark eyes the big tears start;
High heaves and throbs his maddening heart,
To think his soul must ever roam,
The dweller in a brutal home.

VIII.

Above Lough Lene O'Baire now keeps,
And through its deeps,
The stag-hounds chase him every year,
While huntsmen ride, and cheer:
Gray-haired is, now, his lofty head;
With scorn he seems the earth to tread;
But, still, 'mid mountain storms he dwells,
Enchained there by the oak nymph's spells.

Sweet Songs of Erin.

SONG.

I.

SWEET songs of Erin, o'er the earth, go forth—
East—west—south—north—
And, as, on music's wings, you wend your way,
Thus, kindly, say,
The land, we came from, is, with woes, opprest,
And knows no rest,
Yet braver, nobler, hearts, no sun shone o'er,
Than Erin bore.

II.

Sweet songs of Erin breathe each tender thought,
With feeling, fraught,
That, from the ocean of Green Erin's woes,
Like Venus, rose,
And, sweetly smiling, through the storms of grief,
Gave her relief;
And say, more tender hearts, no sun shone o'er,
Than Erin bore.

III.

And, when foul calumny assails that land,
Oh! then demand,
Could souls, in which, such noble thoughts had place,
Be mean, and base;
Ought men, who, for their country, death have borne,
Be named with scorn;
No! for more gallant hearts no sun shone o'er,
Than Erin bore.

IV.

And, when green Erin's left, by wild despair
A desert bare,
Still, let her people live, in you, sweet songs,
Though crushed, by wrongs;
And let the sons of happier ages say,
"They've passed away,
But braver, nobler, hearts, no sun shone o'er,
Than Erin bore."

The Water-lily.

BALLAD.

I.

SWEET water-lily, robed in white,
Thou glancest on my ravished sight,
And seem'st a thing, too soft, and slight,
The storm to brave.

II.

And yet thou sittest, like a queen,
Upon thy throne of emerald sheen,
And spreadest with thy leaf of green,
A carpet o'er the wave.

III.

Thy broad leaves form a verdant mead;
Above, thy blossom lift its head;
And far as thy sweet flowerets spread,
A garden seems to shine.

IV.

The scornful swan, with arched throat,
Amidst thy flowers may proudly float;
But slightly we his beauty note,
Compared to thine.

V.

Thy root, in earth, is anchored fast;
Thy head is lifted to the blast;
And, though the storm may rage, and last,
Thou need'st not dread.

VI.

For when the tempest rears the wave,
And, 'whelms the bark in watery grave,
Thou canst the highest breakers brave,
And lift thy head.

VII.

Thou mind'st me of the good and pure,
Who all life's ills and storms endure,
In Heaven's rich promises secure
Of joy and peace.

VIII.

God's children, who their Father love,
Who worthy of his mercy prove,
And stainless rise the world above,
Through faith and grace.

IX.

Thus, calm, and fearlessly, they ride,
Above life's dark and heaving tide:
In faith their root, in truth their guide,
In good their power.

X.

Their heart-flowers, thus, a garden make,
Upon the plain of life's dark lake,
And smiles and sweetness o'er it wake,
In sorrow's hour.

XI.

Their deeds, their prayers, their praises, rise,
Like a flower's perfume, to the skies,
Which lasts, e'en when the sweet flower dies,
By winter riven.

XII.

And, like the lily, they appear,
Rising through waves of mourning drear,
To Him, who dries the mourner's tear,
In highest heaven.

The Poet Lover.

SONGLET.

I.

Yes! meet me with scorning,
With insult and wrong;
To all this I'm returning
The guerdon of song.
Oh! cruel, while breathing
Contempt, in each line,
Your proud beauty I'm wreathing
With verses divine.

II.

The sandal tree, sinking,
Will perfume impart,
To the axe, that is drinking
The stream of its heart;
And, thus, while I'm falling,
A prey to love's flame,
Round your beauty I'm calling
The odour of fame.

The Romance of O'Curnan.

FIRST FYTTE.

I.

Of all the light dancers,
O'Curnan's the lightest;
Of all the bright glancers,
His eye beams the brightest:
The noblest his form is,
Of nature's designing;
As if made to charm us,
And moulded for shining:
But, though each young fairy
Seek him, before any;
His love is young Mary,
Of green Modelany.

II.

His dark eye glows, for her,
With love's lustre, gleaming;
His sweet verse flows, for her,
With love's passion, beaming:

With longing, and thinking,
His bosom is heaving;
Love's sweet draught he's drinking,
Till love mounts to grieving;
With pain his breast's laden;
Tears fall, fast, and many,
From love of the maiden,
Of green Modelany.

III.

The poet's young charmer
Returns his devotion;
Still stronger, and warmer,
Grows love's soft emotion:
She reads the sweet verses,
That, daily, are coming;
In which, he rehearses
Her beauties, so blooming:
Her waning cheek proveth,
Though blushing to show it,
How dearly she loveth
O'Curnan the Poet.

IV.

Oh! noblest, and fairest,
Both poet, and maiden;
Of beauty, the rarest,
That beamed, out of Eden:

Still, seem'st thou, young Mary,
  Bright blushing, before me;
Thy laugh, light, and cheery,
  Seems, still, ringing o'er me:
I ne'er met thy equal,
  Though fair ones are many:
But sad was the sequel,
  In green Modelany.

SECOND FYTTE.

I.

Oh! wonderful! most wonderful! is love, in all his ways;
Mankind he rules, and fools, and schools, and fills, with wild amaze:
He fills the heart, with passion's fire, and, as the flames arise,
The power to speak, the words to woo, the tyrant oft denies.

II.

Now love, upon O'Curnan's tongue, the chain of silence lays;
Whilst, in the chambers of his soul, love's flames, all wildly, blaze:
And, as they grow, and, as they glow, within his breast, and brain,
Calm thoughts depart, from mind, and heart, and love's wild phantoms reign.

III.

The crimson mounted, to his brows, when she stood, in the room;
And throbbed his heart, so wild, and quick, his breathing, scarce, could come;
His voice would falter, more and more, as she came to his side;
And, when he spoke to her, the words, upon his pale lips, died.

IV.

But, when his Mary spoke, to him, he'd turn his head away;
Nor seem to heed, nor care to hear, the words that she might say:
All others near he'd seem to hear, all others to mind, more,
Than her, whose beauty, o'er his soul, love's golden sceptre bore.

V.

And Mary wondered, as he changed, still, more and more, each day;
She deemed her gentle poet's love had, faithless, passed away;
She thought, by wiles, and wanton smiles, some maid, more fair than she,
His heart had gained, and wept to think of man's inconstancy.

THIRD FYTTE.

I.

" Rise ! mother, rise ! and make for me,"
Cried Mary, to the crone of Rovur,
" A spell of surest potency,
To win me back a faithless lover."

II.

She gave a piece of shining gold,
All trembling to the crone of Rovur:
" Soon," cried the hag, " you shall behold,
Low at your feet, your faithless lover."

III.

She gathered herbs, by pale moonlight;
And wings of bats through ruins flying;
And reptiles, strange, a hideous sight,
And mouldering bones, in church-yard lying.

IV.

She boils these all, at full of moon,
With potent spells, the hell-broth charming;
A vampire's claw, she makes her spoon;
A murderer's skull, her cauldron forming.

V.

She drained the hell-broth, from the skull,
And filled, with it a tiny vial;
"Give this," she cried, "when moons are full,
You ne'er shall need a second trial."

VI.

She takes the draught, and hastes away;
That eve the full moon will be shining;
Before the closing of that day,
Returning love will cure her pining.

VII.

She seeks her poet love that night;
As lonely, 'neath the moon, he's roaming;
His dark eyes glow, with love's soft light,
When he beholds his Mary coming.

VIII.

Her snowy hands a goblet hold;
"Oh drink to me," she says, with sighing;
"Pledge me as in the days of old,
Though early loves may, now, be dying."

IX.

He cannot speak—he grasps the cup;
Wild, throbs his heart, with love, and gladness;
To the last lees, he drains it up,
Oh! draught of ruin, and of madness!

FOURTH FYTTE.

I.

From fevered sleep, O'Curnan wakes;
With burning throbs, his forehead aches;
His tongue is dry, with parching thirst;
His hot swollen veins seem fit to burst;
The skin, upon his lips, is cracked;
His frame, with piercing pains, is racked:
The poison of the hell hag's cup,
Now, drinks, like fire, his life-stream up.

II.

Many and many a weary day,
Fever racked, O'Curnan lay:
That hell-brewed draught of poison dire
Coursed, through his veins, like liquid fire:
Long time he lay, 'twixt life and death,
With fevered frame, and gasping breath;
Long time, youth, with the poison, strove,
Which, mightiest, in the fight, should prove.

III.

At length, youth conquers, in the strife;
The poison cannot take his life;
But all, that made life worth possessing,
Mind, and strength, and health's sweet blessing,
Wisdom's thoughts, and beauty's charm,
Have left O'Curnan's ghastly form;
Scared, by poison's breath, they fled,
And left the poet, worse than dead.

IV.

Shrunk to a shadow, now, he seems;
His eye, with madness, wildly, gleams;
The hair has fallen, from head, and brows;
His skin, like wrinkled parchment, shows:
Shocked, by the strange, and ghastly, sight,
His Mary flees him, in affright;
His looks her fear and horror prove;
She loathes the victim of her love.

V.

But, still, amid his mental night,
Two stars, yet, shed a tender light;
Love ever burns, with steady ray,
And poetry, with fitful sway;
The poet fire sheds flickering flame;
But love—love—ever, is the same;
All thoughts in madness, seem to flee,
Save those of love, and poesy.

VI.

Though, oft, his Mary scorn, and spurn;
Still! still! towards her, his footsteps turn:
The very breezes, round her, seem,
With sweetness, and with love, to teem:
The power of poison can't remove,
From his heart's throne, its Queen of love;
Though sick, and worn, and weak, it be,
With madness, love, and poetry.

FIFTH FYTTE.

I.

One morning, when the early lark was singing,
O'Curnan sought his lovely Mary's home;
He hears her sweet voice, through the green wood, ringing,
It seems to bid her lover, to her, come:
But, when he reached her bower, and told, with wailing,
How, in his bosom, pangs unnumbered reign;
She, mocking, turned, and cried, with cruel railing,
"What is thy sickness, madman, what thy pain?"

II

* "Oh! Mary, thou'rt my pain," the bard cried, weeping,
"The pain, that wakes my sighs, the live-long day—
The pain, that racks my heart, e'en while I'm sleeping—
The pain, that time, nor friends, can charm away:
I taste no food, my lips are pale, with sighing;
My cheek is furrowed, with the ceaseless tear;
If thou persist, thy love in, thus, denying,
One short month more, will find me, on my bier.

III.

"Who can bring cure, to save me from thus dying,
Thou, only thou, who wrought me all this harm;
'Tis not, with herbs, on earth, or ocean, lying,
But with thy heart's love, and thy beauty's charm:
I know not heat, from cold, nor night, from morrow,
Nor the tame hen, from cuckoo of the dell;
But if my Mary came to soothe my sorrow,
My heart, through madness' gloom, would know her well.

IV.

"Love, tyrant love, has caused my bitter anguish;
He rules my subject heart, and makes it pine;
For thee, the fair, the pearly-toothed, I languish—
Oh! woe is me! I may not call thee mine:
Give me, my Mary, once thy lips soft pressure—
But once, and save me, from my coming doom;
Else, bid them come, my narrow grave to measure,
And lay thy lover, in the silent tomb.

* This passage is imitated from the Irish of O'Curnan.

V.

"From my gaunt cheek, the hue of health is vanished;
My life's not life, my voice not voice, but air:
Joy—hope—the music of my spirit—banished—
Love's slave I mourn, in bondage to despair:
But give me, Mary, once, thy lips soft pressure—
But once, and save me, from my coming doom;
Else, bid them come, my narrow grave to measure,
And lay thy lover, in the silent tomb.

SIXTH FYTTE.

1.

With scorn, and loathing look, she turned
Her head away;
O'Curnan's eyes wild glaring burned,
With madness' lurid ray;
He strains his wild gaze towards the sky,
As if some tempter caught his eye;
Then gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair,
And foamed, and shrieked, in wild despair.

II.

Close to his feet, a billhook lies,
Upon the ground;
He seizes it, with maniac cries,
And swings it round and round;
Close to his cruel love he sprang;
Sharp on her neck the billhook rang;
And severed it, with one wild blow,
Oh! sight of agony and woe!

III.

The quivering trunk falls to the ground,
His feet beside;
And the fair head, with ringlets crowned,
Wells forth the gory tide:
The soft blush from the cheek is fled;
The brightly dimpling smile is dead;
Gone is the sweetly scented breath;
His Mary sleeps the sleep of death.

IV.

The billhook, from his hands, he threw,
With maniac cries;
Through woods and fields, away he flew,
And to the covert hies:
With bloodstained hands, and panting breast,
That ne'er may know or hope or rest,
He flings him 'mid the standing corn,
A murderer, hopeless, and forlorn.

V.

The wondering hamlet now is raised;
They seek his lair:
The poor mad murderer soon was seized,
All helpless with despair:
Bloodshot and sunk his once bright eyes;
The foam, upon his wan lip, lies;
With faltering voice, and gasping breath,
He owns the crime, and prays for death.

VI.

And, as they lead him towards the bawn,
Where Mary lay,
Reason again began to dawn,
And light, with parting ray:
Before his mind, as in a glass,
His train of dark woes seem to pass;
And as they, one by one, appear,
He wildly cries, with gushing tear,

VII.

"When thou didst take my heart and mind,
Oh! cruel one,
Why didst thou leave my life behind,
When all life's joys were gone?
The poisoned cup made mind depart;
Thy beauty bore away my heart;
And when thou, thus, took heart and mind,
Oh! why leave darkened life behind?

VIII.

"Oh! weary! weary! weary heart,
Soon, soon thou'lt rest:
Happy, too happy if I might depart,
Upon my Mary's breast:
Oh! lead me where my Mary lies,
Though cold her heart, and closed her eyes,
And let me near my Mary lie,
And I shall bless you, while I die."

IX.

They lead him where his Mary lies,
All drenched in blood:
Long, wild, and weirdlike were his cries,
As o'er her form he stood:
Then flung him o'er her gory corse,
In agony, and wild remorse;
And clasped within his trembling arms,
The form once decked with beauty's charms.

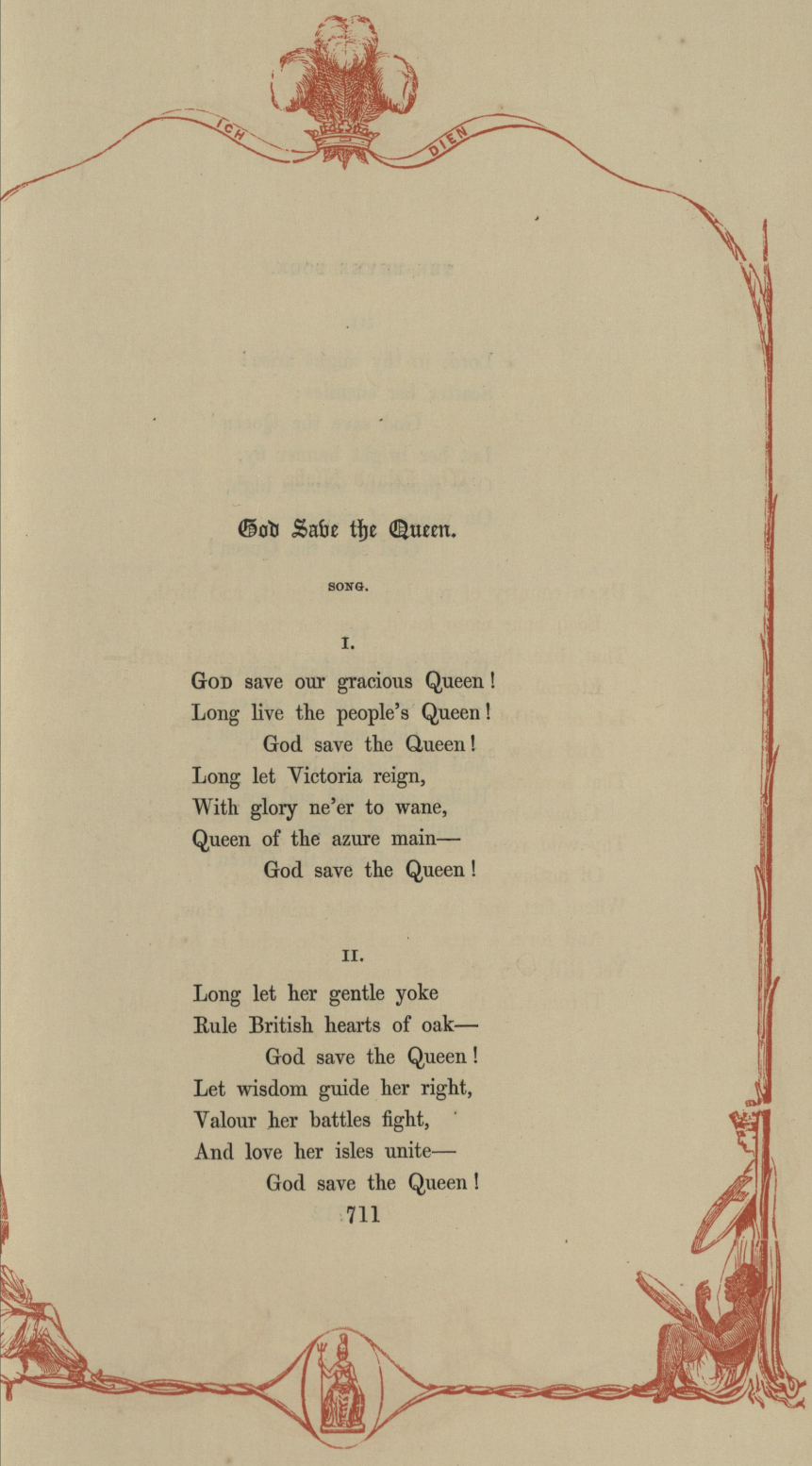
X.

They raised him from the senseless trunk,
All bathed in gore,
On which, in anguish, he had sunk;
But now his griefs are o'er:
Death's hand has smoothed O'Curnan's brow;
The calm of death has stilled his woe;
Love—madness—agony, now, passed,
The poet sleeps in peace at last.

The Island Niobe.

SONNET.

DEAR country of my hope, and heart, and birth,
Each hour more loved, e'en for the misery,
That, like thy verdure, clings to thy doomed earth—
Eternal mourner! Island Niobe!
Let me withdraw the veil from thy sweet face,
And show some features of thy loveliness,
That heretofore men cared not much to trace,
Though bright with genius and with tenderness.
Thy wild romantic tales I seek to show,
Of outlaw, and of fairy, and of ghost;
Where fact and fancy, brightly mingled, glow,
And form a maze in which the mind is lost:
Yet still, o'er all, soft beauty reigns the while,
Throned in thy tales, as on thy hills, sweet isle!



God Save the Queen.

SONG.

I.

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live the people's Queen!
God save the Queen!
Long let Victoria reign,
With glory ne'er to wane,
Queen of the azure main—
God save the Queen!

II.

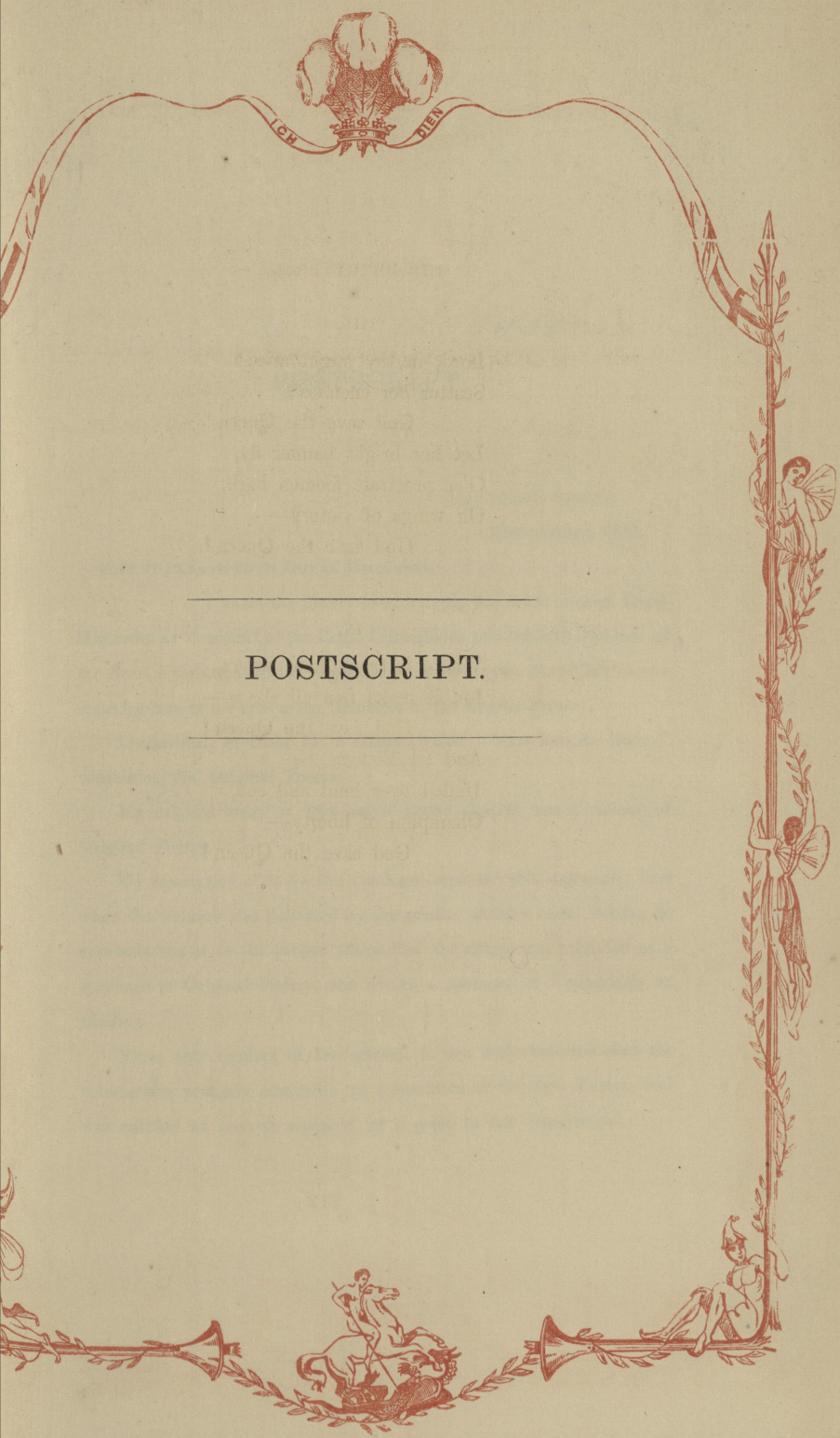
Long let her gentle yoke
Rule British hearts of oak—
God save the Queen!
Let wisdom guide her right,
Valour her battles fight,
And love her isles unite—
God save the Queen!

III.

Lord, in thy might arise!
Scatter her enemies;
God save the Queen!
Let her bright banner fly,
O'er prostrate foemen high,
On wings of victory—
God save the Queen!

IV.

Where it triumphant waves,
Let it make free all slaves—
God save the Queen!
And let Victoria be
Hailed over land and sea,
Champion of liberty—
God save the Queen!



POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

13, Curzon Street,

27th August, 1851.

May it please your Royal Highness,

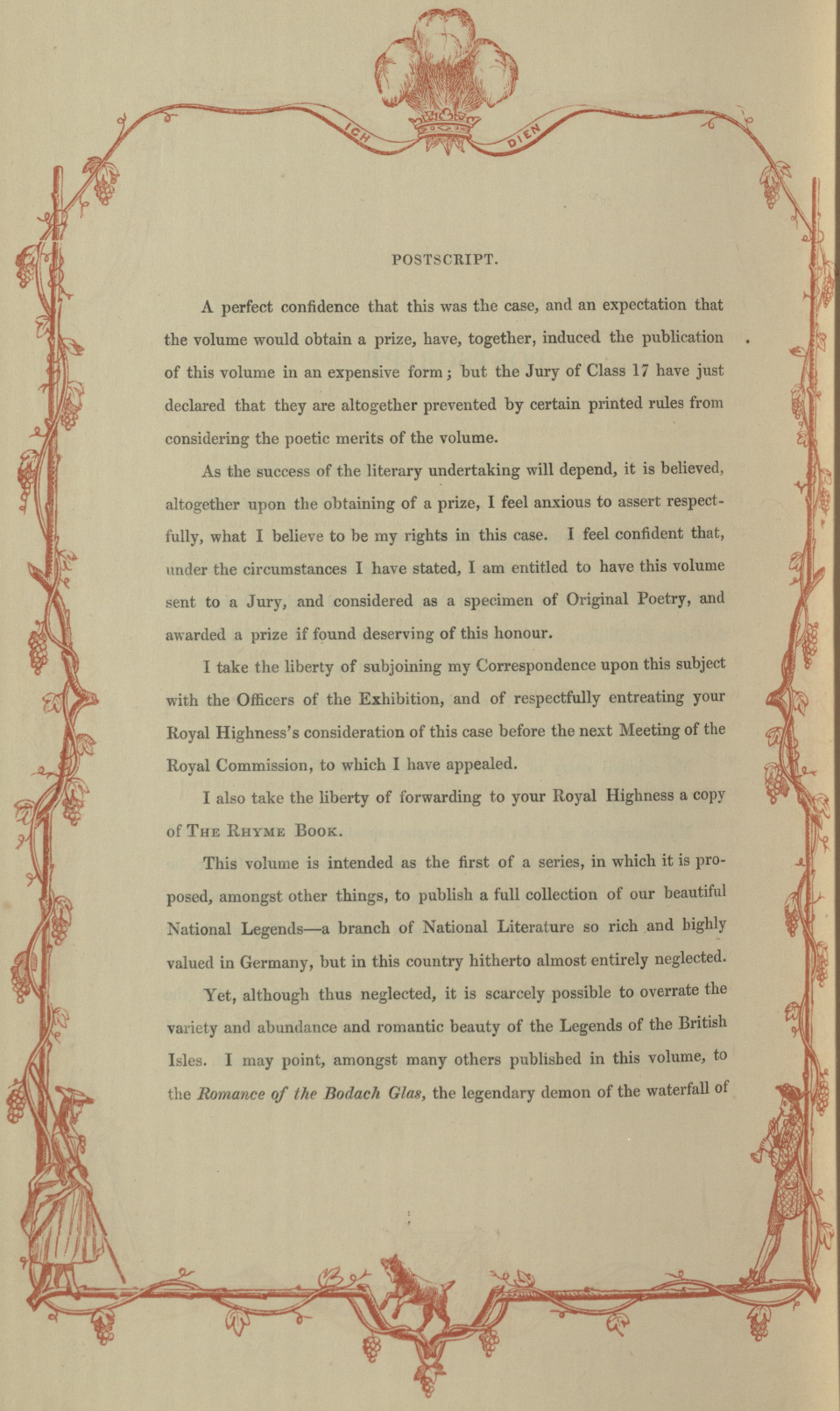
I take the liberty of addressing this letter to your Royal Highness, as President of the Royal Commission and original Designer of the Great Exhibition, and of respectfully entreating your Royal Highness's consideration of my case as an Exhibiter in the Crystal Palace.

I exhibited, in Class 17, a volume called "The Rhyme Book," containing 230 Original Poems.

My original entry of this article stated that it was a volume of Original Poetry.

My description of it for the Catalogue repeated this statement; and when the volume was delivered by the printer at the Crystal Palace, he expressly stated to the proper officer that the article was exhibited as a specimen of Original Poetry, and not as a specimen of Typography or Binding.

From this conduct of the officers, it was fully believed that the volume was properly admissible as a specimen of Original Poetry, and was entitled as such to compete for a prize in that department.



POSTSCRIPT.

A perfect confidence that this was the case, and an expectation that the volume would obtain a prize, have, together, induced the publication of this volume in an expensive form; but the Jury of Class 17 have just declared that they are altogether prevented by certain printed rules from considering the poetic merits of the volume.

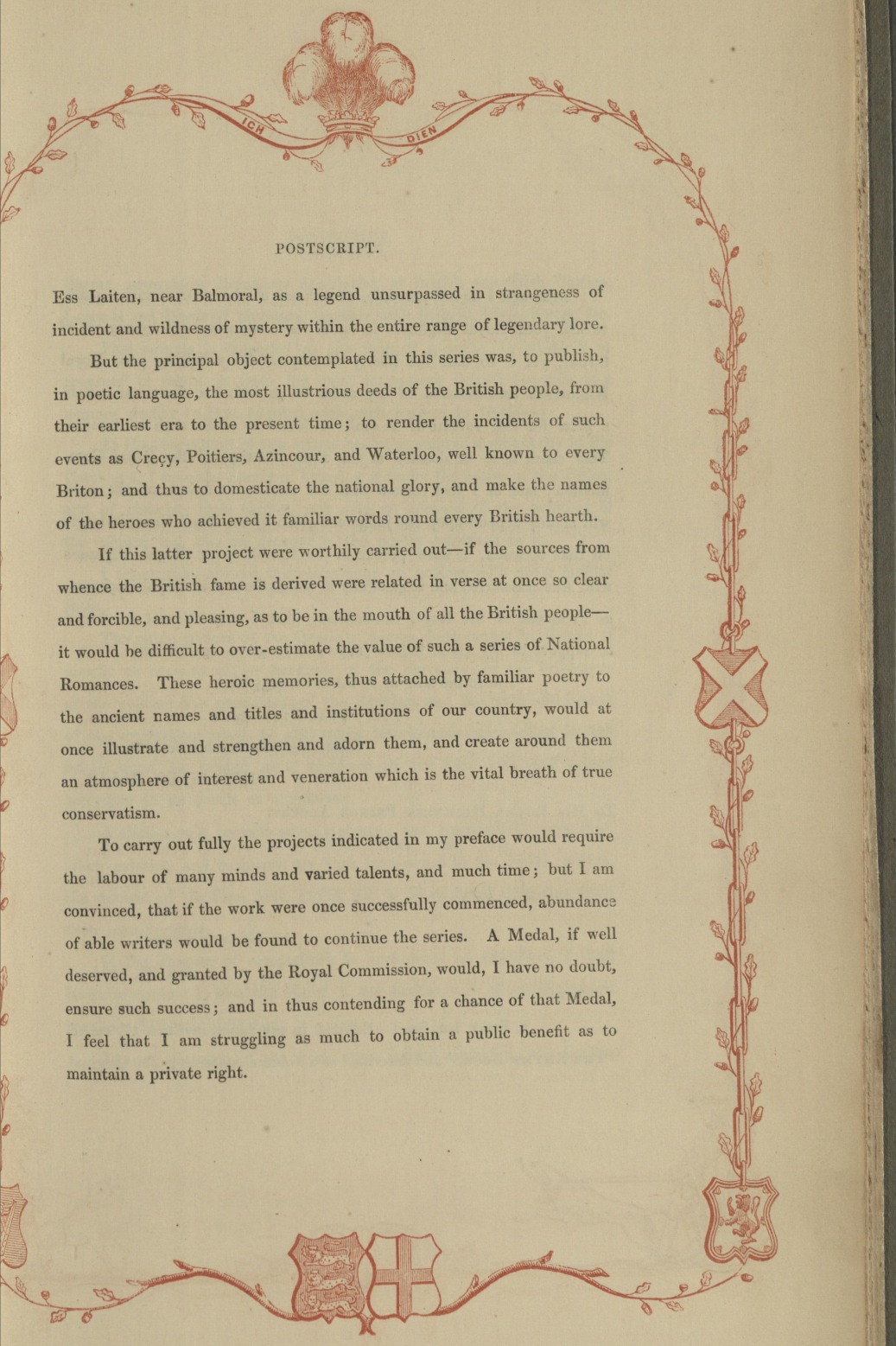
As the success of the literary undertaking will depend, it is believed, altogether upon the obtaining of a prize, I feel anxious to assert respectfully, what I believe to be my rights in this case. I feel confident that, under the circumstances I have stated, I am entitled to have this volume sent to a Jury, and considered as a specimen of Original Poetry, and awarded a prize if found deserving of this honour.

I take the liberty of subjoining my Correspondence upon this subject with the Officers of the Exhibition, and of respectfully entreating your Royal Highness's consideration of this case before the next Meeting of the Royal Commission, to which I have appealed.

I also take the liberty of forwarding to your Royal Highness a copy of THE RHYME BOOK.

This volume is intended as the first of a series, in which it is proposed, amongst other things, to publish a full collection of our beautiful National Legends—a branch of National Literature so rich and highly valued in Germany, but in this country hitherto almost entirely neglected.

Yet, although thus neglected, it is scarcely possible to overrate the variety and abundance and romantic beauty of the Legends of the British Isles. I may point, amongst many others published in this volume, to the *Romance of the Bodach Glas*, the legendary demon of the waterfall of



POSTSCRIPT.

Ess Laiten, near Balmoral, as a legend unsurpassed in strangeness of incident and wildness of mystery within the entire range of legendary lore.

But the principal object contemplated in this series was, to publish, in poetic language, the most illustrious deeds of the British people, from their earliest era to the present time; to render the incidents of such events as Crecy, Poitiers, Azincour, and Waterloo, well known to every Briton; and thus to domesticate the national glory, and make the names of the heroes who achieved it familiar words round every British hearth.

If this latter project were worthily carried out—if the sources from whence the British fame is derived were related in verse at once so clear and forcible, and pleasing, as to be in the mouth of all the British people—it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of such a series of National Romances. These heroic memories, thus attached by familiar poetry to the ancient names and titles and institutions of our country, would at once illustrate and strengthen and adorn them, and create around them an atmosphere of interest and veneration which is the vital breath of true conservatism.

To carry out fully the projects indicated in my preface would require the labour of many minds and varied talents, and much time; but I am convinced, that if the work were once successfully commenced, abundance of able writers would be found to continue the series. A Medal, if well deserved, and granted by the Royal Commission, would, I have no doubt, ensure such success; and in thus contending for a chance of that Medal, I feel that I am struggling as much to obtain a public benefit as to maintain a private right.

POSTSCRIPT.

Although I do not presume, on account of the value of such a work, to ask your Royal Highness to assist its commencement by any act of favour, yet I do take the liberty of respectfully soliciting your Royal Highness's consideration of my claim to go before a Jury and obtain a prize for this volume if it shall be found to merit such an honour. This claim is to be decided at the next Meeting of the Royal Commission; and as I feel certain that the success or failure of the work will mainly depend upon the judgment given by the Royal Commissioners on that occasion, I have presumed to trouble your Royal Highness with this statement, and respectfully to solicit from your Royal Highness, as President of the Royal Commission, that I may at least be heard in support of my claim before judgment be given against me.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, humble Servant,

HERCULES ELLIS.

To His Royal Highness Prince Albert,

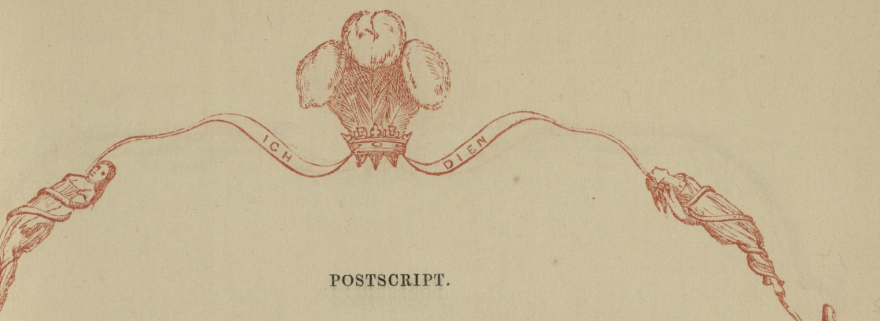
&c. &c. &c.

13, Curzon Street,

July 28, 1851.

Sir,

A Book has been exhibited in my name, in Class 17, called "The Rhyme Book," and described as a volume containing 230 Original



POSTSCRIPT.

Poems, comprising Romances descriptive of British and Irish Battles, Legends and Deeds of Heroism, together with Ballads, Idyls, Songs, &c.

This volume is intended as the first of a series, in which it is proposed to relate in verse the most interesting British Legends, in a manner similar to that adopted with such success in Germany.

As the description of this article has been omitted accidentally in the Catalogue, I take the liberty of bringing it under the notice of the Juries, and of claiming their verdict, not only on account of the printing of the volume, but also on account of the poetry contained in it.

I respectfully ground this claim upon an analogy with other similar cases.

The noble picture of the Queen in Sevres china cannot be judged of merely on account of the hardness of the porcelain, or the brightness of the colour; the correctness of the drawing, and the truth and beauty of the expression, must be also taken into consideration—that is, the article must be treated as a specimen of the Fine Arts, and valued according to its merits as a painting.

A similar rule prevails as to statuary; and I respectfully urge that, when painting and sculpture are thus considered by the Juries, poetry, the noblest of the Fine Arts, ought not to be excluded altogether from their consideration.

If the absence of competitors be considered an objection, I shall be quite content to lose the Medal if any similar work of superior merit has been hitherto published.

The continuation of the work must mainly depend on the success



of its first volume; and as that success will be insured by the approval of the Jury, I feel, of course, anxious that the accidental omission in the Catalogue shall not prejudice the consideration of this case with the Jury.

Your obedient Servant,

HERCULES ELLIS.

GEORGE WALLIS, Esq.

EXHIBITION BUILDING,

July 29, 1851.

SIR,

YOURS of the 28th July was duly laid before the Jury for Class 17 yesterday, and I am directed to inform you, that the Jury cannot take cognizance of literary merit, under which head they consider your claim to be placed; but they had examined the typography and binding of the volume, which are the only points on which, in the performance of their duties, they are called upon to adjudicate.

I have the honour to be, SIR,

Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WALLIS.

HERCULES ELLIS, Esq.,

13, *Curzon Street.*

POSTSCRIPT.

13, Curzon Street,

7th August, 1851.

Sir,

Although no one can question the fairness of the Jury's intention, yet I trust that I may, without offence, dispute the correctness of the rule which they have made in the case of "The Rhyme Book," and argue that it ought to be rescinded.

The Jury have decided that this volume is to be considered only in regard to its typography and binding, and that the poetry contained in it is not to enter into their consideration.

Now, with great respect, I take leave to say that this rule presses with undue harshness upon me, and is not analogous to the rules made in similar cases by the Juries.

Reverting again for an example to the portrait of the Queen on Sevres china, I may be permitted to state, that the manner in which that fine portrait is painted upon the porcelain must form an element in the verdict of the Jury in that case—that a prize will not be given merely on account of the quality of the porcelain, but because a beautiful picture has been impressed upon it.

For a similar reason, I respectfully insist that the Jury ought, in the case of "The Rhyme Book," to consider not merely the quality of the paper, but also the poetic pictures impressed upon it.

I submit that the portraits of our ancestors on the fields of Creçy, Poitiers, and Azincour, contained in the several Romances in this volume, and the numerous and beautiful British Legends now for

the first time depicted in poetic colours on its pages, ought, by strict analogy, to form elements for the verdict of the Jury in this case.

In the first case, the images produced by painting are considered and allowed to enhance the value of the porcelain; in the second case, I urge that the images produced by poetry ought in a similar manner to enhance the value of this volume, and cannot be altogether excluded without extrême harshness and manifest injustice.

I may be allowed to add, in conclusion, that the person who deposited "THE RHYME BOOK" at the Crystal Palace, expressly stated to the proper officer, that the volume was exhibited as a specimen of Original Poetry, and not as a specimen of typography or binding, and that no objection was made to its reception on account of this declaration.

For these reasons, I take leave respectfully to urge a reconsideration of this case, and if the Jury should not think fit to alter their views, I trust that I shall be permitted to appeal to the Royal Commissioners against this decision.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

HERCULES ELLIS.

GEORGE WALLIS, Esq.

13, CURZON STREET,

17*th August*, 1851.

SIR,

I TAKE leave to enclose a copy of the *Sun* newspaper, which publishes a correspondence between the Secretary of the Juries and

myself, on the subject of a volume styled "THE RHYME BOOK," and to request your attention to the subject matter of that correspondence.

Against the decision of the Jury in that case I now appeal to the Royal Commission, and, in support of that appeal, I beg leave to state the following facts, in addition to those already mentioned in the above correspondence.

In the entry of this article by me, in last September, I described it as a volume containing 200 Original Poems, comprising Romances descriptive of British and Irish Battles, Legends, and Deeds of Heroism, &c. No objection was made on account of this description, and I received the general circular, calling upon me to deposit the article in the Crystal Palace.

The original rule, limiting the time of delivery, so pressed upon my printer, that he was only able to strike off twelve copies of "THE RHYME BOOK" within the time. The volume was, however, duly delivered, and placed in the Exhibition, and, at the time when it was so delivered, the printer expressly stated to the proper officer, that it was exhibited as a specimen of Original Poetry, and not as a specimen of typography or binding, and no objection was made to its reception on account of that statement.

This conduct on the part of the Officers of the Exhibition induced a perfect conviction that the work would be examined as a specimen of Original Poetry, and would be awarded a prize for superior merit in that department, if it should be found deserving of such honour.

A confident hope that "THE RHYME BOOK" would be found deserving

of such a prize, and an expectation that a prize would obtain for the volume a circulation which poetic merit has for some time past failed to procure, have together led to the setting up of the entire work a second time, with many improvements, and at much expense; and now, at the eleventh hour, the Jury decide that they are prevented by the printed rules from all consideration of the poetic merit of the work, and are only permitted by those rules to examine its typography and binding.

Against this decision I now respectfully appeal to the Royal Commission, and if it should not consider the grounds already stated by me sufficient to enable it to make a rule in my favour, I beg that I may be heard by the Commissioners in support of my appeal before they pronounce a final judgment in this matter.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

HERCULES ELLIS.

Dr. Lyon Playfair.

Exhibition Building,

20*th August*, 1851.

Sir,

Your letter respecting your "Rhyme Book," wherein you complain that you have not been fairly judged of by the Jury, has been handed to me, as Secretary to the Jury Department.

The Juries have not in any case considered literary merit in works exhibited. These were admitted, as will be shown by the classification,

only for Exhibiters of Typography, Paper, or Binding. No Jury on literary merit exists, or was ever contemplated by the Royal Commission.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

EDWARD WARD,

Secretary to the Jury Department.

13, CURZON STREET,

21*st August*, 1851.

SIR,

I HAVE received in due course your letter of the 20th Instant, in answer to mine of the 17th, addressed to Dr. PLAYFAIR, as Commissioner of the Juries.

You mistake my cause of complaint—I do not complain that I have not been fairly judged by the Juries, but I do complain that the Juries have been prevented from acting in my case, by a set of rules lately printed, and made without the knowledge of the Exhibiters or the Public.

I have demonstrated in my letters to Mr. WALLIS, that a consideration of poetic merit is required by strict analogy. I have proved in my letter to Dr. PLAYFAIR, that "THE RHYME BOOK" is entitled to its chance of a Medal by strict justice, and I respectfully submit that I ought not to be now excluded from that chance by any *ex-post facto* regulations for the direction of Juries.

POSTSCRIPT.

If books have been exhibited, as you say, merely as specimens of Typography, of course they have been judged of by the Juries as such; but the book exhibited by me was not exhibited as a specimen of Typography—my original entry of it, my description of it in the Catalogue, and the positive declaration of the printer when delivering it at the Crystal Palace, all demonstrate that it was exhibited by me, and accepted by the Officers of the Royal Commission, as a specimen of Original Poetry.

And now I respectfully submit, that every rule of good faith and fair dealing command that the volume should be judged as a specimen of Original Poetry, and, as such, should receive a Medal, if it should be found deserving of such honour.

With respect to your observation that no Jury on literary merit exists, the reply is very simple—"Let such a Jury be empanelled;" or let the case be referred by consent to the judgment of an individual. I am ready to consent to refer the case to any individual whom the Royal Commission may please to name.

I may be also permitted to state, that if justice and good faith should, in this case, even require some modification of an established rule, the Royal Commission may make such modification, without in any way deviating from its usual practice, for it has, from day to day, made alterations and modifications of its rules to meet the unforeseen exigencies of its novel position.

In proof of this last position, I need only point to the rule fixing the last day for delivering articles at the Crystal Palace, originally fixed positively for the 1st of March, and then from day to day altered

and extended, until at last all limitation has been removed, and articles are up to this moment actually receivable for exhibition.

In conclusion, I respectfully but firmly persist in my appeal to the Royal Commission, and submit that, after the Commission had been made aware by my original entry—by my description for the Catalogue—and by the statement of my printer, that the work was exhibited as a specimen of Original Poetry, it cannot now, after receiving it as such, deny it that chance of honourable distinction which it accords to the humblest specimen of manual industry.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

HERCULES ELLIS.

E. WARD, Esq.

EXHIBITION BUILDING,

23rd August, 1851.

SIR,

I AM directed by Lieutenant WARD to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 21st Instant, respecting your complaint concerning the judgment of the Juries.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

M. WESTON.

HERCULES ELLIS, Esq.

13, *Curzon Street.*

LII.

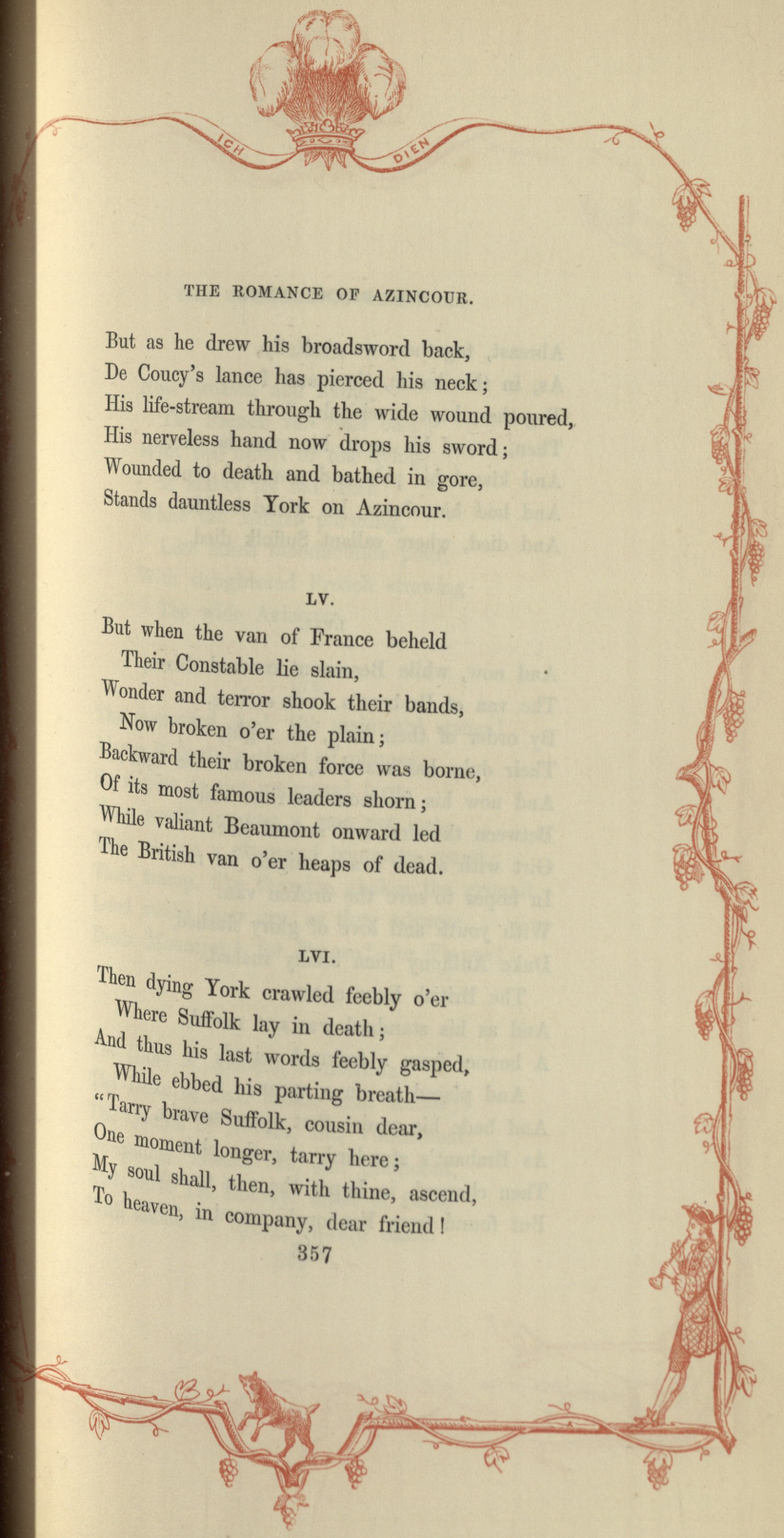
Yet still the foremost in the fight,
Suffolk deals death on left and right;
Beneath his sword fell stout St. Pierre,
De Crayon, Lord of Beau Vergier,
Sir Collart De St. Etienne,
And the young Lord of fair Phiennes.
Strewed by his sword along the plain,
They swelled the mountains of the slain.

LIII.

And now the brave Lord Constable,
This onslaught fierce to stay,
Girt by a valiant company,
Comes rushing through the fray;
Like a gray, war-worn tower he seemed;
High o'er his head his broadsword gleamed;
On Suffolk's head the sword descends,
Fierce, as the storm the oak that rends;
Through helm and brain the strong blade sinks,
And the brave Earl's life-blood drinks.
There died bold Suffolk, England's flower,
Amid the van of Azincour.

LIV.

Now 'gainst the Constable York rushed,
By valour and by vengeance flushed;
He plunged his sword deep in his breast,
The hilt against his bosom pressed;



But as he drew his broadsword back,
De Coucy's lance has pierced his neck;
His life-stream through the wide wound poured,
His nerveless hand now drops his sword;
Wounded to death and bathed in gore,
Stands dauntless York on Azincour.

LV.

But when the van of France beheld
Their Constable lie slain,
Wonder and terror shook their bands,
Now broken o'er the plain;
Backward their broken force was borne,
Of its most famous leaders shorn;
While valiant Beaumont onward led
The British van o'er heaps of dead.

LVI.

Then dying York crawled feebly o'er
Where Suffolk lay in death;
And thus his last words feebly gasped,
While ebbed his parting breath—
"Tarry brave Suffolk, cousin dear,
One moment longer, tarry here;
My soul shall, then, with thine, ascend,
To heaven, in company, dear friend!